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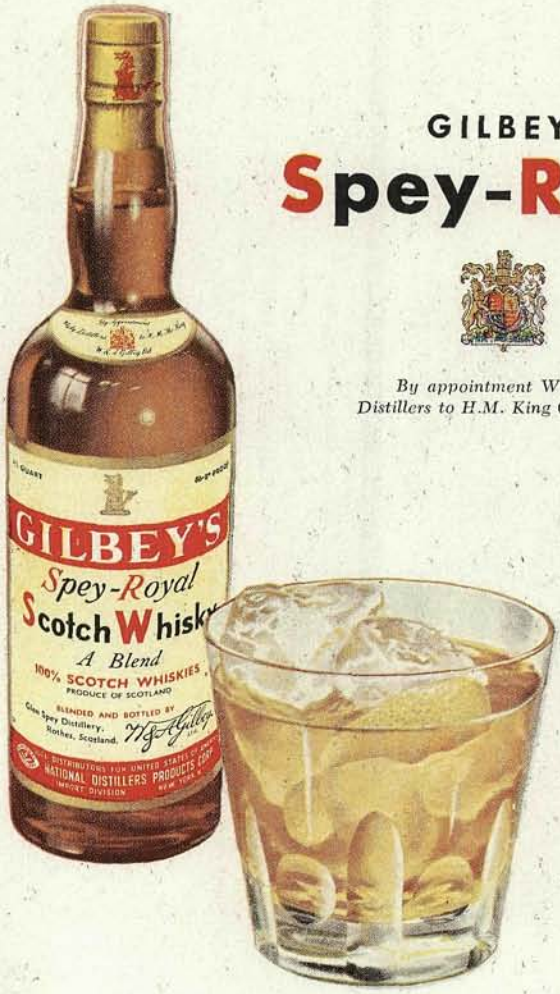
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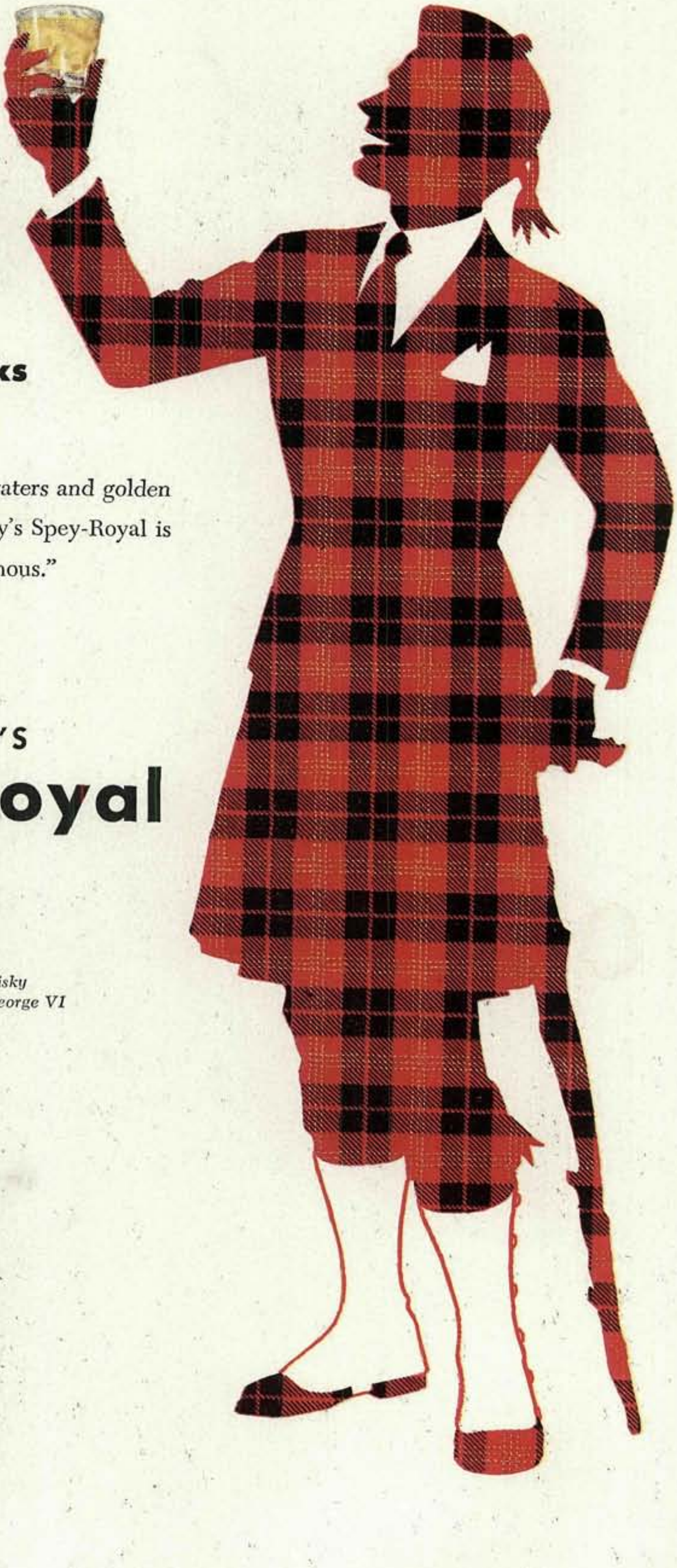

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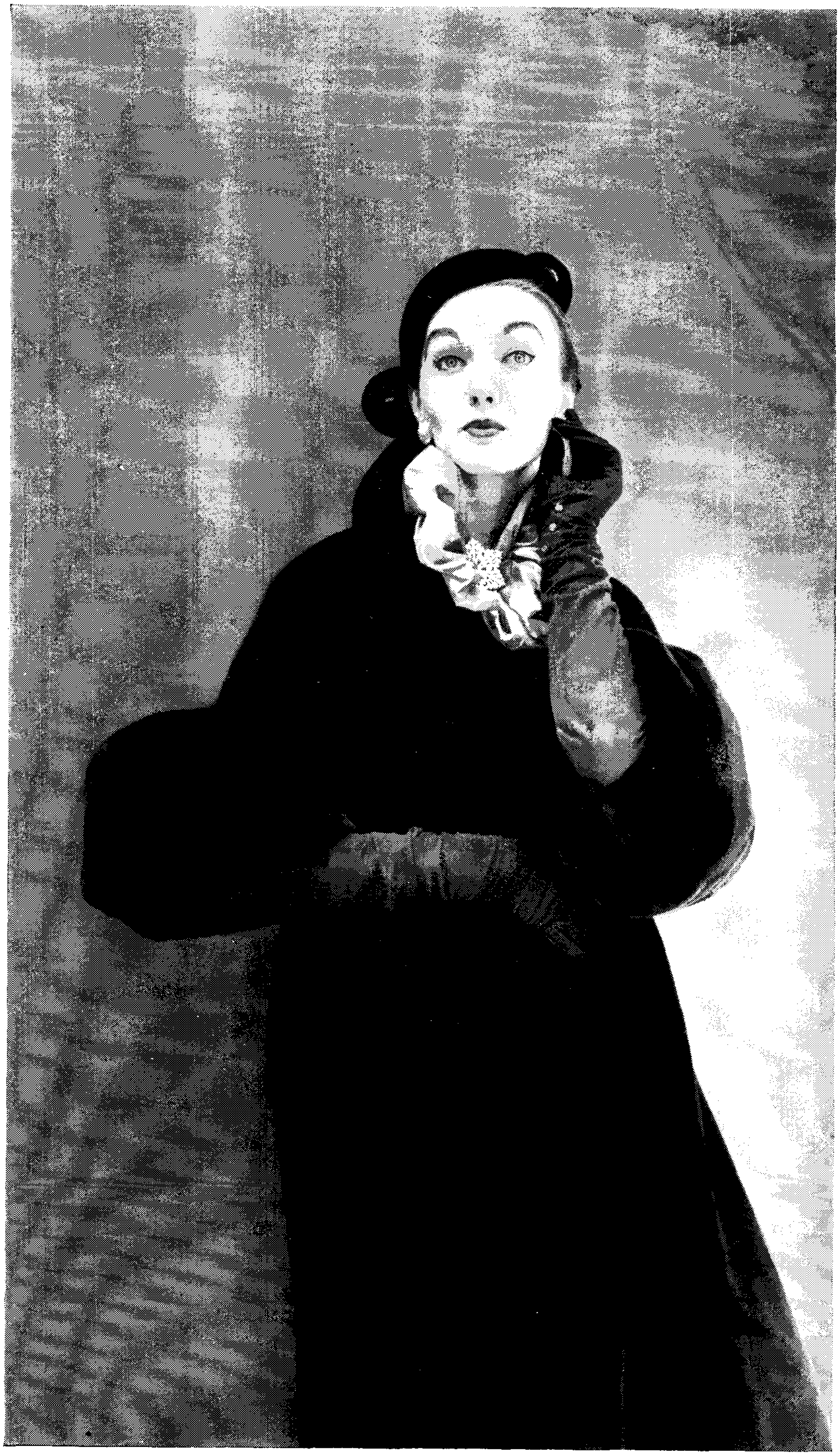

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her famous old quilting bee. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Glad Tidings—Illegitimacy is the theme of this comedy by Edward Mabley, and though the author does his best, he isn't quite capable of sustaining things for three acts. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are intrusted with most of the variations of the central joke. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Remains to Be Seen—Young love and violent death are the principal ingredients of this comedy melodrama by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, which may be something of a disappointment to the admirers of both these great men. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself are among the actors. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rose Tattoo—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are wonderfully adept in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 27.)

Saint Joan—This revival of Shaw's fine play is the first really worth-while event of the season. The Theatre Guild produced it, and Margaret Webster has directed a more than usually accomplished cast, in which are Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stalag 17—A rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, that will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—affairs of state: June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Buy Me Blue Ribbons—A comedy by Sumner Locke Elliott, with Audrey Christie, Vickie Cummings, and Jay Robinson. Produced by Mr. Robinson and directed by Cyril Ritchard. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Sleep of Prisoners—A play by Christopher Fry, designed to be performed in churches. The English company of four men (Stanley Baker, Hugh Pryse, Leonard White, and Donald Heron) is under the direction of Michael MacOwan. Presented by Luther Greene for a limited engagement at the St. James' Episcopal Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. (BU 8-1402.) Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:50.

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—This musical was first produced at the close of the Hoover administration, and while Jerome Kern's tunes are still a delight, the book seems a little labored and antique. Dennis King, Jane Pickens, Conrad Nagel, and Charles Winninger are among those principally employed in it. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and moving adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. Also in the cast are Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 21.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** *A comedy taken from one of* Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Faithfully Yours—A comedy by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay, based on a play by Jean Bernard-Luc. Ann Sothern and Robert Cummings have the leading roles. The producer is Richard W. Krakeur, the director Richard Whorf. Opens Thursday, Oct. 18. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers, Paul McGrath, and Tom Helmore head the cast of this comedy, written and directed by Louis Verneuil and produced by Anthony B. Farrell. Opens Friday, Oct. 19. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—A two-character play by Jan de Hartog, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Spanish Ballet—Ballet along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a

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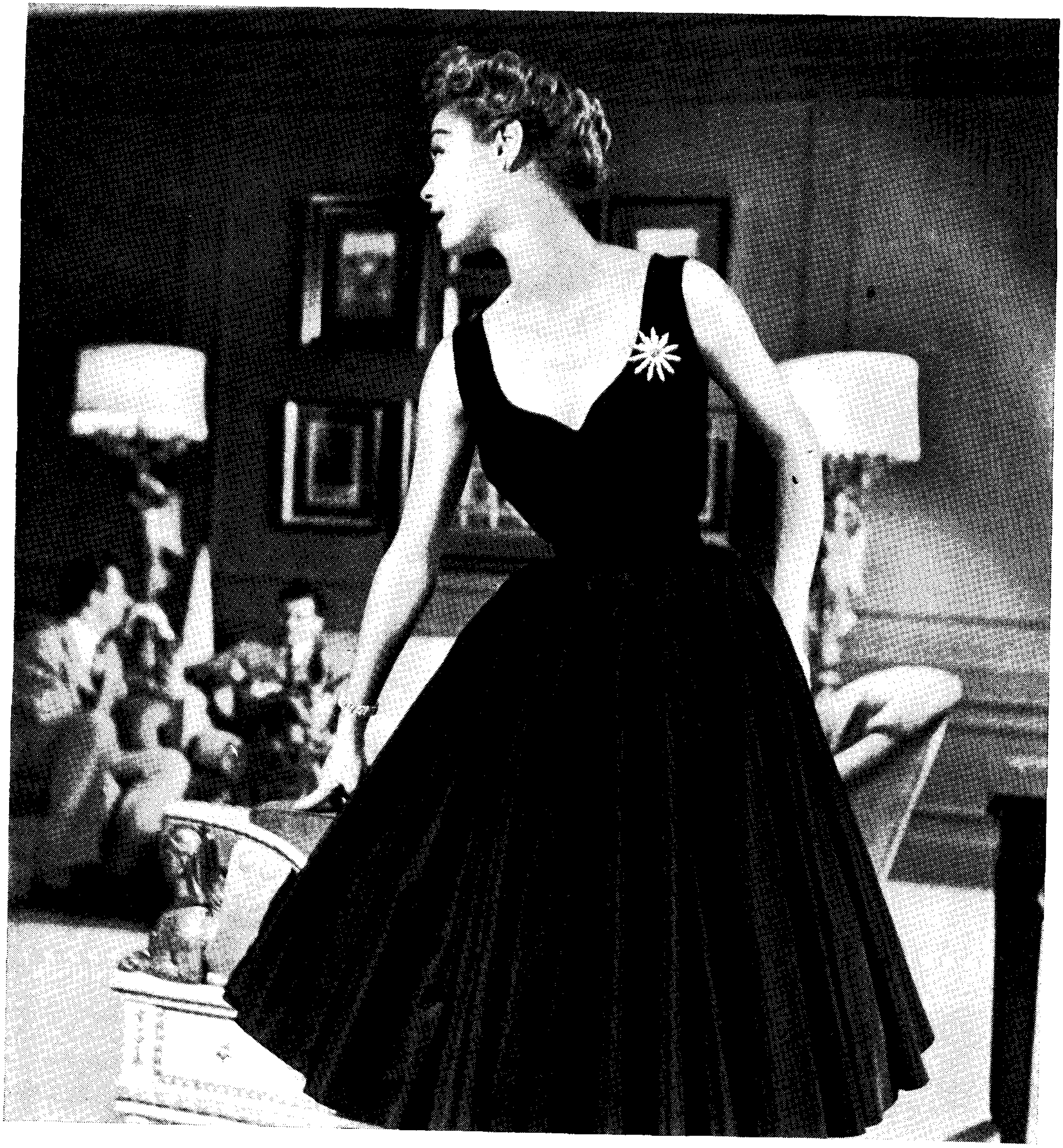
Peck and Peck



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at *2*:30. Through Saturday, Oct. *27*.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her group. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Oct. *21*, at 3.)

JEAN LÉON DESTINÉ—With his company and Jeanne Ramon. (Central High School of Needle Trades, *225* W. *24th* St. *Saturday*, Oct. *27*, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

DON JUAN IN HELL—Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead in the dream sequence from Shaw's "Man and Superman." Staged by Mr. Laughton and presented by Paul Gregory. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Monday, Oct. *22*, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. *25*, at 8:30.)

BORSCHT CAPADES—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at *2*:30 and Sundays at 3.)

RODEO—Vaughn Monroe and all the boys and girls and cattle will be headin' for the last *roundup* here *on* Sunday *evening*, Oct. *21*. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at *2*:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*Some* places at *which* you *will find music* or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper, and William Adler's violin at cocktail time.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet every day in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra provides a rapturous but vigorous background to his piano. The long-lost Pancho weighs in now and then with his new rumba band. In the lush little Plush Room, piano music by George Feyer after eight. Thursday, Oct. 25, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Still a favorite watering place for people who like to stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Oh, everyone has seen an ice show. This one, too, has its ups and its downs. Its best up is Alice Farrar, who hurtles through the air like a flying saucer. Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Tony and Sally De Marco, tossing themselves lightly over one another's shoulders, and Dana Gibson, a soprano new to night life. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Whether it's just Kay Thompson spoofing Gertrude Lawrence and Andy Williams spoofing Noel Coward, or whether they and the other Williams Brothers are all singing and dancing at once, the charade here is show business with its best foot forward. On Thursday, Oct. 25, Carl Brisson, a distinctly unmelancholy Dane, and the dance team of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez take over. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which by now must feel that it owns the place. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, bless its sumptuous heart, has Julie Wilson, warbling her sassy songs in come-hither fashion. On Thursday, Oct. 25, Margaret Phelan, a more sedate type of songbird, will replace her. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, small but gala, Hugo Pedell and his boys play real pretty dance music when Hélène François, a suave Parisian bonbon, isn't singing sweetly. Jan Brunesco's gypsies also play. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ralph Flanagan's big, steady-beat dance band is here during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—This château is up to its old, old tricks again—a miniature revue, this time embellished with the songs of Carmen Torres. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room (né Wedgwood) offers Mata and Hari's subtly witty dances to enhance the dinner and supper hours, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy batting some brisk, bright banter back and forth at supper, and Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, which are on deck all night long. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve all by itself. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.

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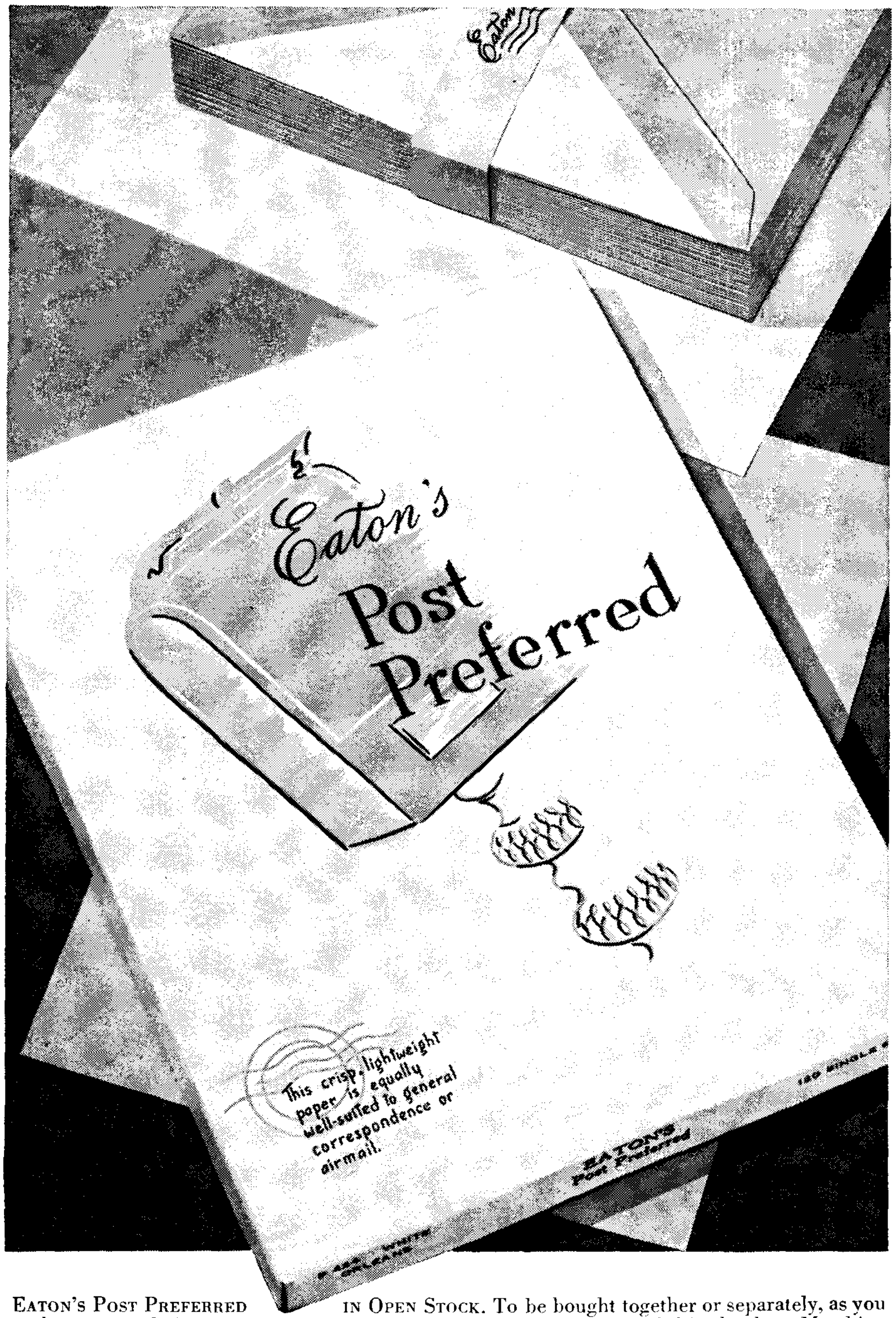
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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is here, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): In this well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, a steady stream of piano music—by Louis Hawkins from five to eight, by Alex Fogarty from eight on, and by Hugh Shannon from eleven on. Mr. Shannon also sings at his work, mostly about the emotional foibles the flesh is heir to. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio whoop it up after ten, except Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy example of 1960 décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton fills in.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

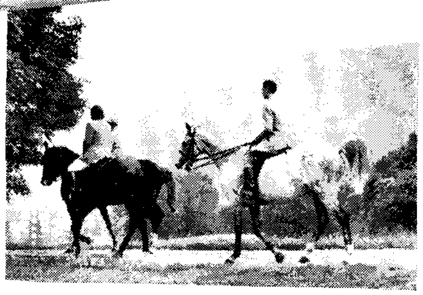
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis and his amazing stories of the perils of the Machine Age (pari-mutuel, that is). There's a lot more show, too, though it's hard to imagine why. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Country life in the Times Square manner, plus an unparalleled view of the George Washington Bridge and an earful of Ella Logan's thoroughgoing Scotch accent. Her songs and Myron Cohen's humor, direct from ten weeks at Lindy's, are the main events here. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, the spirit of Never Say Die, is in town to remind you that she's really not just a legend. The dances of the cancan girls will remind you that there'll always be a Paris. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, her thunderbolt piano, and her something-for-the-boys ditties. Sammy Benskin's band makes dance music, and Cliff Jackson is still the piano soloist. . . . **GILDED CAGE**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Not a cosmic thought in the carload of pretty costumes and girls that surround Ben Blue and Sid Slate as they gallop through some unregenerate bits of burlesque. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Life in the Tenderloin was never really like this, but the performers and the guests get a big kick out of pretending they think it was. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL**, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): An enormous floor show, Harlem in origin, whose jests are sort of lame, halt, and blind but whose dancing is joyously triple-jointed.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Kaye Ballard gets off some fine flights of comic fantasy, and Stan Freeman, an eminent hand at a Steinway, recites his rhymes on some timely topics. Doodles and the Spider race through their record act, and Betty George sings about love and stuff. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the cheery sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. On Saturdays and Sundays, the Mlles. Ballard and George and the MM. Freeman and Ross turn out a lively accompaniment to the

Indian Summer at the Homestead



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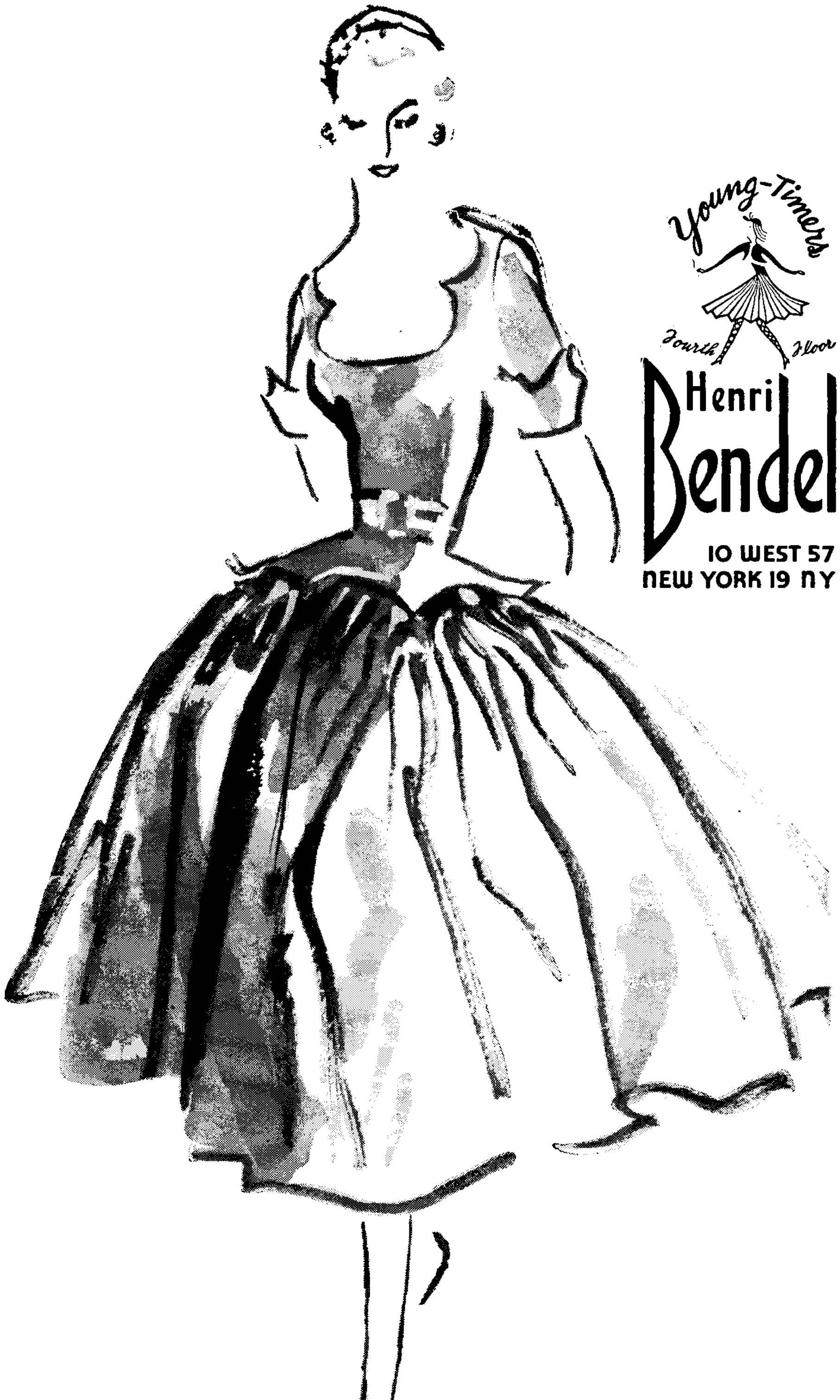

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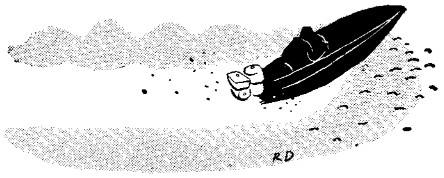
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

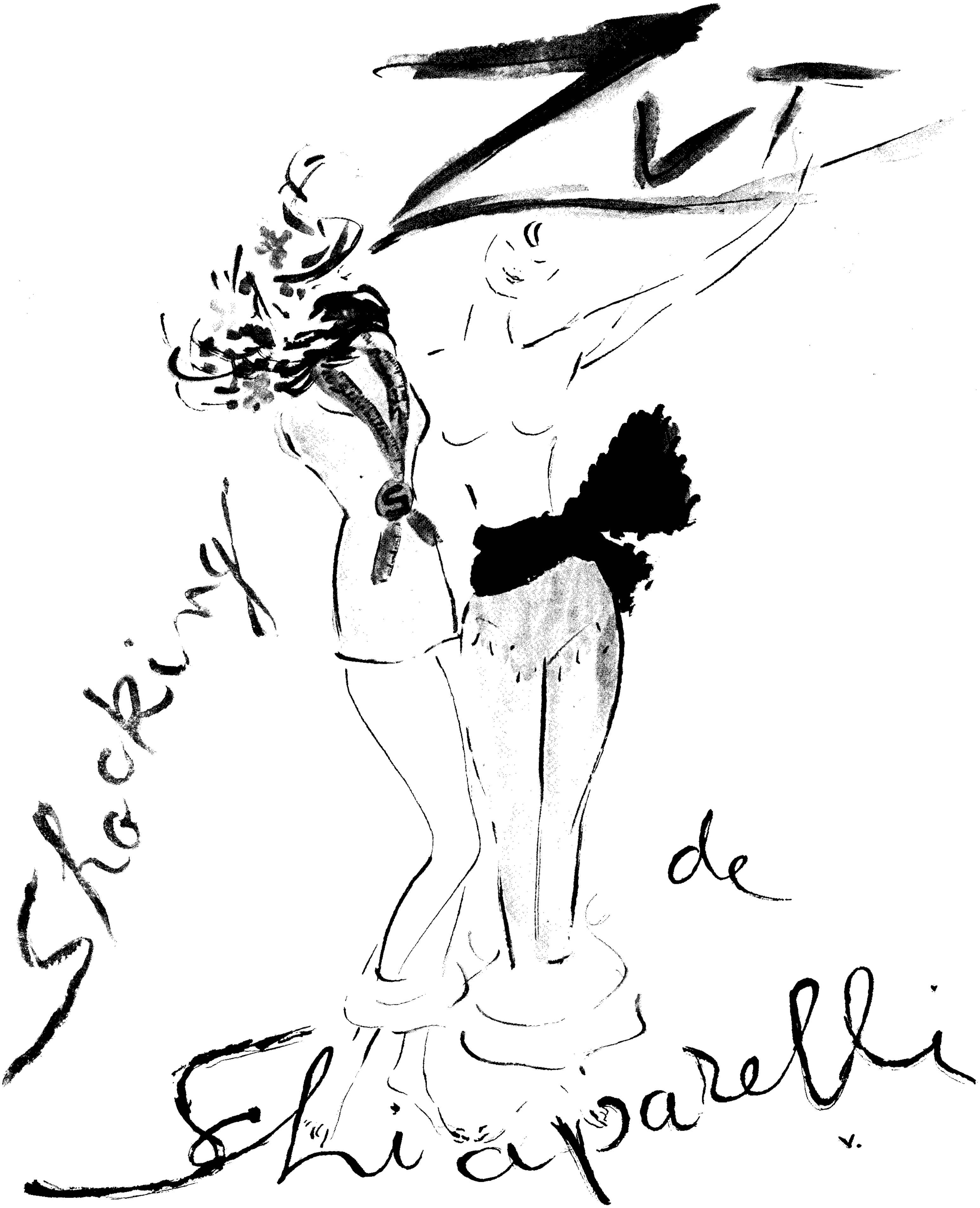
cocktail hour.... ¶ Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano in the lounge at dinner, except Tuesdays, and after the theatre, except Saturdays, Louis Hawkins divides his time between playing the piano and serving as town crier.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The analytical mind of Ronny Graham dissecting such modern phenomena as bop, Menotti, and Capote; the Three Riffs' song-and-dance-festival; Pat Carroll's wise and witty monologs; and Ellen Hanley's madrigals. Julius Monk is at the piano, and the Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, that vivid and stirring nightingale from Israel, and Phil Leeds, a diffident and acceptable humorist. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Bibi Osterwald, a stentorian and highly comical blond intoner of moose calls, holds the floor with vast aplomb. Antique movies on Sundays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The apparently shatterproof Mae Barnes starts rolling out her barrel-house ballads at ten-thirty. Jimmie Daniels' and Norene Tate's songs are on the romantic side. Gene Fields' trio takes good care of any momentary lulls. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): There's been no break in the heat wave here for over five years. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This commodious chophouse is now open every night, affording (except Mondays) the original fantasies of the Red Norvo Trio (Tal Farlow on guitar) and the intricate piano of Erroll Garner, which is entwined with John Simmons' bass and Shadow Wilson's drums. Mondays, Bobby Hackett leads his commandos into action.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Chicago mob, paced by Muggsy Spanier's trumpet, has moved in on the Village. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, one of our top-drawer trombonists, has assembled here a useful collection of craftsmen, among them Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's always a high labor turnover in this bustling emporium, but Billy Taylor's quartet and Herbie Fields' band should be honking like wild geese at the moment. On Tuesday, Oct. 23, rumor says that the Taylor group will give way to Willis Jackson's band and the ditties of Ruth Brown. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Now operating both Fridays and Saturdays. This weekend (Oct. 19-20), Ray McKinley, Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Max Kaminsky, Lou

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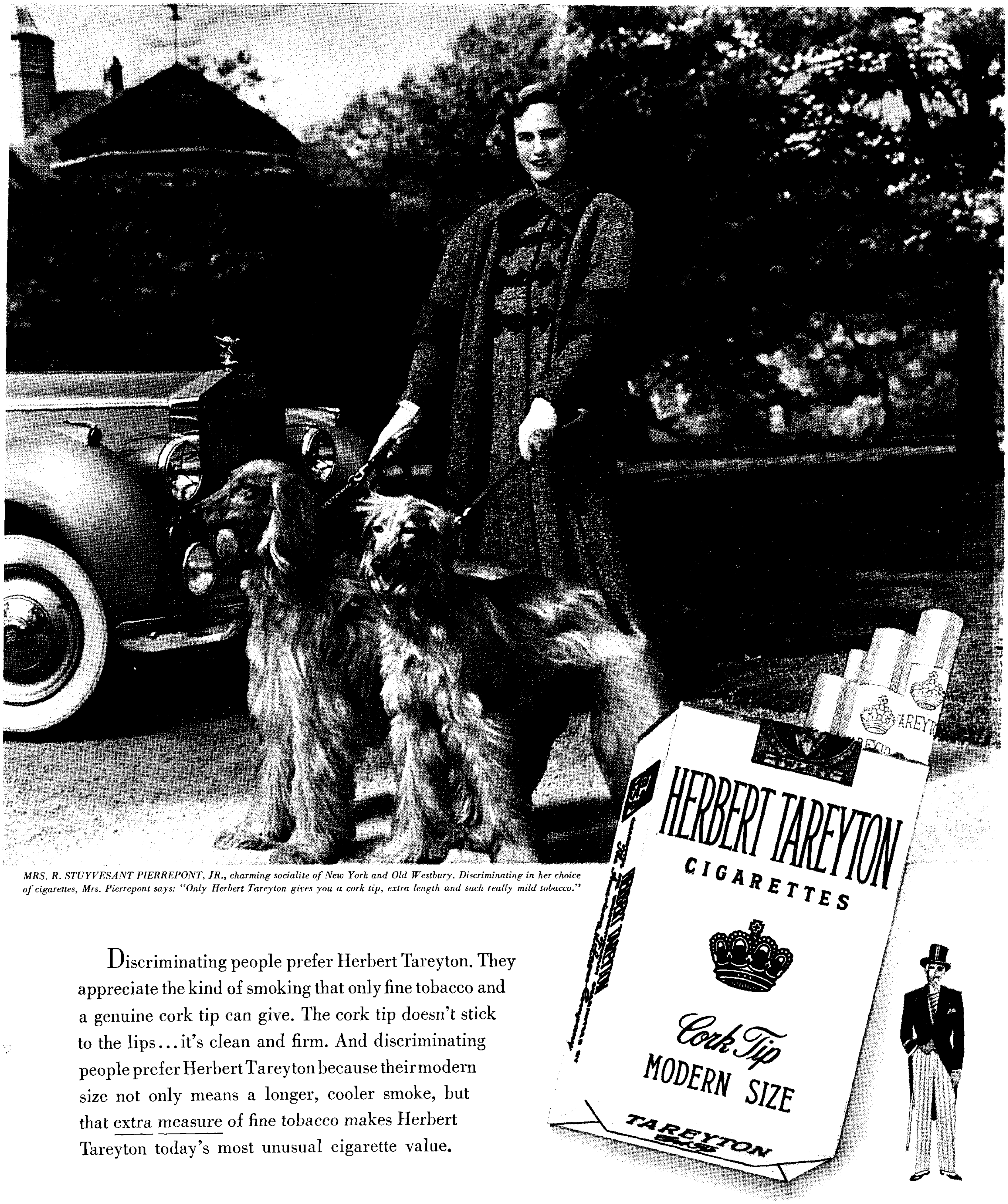

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

McGarity, Claude Hopkins, and Sonny Greer. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Oct. 19), Pee Wee Erwin's entire band, plus Red Allen, Conrad Janis, Sol Yaged, Morey Feld, Bobby Sherwood, and Willie the Lion Smith will hold forth. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ART FOR A SYNAGOGUE—First showing of a set of decorative works by Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Herbert Ferber, designed for the Congregation B'nai Israel, a synagogue recently built in Millburn, N.J.; through Oct. 20. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

BRANCUSI TO DUCHAMP—Oils and sculptures by these and other European modernists, in a lively and illuminating show; through Nov. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

PETER BUSA—Oils by an artist who has not had a one-man show here for several years; through Oct. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUFY—Paintings, briskly animated and colorful, by the less well-known brother of Raoul; through Oct. 31. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.)

PAUL ENGLAND—Curiously gaunt-looking symbolic abstractions by a young painter who, despite certain awkwardnesses of style, shows much promise; through Oct. 20. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.)

JEAN EVE—New paintings, plus a selection of some earlier ones, by one of the most talented of the Paris Primitives; through Oct. 27. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

VAUGHN FLANNERY—Oils of American horse-racing scenes, very effectively done, by a specialist in the genre; through Oct. 20. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans of the nineteenth century, among them Blakelock, Homer, and Eakins, and of the twentieth, including Jean Liberte and Martin Friedman; through Oct. 20. . . . **DELIUS,** 18 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors by modern artists, among them Degas, Kollwitz, and Tchelitchew; through Oct. 27. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The gallery's twenty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising paintings by O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Kuniyoshi, and others, plus a sculpture by Zorach; through Oct. 27. . . . **GANSO,** 125 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ethel Magafan, Jenne Magafan, Edward Chavez, Howard Mandel, and Bruce Currie, three of whom are Fulbright Fellowship winners; through Oct. 27. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Twenty-ninth Annual Founders' Exhibition, consisting of paintings and sculptures by Robert Brackman, Maurice Sterne, Hobart Nichols, and others; through Nov. 8.

JEAN HÉLION—New works, rather harsh in color and arbitrary in design, by a member of the Paris school; through Oct. 20. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

JOE JONES—Recent paintings, many of them seaside-resort scenes in off season that admirably convey the wistful atmosphere that prevails then; through Oct. 20. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—Semitropical still-lifes and interiors, mostly, done in bright colors and crisply patterned design; through Oct. 20. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Non-objective paintings, by one of the most sensitive and perceptive members of the school; through Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Twenty-four water colors and drawings, dated 1914-45; through Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A selection of original ceramics, mostly vases, made in 1950; through Oct. 27. (Delius, 18 E. 64th St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—Paintings by an artist who has adapted, with taste and discretion, the traditional Chinese pictorial style to Occiden-

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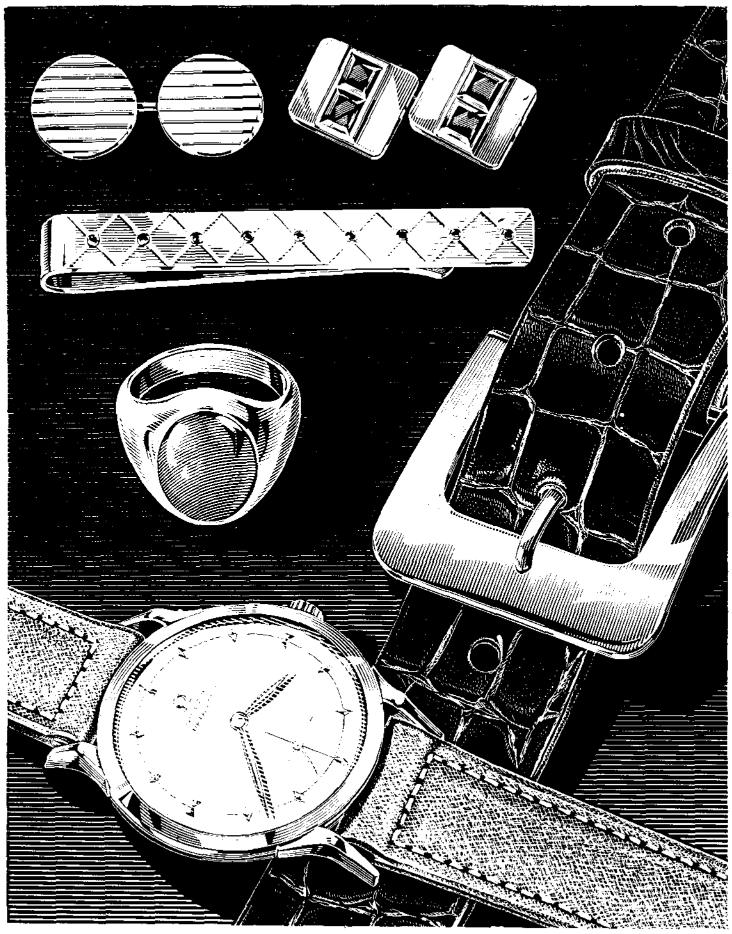

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tal subjects; through Oct. 20. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Felix Ruvolo—Abstract paintings, done during the past year; through Oct. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Siamese Sculptures—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries; through Nov. 3. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Steel Sculptures—A selection of work by Barbara Lekberg, William Talbot, and others; through Nov. 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

William Thon—Water colors and oils painted in Maine, some of them dealing with Maine subjects, some with reminiscences of a recent trip to Italy; through Oct. 27. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—A small selection of his paintings, *most of them recent works; through Nov. 3.* The Tobey exhibition at the Whitney Museum may be of interest in this connection, too. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Mervin Jules; through Nov. 3. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Harvey Fite; through Nov. 3. . . . **AUDUBON HOUSE**, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St.: Animal paintings by Audubon; through Nov. 30. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery; through Nov. 3. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 10. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Constant Rey Millet; through Nov. 3. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Water colors of bats by Audubon and by his son; through Nov. 18. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: African sculptures from European collections; through Nov. 29. . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: Prints by Norwegians; through Dec. 3. For the benefit of the Norwegian Artists Fund. . . . **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gerhard Marcks; through Nov. 10. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: Ninth annual water-color show; through Nov. 2. Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings, until 10.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by Ben Shahn, Reuben Tam, Milton Hebald, and other members of the Museum's art school faculty; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ A display of portrait photographs, 1830-1930, including examples by Thomas Eakins, Man Ray, and Alfred Stieglitz; through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—About a hundred woodcuts, etchings, and engravings given to the Museum by Leo Wallerstein. Among the artists are Dürer, Rembrandt, and Van Ostade. Through Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibition of oils and other works by James Ensor, the Anglo-Belgian artist generally credited with being one of the precursors of modern Surrealism; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Prints by the late Max Beckmann; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions: paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A hundred paintings and five sculptures by members of the League of Present Day Artists, in their eleventh annual exhibition; through Oct. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of paintings by Mark Tobey, the Seattle abstractionist; through Nov. 4. A good complement to the exhibition is the Tobey show at the Willard, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: American première of "The Four Ruffians" (in English), by Wolf-Ferrari. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:30: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Aïda.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Faust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Fledermaus—The new English version of Johann Strauss's operetta, with lyrics by Howard Dietz and dialogue by Garson Kanin. Presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company's touring company, with Brenda Lewis and Donald Dame. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin); Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:30 (no soloist); Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 (both with Aldo Ciccolini, piano); and Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:45 (with Constance Keene, piano).

New York Youth Concerts Association—Wheeler Beckett conducting a symphony orchestra, with Weldon Wilber, horn, and John Corigliano, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Fredell Lack—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ The second in a series of three programs presenting a Mozart cycle. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

Alfred Breuning—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

Janice Moudry—Contralto. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Stan Kenton—With his orchestra, and June Christy, vocalist, in a program called "Innovations in Modern Music." (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Rocky Marciano, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 20 (all at 2):

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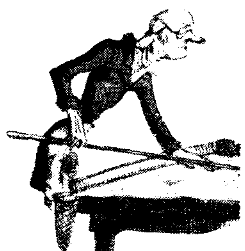

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Syracuse, at Hanover.... ¶ Fordham vs. San Francisco, at Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island.... ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. N.Y.U., at Worcester.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 27:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2.... ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Fordham, at Syracuse, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 20, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 22-27.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 20.) ... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.)

RACING—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Friday, Oct. 19, through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 20; the East View, Wednesday, Oct. 24; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Through Thursday, Oct. 18; post time is 1:15. (The train schedule is the same as that given above.) ... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays; through Saturday, Nov. 3. Through Saturday, Oct. 20, post time will be 1:30; after that date, it will be 1:15. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10.) ... **LAUREL PARK**, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, Oct. 25.... **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15, from Saturday, Oct. 27, through Friday, Nov. 16.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—Opening children's concerts of the season—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Igor Buketoff conducting, with Phil Baker narrating "Timid Tim, the Trumpeter." (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 3.) ... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART:** "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Prince's Secret." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, from Nov. 6 until around Feb. 1.

FLOWER SHOW—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums, together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 26, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, from 10 to 5.)

New York Antiques Fair—The sixteenth annual show of antiques, American and European, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, October 18-19, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 20, from 1 to 6.)

Newspapers—Memorabilia of New York newspapers that are now a hundred or more years old, among them the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The show comprises early issues (first issues, in some cases), notable headlines, editorial hoaxes, and other items pertaining to the histories of the papers. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through Dec. 30.)

Christopher Columbus Exhibition—A display of material relating to the explorer, in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth. Columbus's and other accounts of his voyages; early maps, including a facsimile of a map he sketched; histories he studied; and biographical material are among the items. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5; through Oct. 31.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Conquest of Space," and deals with an imaginary trip by space ship to some of our neighboring planets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Through Nov. 30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, along with paintings by Corot, Reynolds, Inness, and other artists, antique Oriental rugs, and objects of art, from the estate of the late Mrs. Henry Ford. (Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 18-20, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Oils, water colors, and drawings by the American artist George B. Luks, along with paintings and drawings by van Gogh, Pissarro, Renoir, Utrillo, and other modern artists, from the collections of Mrs. James R. Hale and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 20; Monday, Oct. 22; and Wednesday, Oct. 24, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ French Provincial furniture, porcelains and faïence, and other decorations, owned by Jacques de Gordes, of Châteauneuf, Provence, and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 20; Monday, Oct. 22; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, from 10 to 8. Auction Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 1:45.)

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Note—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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Yardley Feather-Pressed Powder is feather-light, feather-soft face powder. It doesn't spill . . . it doesn't cake . . . it doesn't crumble . . . yet it powders at the feather-touch of a puff. In its own handy, purse-perfect compact, $3.75 . . . **or, $1, in portable case with puff** (it's also a refill). Both plus tax.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—An attractive musical film in which Gene Kelly and an excellent cast sing and dance to Gershwin melodies. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Bitter Rice—A violent Italian picture about the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves, in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the steamiest of the workers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 18.)

Force of Arms—An honestly told, if occasionally trite, story of love and war, with William Holden and Nancy Olson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 19-20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 21-22. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 21-23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 23-24.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A funny English film in which Alec Guinness is most happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to steal a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, EL 5-8468.)

M—David Wayne in an often estimable remake of the old German film that featured Peter Lorre as a revolting child-killer. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; Oct. 21-23.)

Marie du Port—A world-weary man from Cherbourg finds release from ennui in a neighboring village, which happens to have a pleasant bar and an even pleasanter barmaid. An extremely amiable French film, with Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 23, tentative.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to that one, but still a very worth-while affair. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and colorful Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—Around the bend again. Not as dashing as some of its predecessors but workmanlike. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 23.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A literal translation to the screen of the famous Tennessee Williams play about a Southern lady, no better than the next, and her Polish brother-in-law, who is much worse. Directed by Elia Kazan, and superbly enacted by Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Oct. 24.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 21-22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 24.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 21-22, tentative.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—A melodrama dealing with an Irish tar, a mysterious lady, and a pair of lawyers, both balmy. With Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 21-22.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 18, tentative.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo full of laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Oct. 24.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 21: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 22: "Swingtime" (1936), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

Note—A Robert Flaherty memorial program, comprising two Flaherty films, "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," along with another documentary, "Industrial Britain," will be held at the Museum of Modern Art, Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call JU 2-5171.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Angels in the Outfield," Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Desert Fox," James Mason, Jessica Tandy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Mob," Broderick Crawford, Betty Buehler.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

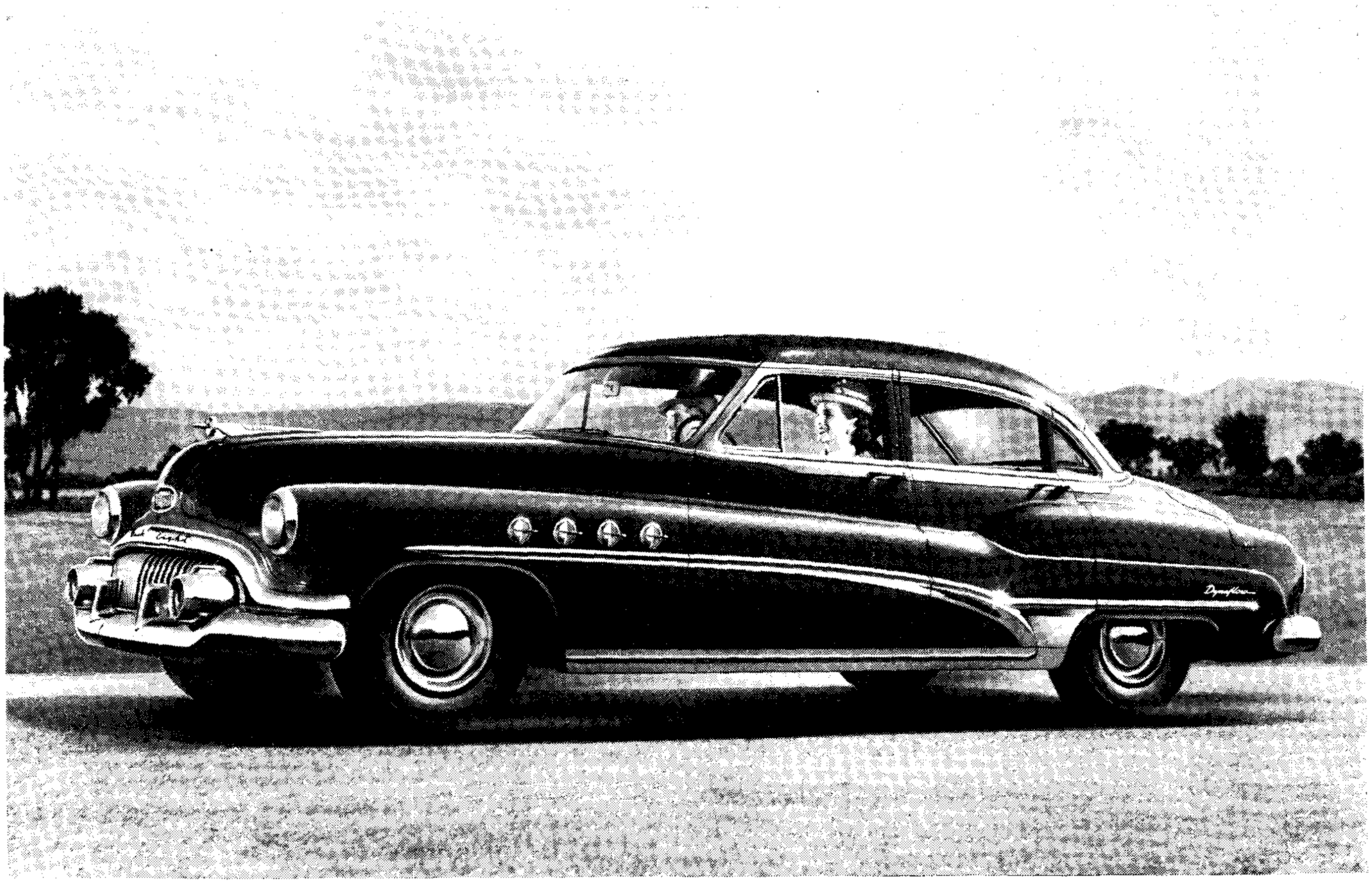
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Oct. 23: "A Millionaire for Christy," Fred MacMurray, Eleanor Parker.
From Oct. 24: "Anne of the Indies," Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Texas Carnival," Esther Williams, Red Skelton.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Whistle at Eaton Falls," Lloyd Bridges, Dorothy Gish.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 21: "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.
From Oct. 22: "Mill on the Po" (in Italian).



Some-where a Road is Call-ing

If the purr of a great-powered engine is music to your ears—

If command of two tons and more of nimble-footed and beautifully balanced automobile can step up your pulse beat—

You are just the man for whom a ROADMASTER was engineered.

Whatever it takes to give you a sense of complete and carefree freedom behind its wheel, you'll find in this proud master of the highways.

Added to the breadth and length that any fine car can give you are four soft-action coil springs to cushion the wheels, and a torque-tube to banish rear-wheel wander.

Added to its high-compression, valve-in-head engine are eight exclusive Fireball combustion chambers that get extra power from each whirling charge of fuel.

Added to the convenience of clutch-free driving is the torque-converter principle of Dynaflow Drive—that feeds a steady flow of power without lag or falter ever.

Added to the light responsiveness of its steering wheel is a Buick-engineered "front-end geometry" that gives this phenomenal performer a sense of direction straight and true.

But no roll call of engineering accomplishments can tell you the feel of a ROADMASTER out on the road.

That's something that only first-hand acquaintance can bring. Not just a trip around the block—but enough time and enough miles to let you discover what a joyous companion this great car can be.

That's something that is easily arranged. If you're truly interested, a phone call will bring a ROADMASTER to your door.

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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Custom Built by Buick

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

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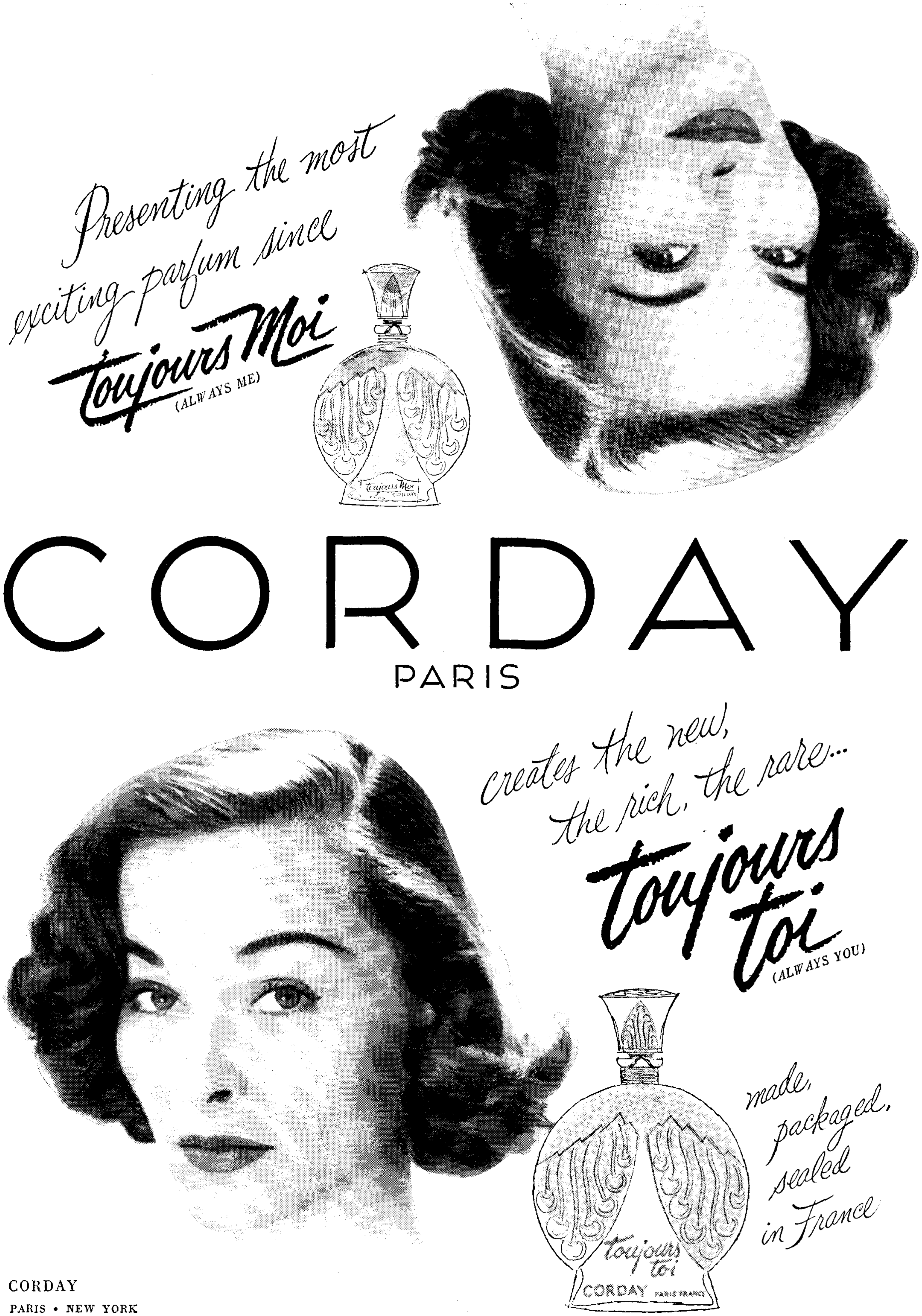
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In judging tires, "the best of breed" is The General Tire. It is the choice of those who place the highest value on their safety and comfort. They know that the extra blowout protection, quiet, cushioned ride and quick-stopping of Generals are advantages worth many times the little extra cost.

This young bull's name is Sleepy Valley Jim, winner of two Grand Champion ribbons before his second birthday.

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Dress by Marvin Randolph Monk

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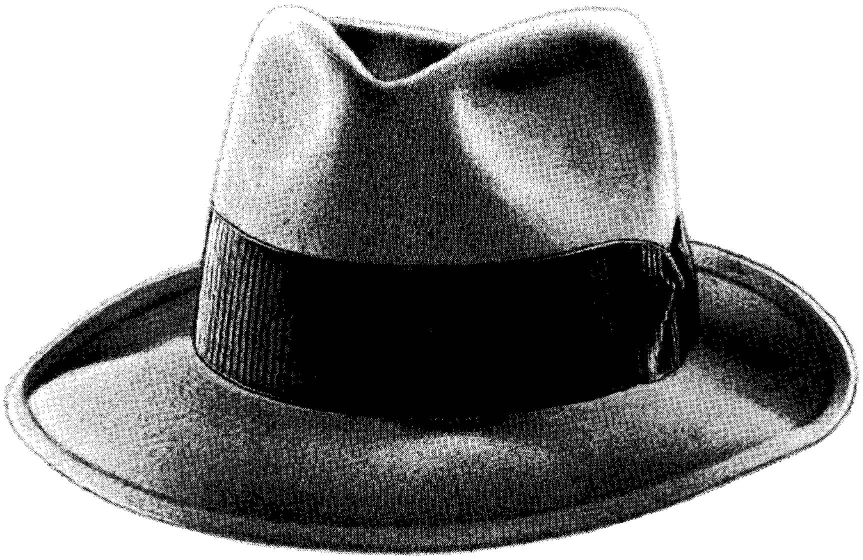

Cavanagh Down-Turn

*Experience the pride of owning
a hat graced with the illustrious insignia
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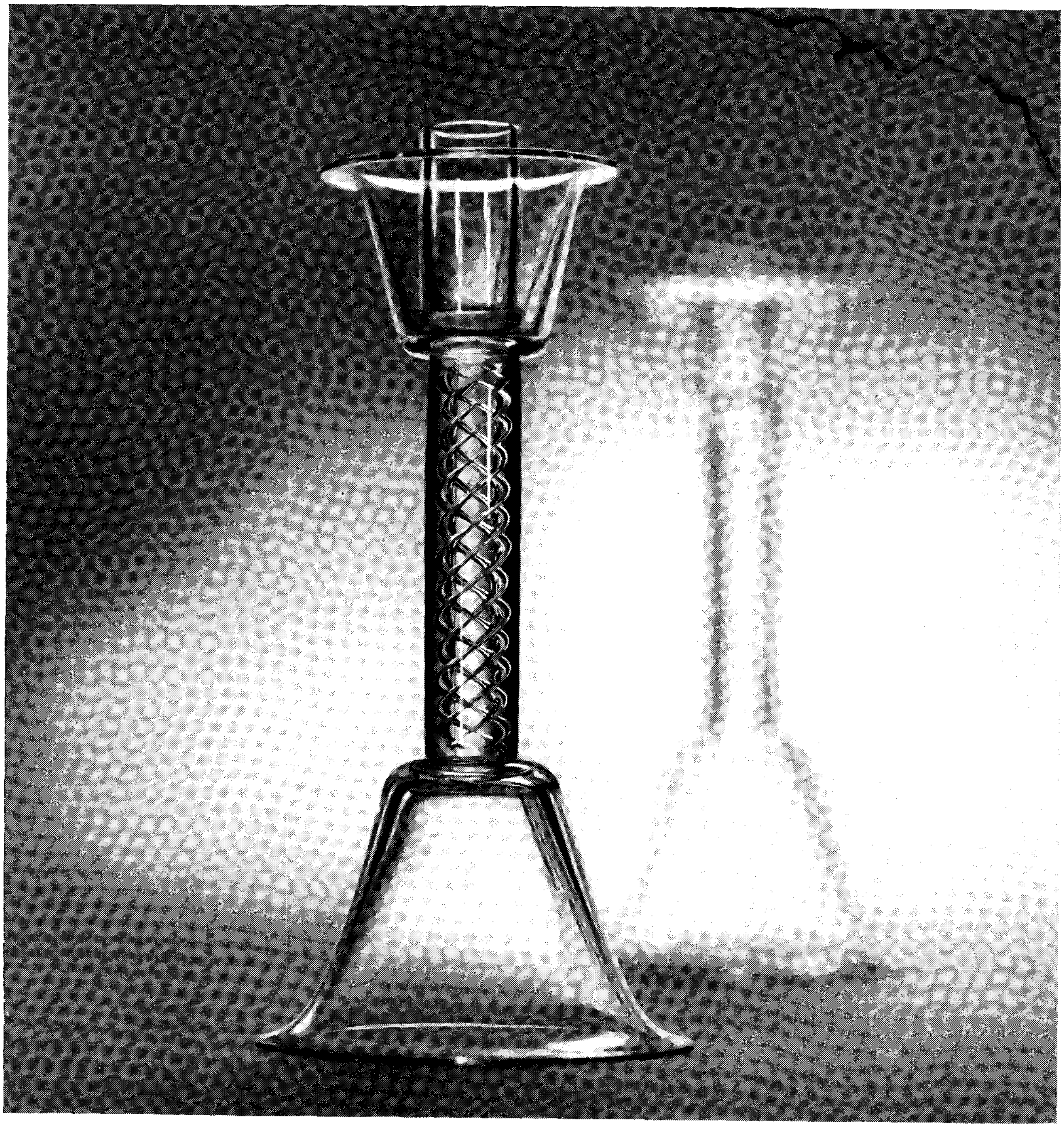

AIR TWIST CANDLESTICK WITH BELL FOOT • MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER

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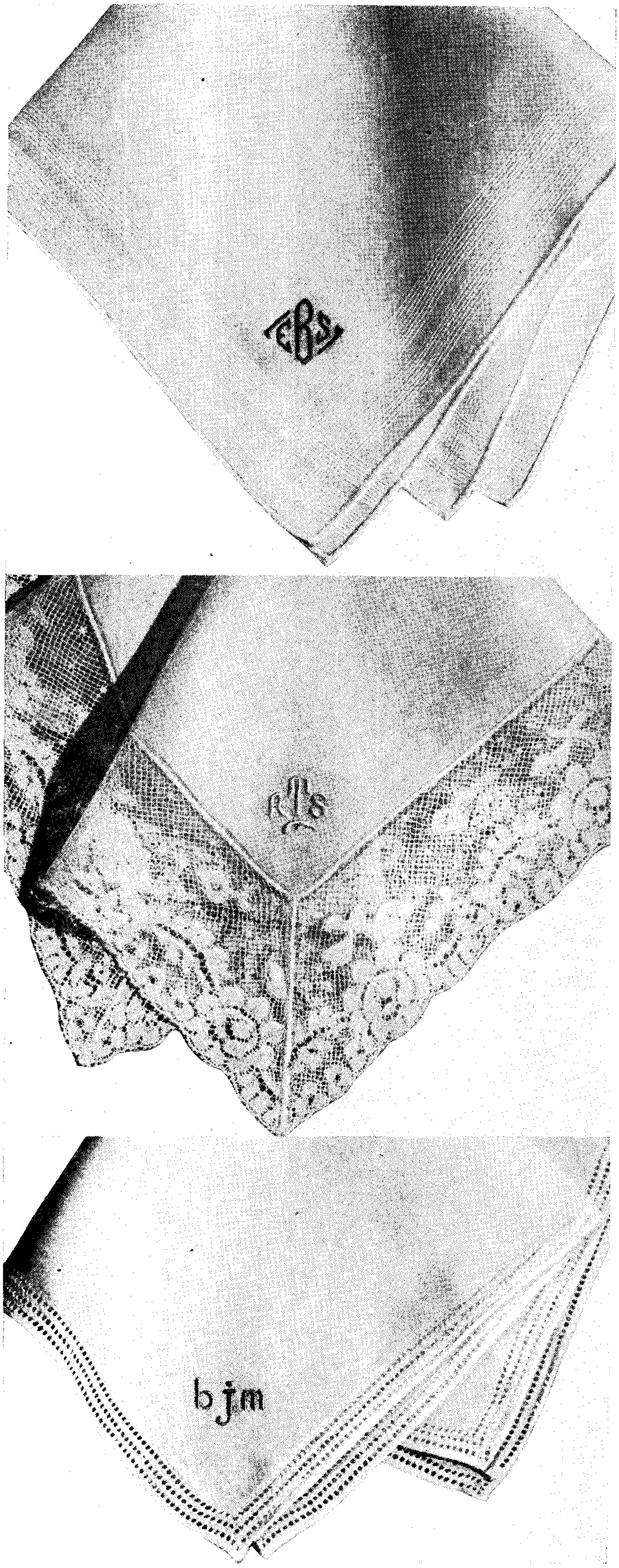
to order now for delivery safely in advance of Christmas



W6-24 Irish linen . . . in snowy white, with a hand-rolled cord border, makes this a handkerchief to be shown with pride. 3-letter hand-embroidered monogram in white or any color. 6 for **14.25**

W5-24 Imported lace and linen . . . a wide band of lovely lace borders this white Irish linen handkerchief . . . the 3-letter monogram hand-embroidered in white. 6 for **11.50**

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3 weeks for delivery

Altman handkerchiefs, main floor
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

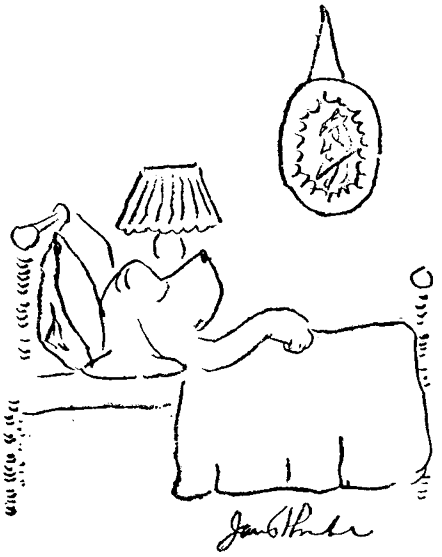
SOMEONE has sneaked us the script of a TV commercial designed for use between rounds of a fight. The commercial itself is familiar—merely a routine appeal for blood donations for our armed forces—but the script carries this cautionary note at the top: "IF EITHER FIGHTER IS BLEEDING NOTICEABLY, KILL THIS COMMERCIAL."

Here, it strikes us, is one of those modern dilemmas infinitely confusing in shape and substance, a situation that quickly dispels any hope we might have for a settled policy about human bloodshed. Here we have three distinct types of blood on a single video occasion: the blood of the soldier, whose prize is glory; the blood of the pugilist, whose prize is money (the first blood mentionable, the second blood unmentionable); and, finally, the reservoir of blood in the veins of the sporting crowd who seek relief from this bloody and embattled world by attending the spectacle of further bloodletting in the arena. It is a curiously baffling configuration. Perhaps the simplest way to satisfy all these needs, in this plasma age, is to equip prizefighters with steel spurs, like gamecocks, and build up the blood bank directly from our local mains, leaving the spectators untapped and the broadcasting companies unembarrassed.

LAST month, the Arrow Shirt people ran, in a number of national magazines, a full-page ad headed "Thirty *dates* hath September . . . for the man who wears an Arrow Shirt!" and showing a calendar month sheet with a different girl smiling out of each diurnal rectangle. The Arrow Shirt September starts on a Wednesday; 1951's September started on a Saturday. No September will look like the Arrow Shirt one until 1954. This is a long time to wait for a date, and the man who wears an Arrow Shirt, obviously a fellow who likes to keep busy, is bound to find his cuffs and his disposition frayed by that time, and, like as not, find his first date, a redhead, hopelessly involved with a Sulka or Dillon customer.

Early I.B.M. Man

THE Fine Arts Department of the International Business Machines Corporation recently purchased a remarkable collection of modern working models of mechanisms invented by Leonardo da Vinci. What's da Vinci to I.B.M., or vice versa? Well, great as he was as an artist, the old boy appears to have preferred invention to painting, and though no one at I.B.M. has, so far as we know, come out and said so, we THINK the assumption in the home office is that if da Vinci were alive today, he'd surely be an I.B.M. man, possibly tinkering away at an electronic brain. Since next year marks the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth, da Vinci missed this fate by a fairly wide margin, but to provide him posthumously with the next-best thing, I.B.M. has arranged to send the models on a tour of I.B.M. field offices throughout the country. The collection was on display in the sacred precincts of the I.B.M. Hall of Products, at Madison and Fifty-seventh, last week, and we stopped in there to examine the models and, in a hushed voice, question their maker, Dr. Roberto A. Guatelli, a small, lively, gray-haired man of forty-one. Dr. Guatelli is currently engaged in turning out several more working models of da Vinci inventions, and he and his wife, who is his only assistant, will accompany the collection on tour.



Dr. Guatelli was born in Milan, where da Vinci spent much of his life and is still highly revered, and took a degree in science at the University of Milan. He built his first da Vinci models in the late thirties, for a government exhibition of da Vinci's works. Once he had started poking around in Leonardo's notebooks, he was done for; they were, of course, full of drawings of marvellous contraptions—helicopters, machine guns, tanks, pressure cookers, parachutes, air-conditioners, and self-propelled vehicles—and Dr. Guatelli was determined to see whether they would work. To his delight, most of them did. He kept on building models until he had a total of seventy-five. With this collection, he started on a world tour during the Second World War. He was in Japan when Italy surrendered to the Allies, and he was thereupon interned by the Japanese. His collection went into storage in Tokyo, and subsequently was bombed to smithereens. After the war, the curator of the County Museum, in Los Angeles, unaware that the collection no longer existed, invited Dr. Guatelli, who was by then back in Italy, to come over and display it. He accepted the invitation and, by dint of working what he estimates as twenty-three hours a day every day for four months, managed to have a new and better collection of models ready at the appointed time. Since then, they have been shown in a number of American cities.

Dr. Guatelli trotted us around the

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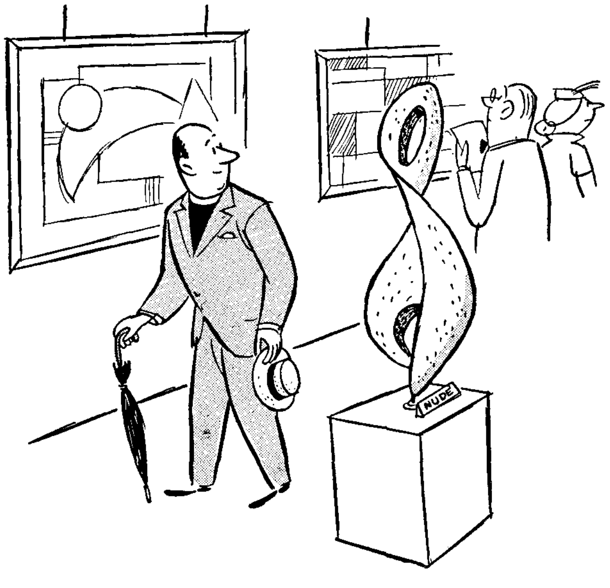

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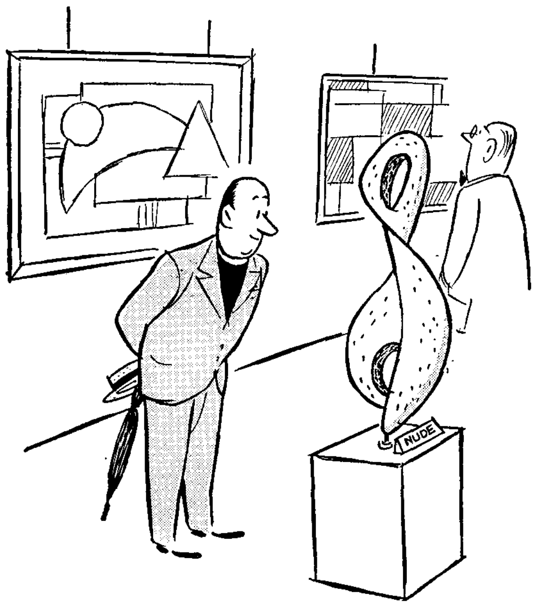

I.B.M. shrine, pointing out and demonstrating models of a two-armed crane; a double hull for a ship; a diver's apparatus; a variable-speed drive shaft; a jack quite like a modern automobile jack; a bat-shaped flying machine; a water lift, the original of which was capable of raising water to a height of thirty-three feet (da Vinci installed it in the castle of the Duke of Milan); a machine to cool and wash air (the original was used in the boudoir of the Duchess of Milan); and a four-wheeled vehicle, powered by springs wound by a series of gears (Dr. Guatelli figures the original could attain a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour). As we went from one invention to the next, Dr. Guatelli said he believed that da Vinci had invented no fewer than three hundred mechanical contrivances and refined many hundreds of old ones. "There's nothing he didn't try," said Dr. Guatelli. "It's hard to be sure whether some of his inventions were actually put into use, but I think his military inventions were the most popular. He also invented a simple instrument for measuring the circumference of the earth, and when he tried it out, his figures were a little less than two miles out of the way. He built a huge revolving stage for an entertainment given by the Duke of Milan. The entertainment is said to have been so beautiful that the spectators thought they were in Heaven. At any rate, the stage was destroyed by order of the Duke, who feared that it might be profaned by the production of less beautiful entertainments."

One of da Vinci's few mistakes, Dr. Guatelli said, was a perpetual-motion machine. "Water falls into hollow cups around the rim of a wheel," Dr. Guatelli explained. "This causes the wheel to rotate. As the cups reach bottom and the water falls from them into a trough, hollow, curved tubes scoop the water up from the trough. As the wheel continues to revolve, the water slips through the tubes and is discharged, through a small, round drum at the right, into a small trough. Then it drops again and is carried back to its starting point to fill the cups once more. All clear?" "Not quite," we said. "No matter," said the Doctor. "It didn't work, and da Vinci became convinced that perpetual motion was an impossibility. He didn't have to waste any more time on *that*."

●

Incidental Intelligence: The Springfield, Massachusetts, Public Library has issued a list entitled "100 Cheerful Books, Most of Which Have Happy Endings."

The entrance to Three Steps Down, a ladies'-apparel shop at 103 Waverley Place, is four steps down.

A sign in the window of the Davjo Luncheonette, on West Forty-fifth Street, calls attention to that institution's "Hand-Carved Meat Sandwiches."

Curtsy Coach

Miss Eveline McCullagh, a noted ballroom-dancing instructor of London and, pro tem, the Shamrock Hotel, of Houston, is in town, fresh from a triumphant week in Washington, D.C., where she coached a number of senators' wives and other ladies slated to meet Princess Elizabeth on her visit to this country later this month in a curtsy suitable for meeting a princess. We had breakfast with her the other morning in the dining room of the Hotel Shelton, from which she is soon to take wing for Houston, and found her to be a pink lady in a pink dress, and the possessor of many an oddity. "I have one of the first flags of the Irish Republic," she told us. "It was made of a flour bag and flown in 1916 from the shop of Honoria McBride, an Irish patriot in Westport, County Mayo. It was given to my father, who used to be sales manager of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company for all of Ireland. I also have replicas of all the crown jewels of England—the set was made for the coronation rehearsal in 1937, and my father bought it and exhibited it at the World's Fair here—as well as replicas of thirty-two of the world's most famous diamonds, including the Hope, the Cullinan, the Koh-i-noor, and the Orloff." Before more or less settling down in Houston fourteen months ago, Miss McC. toured North America for seven years, lecturing on the crown jewels and the diamonds, displaying her copies thereof, and teaching dancing and curtsying. Prior to that, she taught dancing and court etiquette in London, where she still owns a sixty-room house with a ballroom that accommodates a hundred and fifty people. She handed us a printed brochure listing "Some of My More Famous Pupils from the U.S.A. and Abroad." Among these were:

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent
His Majesty King Alfonso of Spain
His Majesty the King of Egypt
His Majesty the King of Siam
His Highness Prince Prasobri Chirapravati of Siam
His Highness Prince Tongtor of Siam
Maharajah of Bikaner, India

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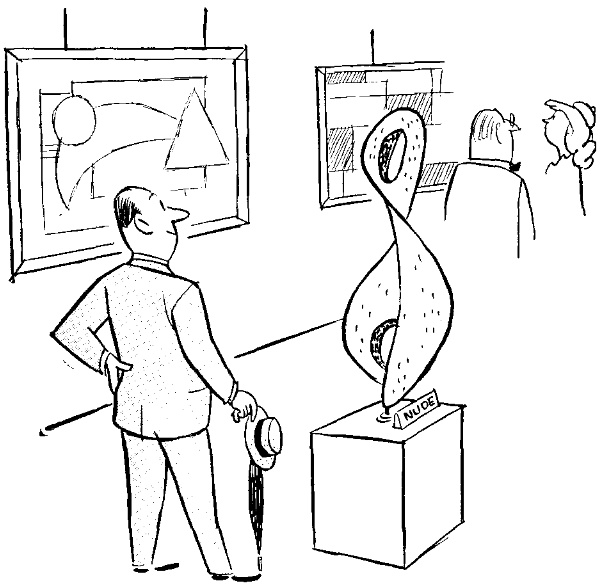

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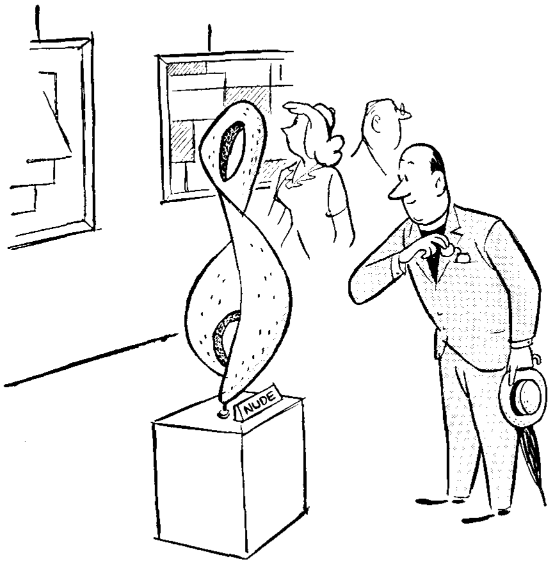

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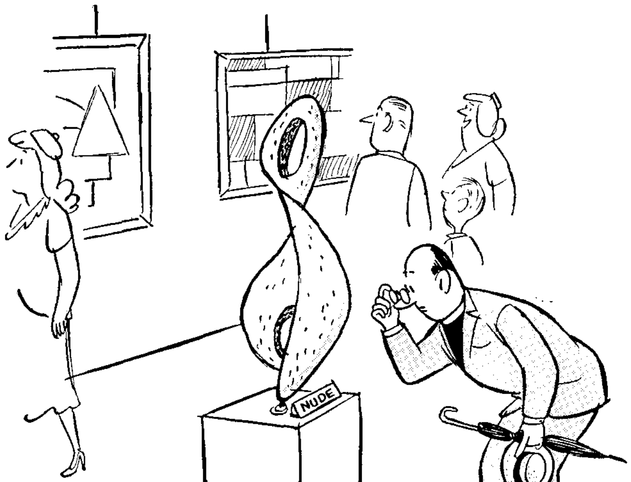

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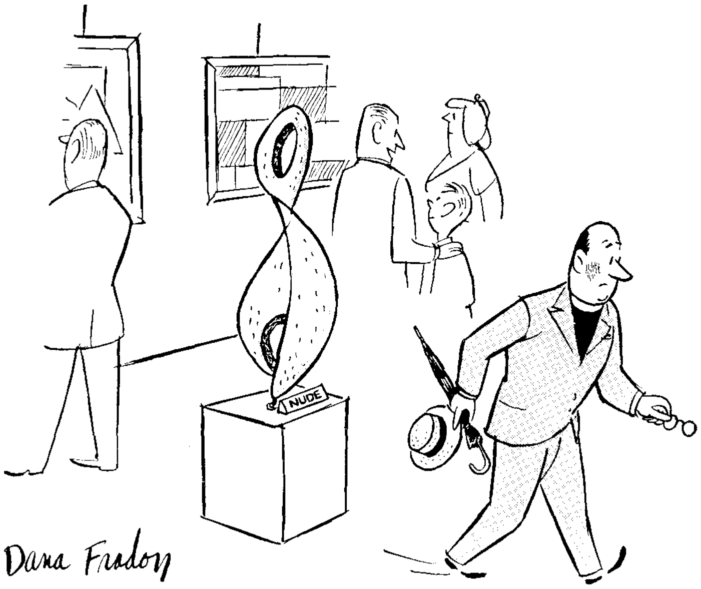

Maharajah and Maharanee of Patiala, India, and six daughters
Prince and Princess Berar of Hyderabad, son and daughter-in-law of the Nizam of Hyderabad, world's richest man
Miss Mary Stark, Baltimore, Md., daughter of famous Stark family
Mrs. Joyce Young, Riverhead, L.I., large lumber interests
Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, Park Avenue, New York City. Head of Poetry Society of New York, well-known in London
Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Williams, London and New York, right-hand man to Alexander Korda
Children of Louis Marx, Scarsdale, New York, toy manufacturer

"I had contracts with four rajahs to go to India in 1939 and teach their womenfolk ballroom dancing," Miss McCullagh told us, "but the war interfered. I was stranded in Lisbon and taught dancing there to some of the Pan American Airlines flying and resident personnel. Eventually, I got back to England on a Japanese ship." She glanced through the brochure, to refresh her memory, and went on, "Prince Chirapravati named a race horse after me. The Prince is dead now, and I guess the horse is, too. Prince Tongtor of Siam was my best pupil. Would you like to see a letter the Maharajah of Bikaner wrote me?" She handed us a letter reading, "I am very grateful to you for all the trouble you took to teach me dancing, which came in very useful subsequently, both at parties in Paris as well as on board the ship." Miss McC. then informed us that after a wealthy and well-travelled childhood and youth, during which she crossed the Bay of Biscay fifty-six times and the equator four times, she began her terpsichorean career when her family lost most of its money on the Stock Exchange. "I had to take up something that would keep me travelling," she said. "I'd rather travel than do anything else." We asked Miss McC. whether there was any special trick to the curtsy, and she got up and executed one—a deep kneel, back straight—right in the dining room of the Shelton, to the astonishment of the other breakfasters. "You have to do it exactly the proper way," she said. "You don't just bob up and down; you use certain muscles in your legs. I generally teach it in three lessons. Properly done, it throws your head up and gives you a beautiful, regal, upright carriage. In teaching it, and in teaching ballroom dancing, I make my pupils look utterly, utterly graceful. I give them the bricks to build their house with—metaphorically, of course." As the meal concluded, Miss McCullagh said, "I taught the Duke of Kent but *not* the Duke of Windsor. Don't let anyone ever tell you they taught the Duke of Windsor how to dance. He's a wonderful natural dancer, and never had to take lessons from *anyone*."

Bee-and-B.

A GENTLEMAN advises us that while attending the races at the Del Mar track, in California, he went into the bar and ordered a beer. He was sipping it in a leisurely way when a large bumblebee flew into the place and buzzed noisily about. The bartender took a bottle of Bénédictine from a shelf and poured a drop on the bar. The bee at once settled on this and began to imbibe. "My pet bee," the bartender said. "He's in every hour or so."

Split-Second Solution

AN eleven-year-old girl came home from her first cooking class and showed her parents her homework assignment, to wit: "A newly married housewife is preparing her first dinner for company. Give a reason why the meal might be twenty-five minutes late." Her father and mother offered suggestions, mostly culinary mishaps of various kinds, all of which she dismissed as inadequate in view of the precise length of time involved. Her answer, arrived at after overnight consideration, was "If the dinner is to be exactly twenty-five minutes late, the housewife must sit down in the living room with the company for twenty-five minutes before she tells them dinner is ready."

The Center's Locusts

OUR dendrological interest in Fifth Avenue, which last led us to discuss the ginkgo trees next to the Sinclair Oil Building, has now led us to have a talk with Victor Borella, vice-president of Rockefeller Center in charge of operations, about three honey-locust trees that are replacing three dead English elms at the Center's eastern boundary. The elms belonged to a batch of eight the Center planted in 1948, to replace eight deceased American elms planted in 1939. These died during the war of, according to Mr. Borella, summer heat, gas fumes, and malnutrition. In other words, they died under the same wretched conditions that killed three of their British cousins and, for all Mr. Borella knows, may be killing the five others. "The second batch never really grew after they were transplanted," he said. "We took out the three dead ones a year ago, and I was asked by Nelson Rockefeller and G. S. Eyssell, chairman of the board and president of the Center, to study the situation and make a recommendation as to what to do next. Well, it was one of those extracurricular things—my field is primarily labor relations, not trees—so I asked Heflin & Storms, a firm of tree experts in Wyckoff, New Jersey, to propose a tree that could withstand the things an elm can't withstand."

Heflin & Storms came up with four candidates: the ginkgo, the pin oak, the Oriental plane, and the honey locust. Mr. Borella's next step was to discuss the merits of these with experts of the Parks Department and the Botanical Garden. The Oriental plane was ruled out as being too dirty, and the pin oak and the ginkgo because Mr. Borella wanted a tree, or three trees, that would fit in aesthetically with the five remaining elms. "The pin oak and the ginkgo don't have a fan-shaped head, like the elm," he explained to us, "whereas the honey locust does. The Parks Department people favored the ginkgo, but, apart from the aesthetics involved, it developed that it would be somewhat speculative to transplant ginkgoes of a size comparable to the elms, whereas a big honey locust—ours are fifty feet high—is more safely transplantable." Mr. Borella accordingly plumped for the honey locust, and was backed up by Messrs. Rockefeller and Eyssell. "There was quite a ginkgo holler," he said. "The ginkgo is apparently the hardiest goddam tree you can find, but, as I said, I felt it wouldn't fit in so well. Moreover, the locust, unlike the others, is a legume, which means it feeds nitrogen back into the soil, cutting down on our feeding problem." Mr. B. paused to light a cigar, then said, "I speak as a layman, of course. I have a summer home in New Hampshire, with a lot of woods, but everything I know about trees I learned from Heflin & Storms."

All of the foregoing took place last spring. The decision once made, Rockefeller Center proceeded cautiously. It commissioned Heflin & Storms to select some honey locusts and have them root-pruned (i.e., have their roots cut down to the size necessary for transplanting to the Center), then leave them *in situ* until the fall and see if they survived. The *situs* was the Clover Hill, New Jersey, farm of a Mr. Angus, from whom H. & S. bought the trees. "It was a kind of transplanting rehearsal," Mr. Borella said. "We had four trees root-pruned, in case one died, but none did." The Center bought the locusts for only two or three hundred dollars apiece F.O.B. the Angus farm, we learned, but the cost of transplanting and installing each of them was about ten times that. "Honey locusts have thrived in other cities," Mr. B. told us. "There's a tremendous one in Dayton, Ohio, that has been there for years, but I suppose the atmosphere is much cleaner there than it is here. It's an experiment. We only hope they'll last."

Government

OUR faith in government has been buttressed anew by the experience of a Park Avenue matron who wrote to the Division of Public Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, for a booklet on how to get rid of cockroaches. In reply, she received a printed form from the Printing Office saying it had no publication on the subject but would forward a "Handbook of Emergency Defense Activities" upon receipt of twenty-five cents. This amount the lady sent along with the form, on which, being positive of the existence of the booklet she wanted, she scratched out the title offered and wrote, "No! Please! A handbook on the extermination of cockroaches!" A booklet entitled "Handbook on Cockroaches and Their Control" duly arrived, along with another form, expressing regret that the Superintendent of Documents was unable to furnish the publication desired, and five five-cent coupons, applicable toward the purchase of public documents from the Government Printing Office. The lady has sprinkled both the coupons and a certain chemical under her kitchen sink.

4–3

OUR man Stanley thought *something* should be done about the World Series, so we said it would be all right for him to go up to the Yankee Stadium for the sixth game, which, he pointed out, might be the last one. He submitted the following report: "Reached street outside Stadium half hour before game, clutching coveted pasteboard for Annual Fall Classic. Street like Coney Island—hawkers selling badges, medals, pennants, canes, group pictures of Bombers, group pictures of Cinderella Kids, life stories of Clipper, toy bats, toy tin cups, big caps, jerseys all sizes, all colors. Tried on Giant cap for size. Silly. Joined clump of fans handing dollar bills to man wearing ten-gallon hat and blue suit, who was signing bills and returning them. Sidled closer. 'Red Grange,' whispered man alongside. 'Yah nuts,' whispered another man. 'It's Bernt Balchen.' Face to face with man signing bills, handed him one. 'Jim Thorpe,' he signed. One of the greatest. Pushed way out of clump, entered Gate 7, up ramp, around bend, up another ramp, around bend, up another ramp, around bend, up another ramp. Bet *Time* employees had better seats. Up another ramp. Stopped at Halfway House for coffee and weenie. Twenty cents for weenie, and when say weenie, mean weenie. Saddest little dog ever seen. Inflation product. Up another ramp, out onto mesa overlooking field. Directed upward by usher. Climbed steep crag, well past timber line. Directed farther upward by second usher. Reached peak, took seat in last row. Mt. Whitney plainly visible.

"Guy Lombardo and Royal Canadians playing near flagpole, in deep center. Looked like inflation weenies. Football weather; turned up coat collar. Stands filling rapidly. Lady on left pulled out flask, took dollop, said she was Giant rooter. 'You better be, too,' she said. Lucy Monroe asked throng to rise and join in National Anthem. Wondered if Lucy Monroe ever sang any other song.

"One o'clock. Classic under way! Crafty Ol' Perfesser Stengel starts Big Vic Raschi. The Lip places faith in Dave Koslo, the Lionhearted. Game rambles along. Large, affectionate hand from crowd every time Jolting Joe appears at plate. One of the Immortals. More games in Classic than any other Immortal. Veteran Righty holds own, Strong Lefthander in control for five innings. Scooter Rizzuto, Flashing Centipede at Short, bad medicine for Demons from Coogan's Bluff. Set for tallies, Dandies of Destiny upset by Galloping Phil's engineering of double plays. Heartbreaking for lady alongside. Too many dollops. 'Come on, Branca!' she cries. All hell in sixth. Terrible devastation. Koslo the Lionhearted fans Coleman. The Great Yogi singles to right, whips to second on fumbled pill. The Lionhearted lets Clipper walk. Boos. Grand Slam McDougald up. Wild pitch sends Yogi to third, Fisherman's Son advancing sack, too. Grand Slam hits sleepy one to Thomson, who figures to nab Clipper. Not on your life. Big John Mize walks. Bruiser Bauer up. Takes full count. Leans into one and sends it to left field. Panther Irvin can't get back for it. Broad-backed ex-Marine from East St. Louis draws up at third. Bombers 4, Cinderella Kids 1. Little Shepherd of Coogan's Bluff bites lip. Big Vic derricked in the seventh, but no Cinderella runs till the ninth, when all wickets loaded again, and the hashish sellers prepare to reopen bazaars, anticipating one more Arabian Night. Field Marshal Stengel ponders long and deep, flicks Destiny's ear, installs Lefty Kuzava against right-handers. Daring move, but Kuzava Destiny's Choice. Stanky in on long fly, Dark in on long fly. One more, and Miracle Men tie. Tension unbearable. Yvars connects, but Bruiser Bauer there, and game over. 'Come on, Branca!' cries lady alongside, mercifully numb.

"Down twenty-seven ramps and onto field. Peered into Yankee dugout. Nothing left but paper cups, Doublemint wrappers, and empty bottle of Four Roses. Over to Giant dugout. Nothing there but coffee urn, cake of ice, and piece of Danish pastry. Walked out onto mound, faced plate, wound up, let go with terrific fast one. Beauty. 'Beat it!' cried attendant. Went home."

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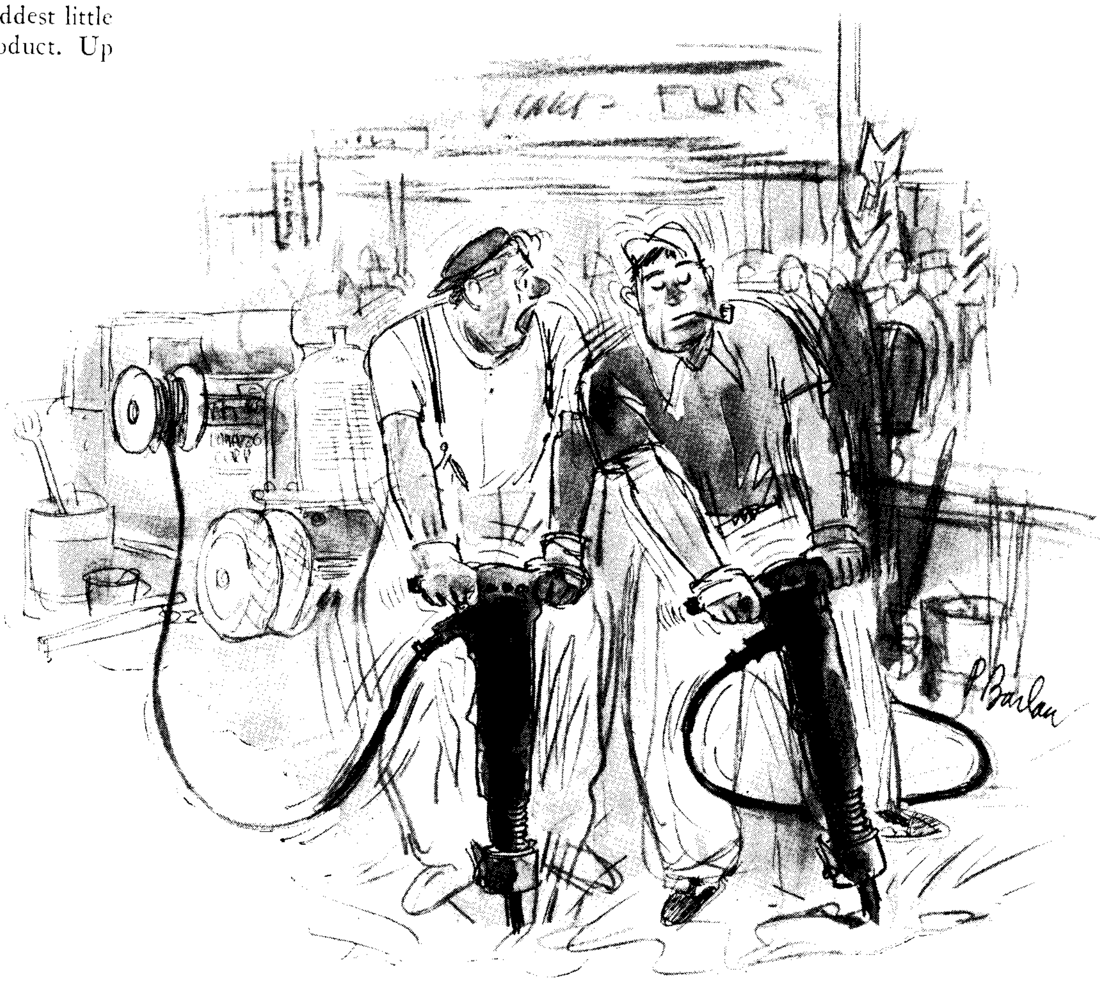
NOTE left on an executive's desk by his secretary: "I did not get away until after—so I will see you a little later."



"I said, 'It's about time for lunch, ain't it?' What's the matter—you deaf?"

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

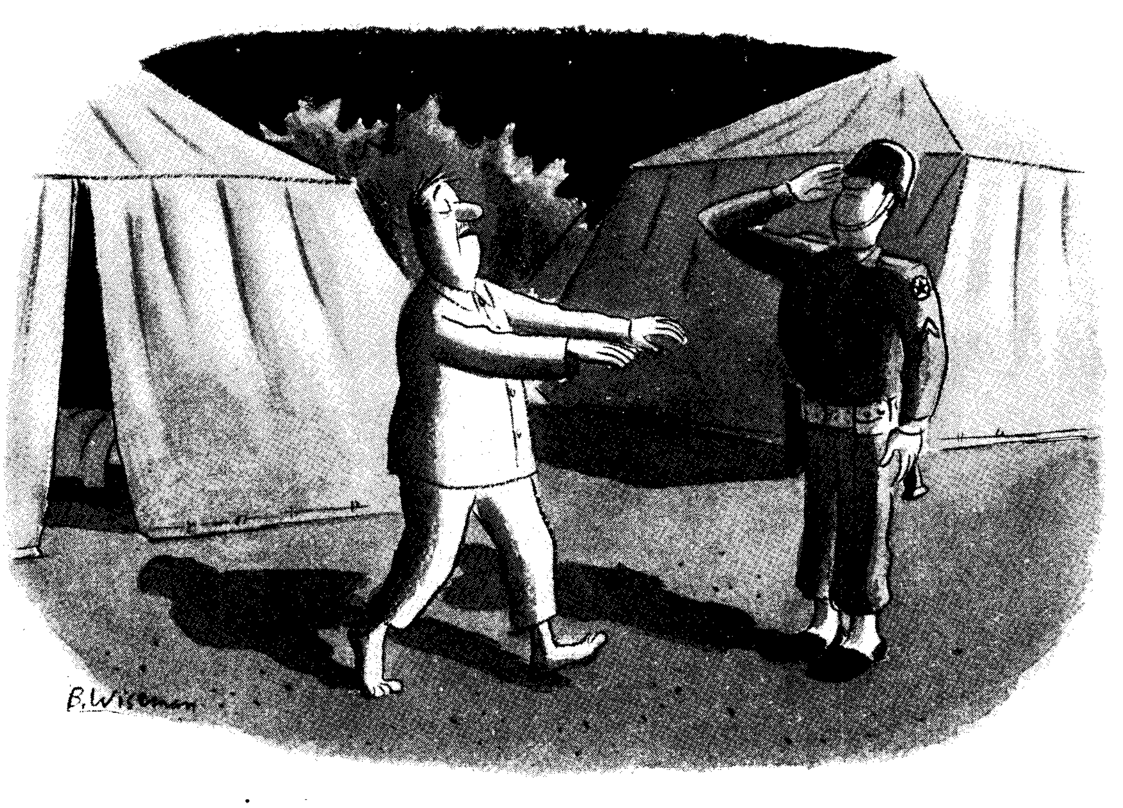
OH, SING AGAIN THAT SONG OF VENERY

BACK in the spring of 1926, that idyllic period which now seems to have been part of the Golden Age, there throve midway along West Eighth Street, in Greenwich Village, a restaurant known as Alice McCollister's. It had a pleasant back-yard garden, where tweedy, artistic folk were wont to breakfast on Sunday mornings, equably discussing such avant-gardist tendencies as Foujita's painting, the novels of Floyd Dell, and the composographs of Peaches Browning. Every once in a while, the Sabbath peace veiling the premises would be fractured by a piercing clarinet arpeggio from above, and, looking up in irritation, the patrons would perceive a strange figure seated on the fourth-floor window sill of an adjoining building. His gaunt face was strikingly similar to that of George Arliss, an illusion he fostered by affecting the sort of monocle worn by the star of "The Green Goddess." His hair, luxuriant as a fat-tailed sheep's, hung low on his neck, and the visible portion of his body was clad in a Russian tunic decorated with red and blue cross-stitch. Braced in the window frame, his licorice stick wailing forth a freehand version of "Milenberg Joys," Hilary Tremayne would be notifying the world in his usual heterodox fashion that he was a free spirit. He would also be giving his three roommates, of whom I was the sleepiest, a persistent pain in the fundament.

Considering that we all shared a chamber roughly seventeen by twelve for six months, I knew relatively little about Hilary, but what little I knew was enough. An actor by profession, he had early adopted the name of Tremayne as a stylish variant of his own, which was, I believe, either Troutman or Appenzeller. His major acting triumphs had occurred south of Fourteenth Street, in Restoration comedies at the Cherry Lane, though on one occasion he had impersonated a faun in the Theatre Guild production of Franz Werfel's "The Goat Song." Currently, he was attending Richard Boleslavsky's school of the drama, and he was forever using terms like "dynamics," "spatial interplay," and "Aristotelian progression" to explain what went on behind the footlights. Guilfoyle and Froelich, the two other roommates, were the only members of our quartet with any semblance of a steady income. The former, a neat, bloodless youth, worked as bookkeeper at a stevedoring concern down around Bowling Green. He was engaged to a deeply devout girl in Brooklyn who disapproved of his bohemian associates, and, when he was not escorting her to vespers, which was seldom indeed, hovered before the mirror searching his alabaster skin for blemishes. Froelich, a salesman for household appliances and the Don Juan of the fraternity, was no older than the rest of us, but his excursions into a thousand boudoirs had given him a premature suavity and polish that, as he freely admitted, turned women's bones to water at a single glance. Ninety per cent of the incoming calls on our telephone were beamed at Froelich—lovelorn wives whose husbands were away on business trips and who thirsted for his ministrations, he said, with a self-deprecatory shrug, and patted his receding hairline. I often wondered why he stayed in the Village, since, like Guilfoyle's fiancée, he professed intense scorn for its crackpot literati and painters. One day, he enlightened me. He hoped to compose popular songs eventually, and felt he owed it to his muse to steep himself in a milieu charged with significant new rhythms. "Besides," he added pensively, "there's a lot of gorgeous quail in this section."

WAVE on wave of such Proustian memories—well, if not waves, a needle shower—buffeted me the other day when, cropping through a Pennsylvania country library, I came across a copy of a book called "Leonie of the Jungle," by Joan Conquest. Miss Conquest's novel was one item of my spiritual pabulum in that remote era—the roast course, you might say. I read it at Froelich's recommendation (his literary taste was as catholic as his choice of bedfellows), and if it did nothing else, it at least spared me the expense of an electric heater those chilly spring evenings. Though I had long ago forgotten the background, characters, and plot, I distinctly remembered it as a lollapaloosa; even plucking the volume from the shelf produced a vague incandescence in my cheeks, comparable to the effect of a double Chartreuse. I stole a sidelong look at the librarian, nodding over her rubber stamps, and, with a quick, shoplifter's gesture, whipped it under my Mackinaw. Whether it was guilt that made my heart pound all the way home or the evocative powers of the book, I cannot say for certain, but by the time I reached my own rooftree, I was in a lather of perspiration.

It began to dawn on me shortly after rereading a few pages that my crime was doubly heinous in that I had mulcted an object of no value whatever; far

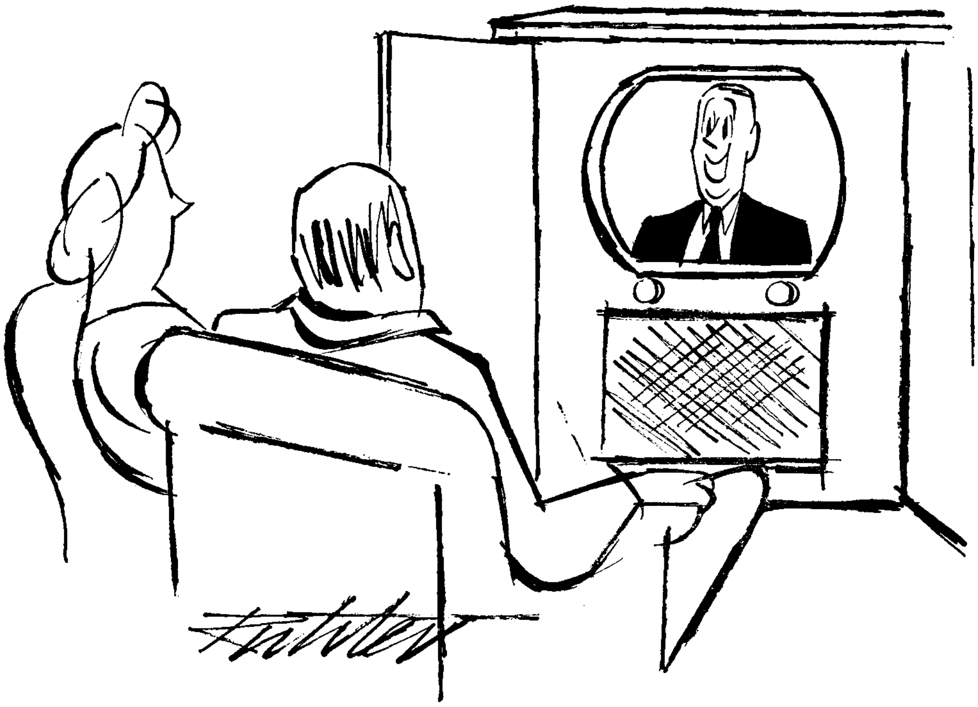


from robbing the library, in fact, I had unwittingly done a salutary job of scavenging. Somewhere over the past quarter century, the juice of the novel had calcified, or my nature had so coarsened that it derived very little moxie from the tale of an English girl's enslavement by a sinister Indian sect. Nevertheless, kleptomaniac and boor though I had become, I still had enough decency not to fling it aside with a snap judgment. Lighting up a Murad to induce nostalgia, and greasing my face with butter to protect it from the burning prose, I wallowed into the text like a Channel swimmer leaving Cape Gris-Nez.

THE heroine of "Leonie of the Jungle" makes her curtsy to us at the age of seven in a locale largely unexplored in the fiction of the budding twenties—a psychoanalyst's office. An orphan afflicted with somnambulism and malevolent dreams, she has been brought to a Harley Street specialist named Sir Jonathan Cuxson by her aunt, Lady Susan Hetth. Leonie is a veritable dewdrop of a child, with opalescent, gold-flecked eyes and a lisp that would melt the glue out of a revolving bookcase. The mention of a possible jog on a pony, for instance, precipitates the following: " 'I can't wide astwide,' she sighed. 'I haven't any bweeches. . . . But I can swim, an' jump in out of my depff. I learnt in the baff at the seaside!' " Inquiries by Sir Jonathan establish that an Indian nurse gained a strong ascendancy over Leonie during her babyhood in India and may even have endowed her with strange psychic potency. The latter supposition is confirmed at the Zoo, to which she is taken by Jan, the Doctor's son; she handles a ravening Bengal tiger at will, doubtless anesthetizing the beast with her dialogue. " '*Poor* tiger!' she was saying. 'I'm vewwy sowwy for you—I'm sure you're not so vewy, vewy wicked, an' if you will bend your head, I will stwoke you behind the ear same as I did Kitty.' " Thanks to a chicken-hearted social system that forbids euthanasia for people who talk this way, Leonie is permitted to grow up and go to boarding school, where she practices sleepwalking almost as intensively as her colleagues do field hockey. In consequence, she is considered rather odd, an estimate that has some physical justification also, for the author says of her hands that "the fingers were like pea-pods, long and slender and slightly dimpled." You could hardly expect anybody, let alone a group of teen-age girls, to warm up to an ambulatory mess of greens drifting around in the moonlight and chanting, "I make oblation . . . let the gods come well willing!" It's vewwy unnerving, reawwy.

Her schooling finished, Leonie settles down on the north Devon coast with her aunt and there is forced into wedding Sir Walter Hickle, a loathsome, baseborn blackmailer who has been preying on Lady Susan. The union is particularly odious because, before it takes place, Leonie has met Jan Cuxson again and fallen in love with him. Jan, now a physician carrying on his father's work, chances to spy her during a somnambulistic seizure in which she executes a voluptuous belly dance invoking Kali, the Indian goddess of death. He tries to convince her that she is not daffy, as the evidence would indicate, but simply the victim of long-range mesmerism from India, interlarding the diagnosis with feverish busses and appeals to marry him instead of Sir Walter. That Leonie should mulishly reject his suit when it is open and shut that they are unavoidably headed for the same ostermoor seems a shade quixotic. Still, Miss Conquest has two hundred pages of Oriental monkeyshines to vend, and no parenthetical smooching is going to upset her applecart. The marriage, therefore, takes place on schedule; Jan, unreconciled, departs for India to track down Leonie's incubus—presumably by advertising in the incubus column of the Bombay *Daily Mail*—and en route receives the cheery news that Sir Walter has perished in a fire on his wedding night. This deft bit of author's convenience effectively preserves the heroine's virginity for the second half of the book, when it will be called upon to weather truly hideous ordeals, and now the real fireworks begin.

THE Svengali actually responsible for Leonie's trauma, it appears, is a prince's son named Madhū Krishnaghar, who by sorcery and incantation has been striving to lure her back to the Peninsula to serve as his plaything and as priestess to Kali. His fiendish magic prevails. A few weeks later, we join the bewitched maiden aboard a liner steaming up the Hooghly, sleepwalking thirteen to the dozen. Madhū, a charm boy resembling Ramon Novarro at his prime, has sneaked on at Colombo, and here is the vision he sees as she trips out on deck in her nightgown: "She made an arresting picture as she stood listening intently, her flimsy garment falling away from her shoulders, leaving the slender white back bare to the waist, while she held handfuls of the transparent stuff crushed against her breast, upon which lay a jewel hung from a gold chain. . . . Sweetly she laughed up into his face as she laid one little hand upon the great white cloak which swung from his shoulders, unaware that in moving her hand her own garment had slipped, and that her beauty lay exposed like a lotus bud before his eyes. She came



"We have such complete confidence in our product that we're not even offering a money-back guarantee."

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FATHER, DEAR FATHER, GO JUMP IN THE LAKE

OR, YOU'RE COSTLIER THAN YOU THINK

Once there was a man named Mr. Arents,
And he was the severest of parents.
Every time his seven children asked him when they could have a convertible, he answered, "By and by,"
And he confiscated all their phonograph records that had songs with people singing, "Aye yi, aye yi."
He complained that they smoked too many cigarettes,
And he would neither feed nor bathe their pets.
He insulted all their friends at 4 A.M.
By standing at the head of the stairs in his pajamas and remarking, "Ahem."
He insisted that they put on their shoes before they ate,
And objected when they scooped the middle out of the rolls and deposited the crust on their plate.
That was the erstwhile Mr. Arents,
The most unreasonable of parents.
You ought to see the new Mr. Arents;
He is a veritable model of forbearance.
He feels that whatever his seven children request,
It behooves him to behave at their behest.
Mr. Arents has had a warning,
Wherefore he brings them seven apples and seven convertibles each morning;
He is currying favor
Against the day his voice begins to quaver;
Any good will that his children may bear him, he wants to pad it;
He wants them to remember him as a right guy when he had it.
He knows that he is now an asset but he fears that all too soon
He will be an elderly liability in a chimney corner slurping porridge from a wooden spoon.
Mr. Arents has recently been told by an annuity salesman something that makes him feel so singular that he has shrunk to Mr. Arent:
Namely, it is easier for one parent to support seven children than for seven children to support one parent.

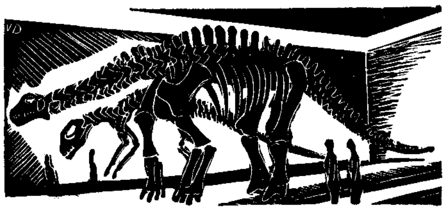
—Ogden Nash

• •

so close that her bare shoulder touched the fine white linen, and the curves of her scarlet lips were but a fraction of an inch from his own; and her whispered words in the eastern tongue were as a flame to an oil well." Even across the gulf of twenty-five years, I can still remember the thread of saliva that coursed down Froelich's chin as he read the foregoing passage aloud to us. His carnal instincts, I suppose, had been so whetted on importunate housewives that he found the sweetmeat irresistible. Madhū Krishnaghar, while sorely beset, displays greater self-control: "No movement of his body, but he gave a jerk of his will-power which brought the veins out like whipcord on his forehead, and drove the nails deep into the palms of his hands." In this awkward condition, he is plainly in no shape to wreak his will of Leonie, and she disembarks unsullied at Calcutta, blissfully ignorant, like Clarissa Harlowe, that her virtue is about to undergo further titanic stresses.

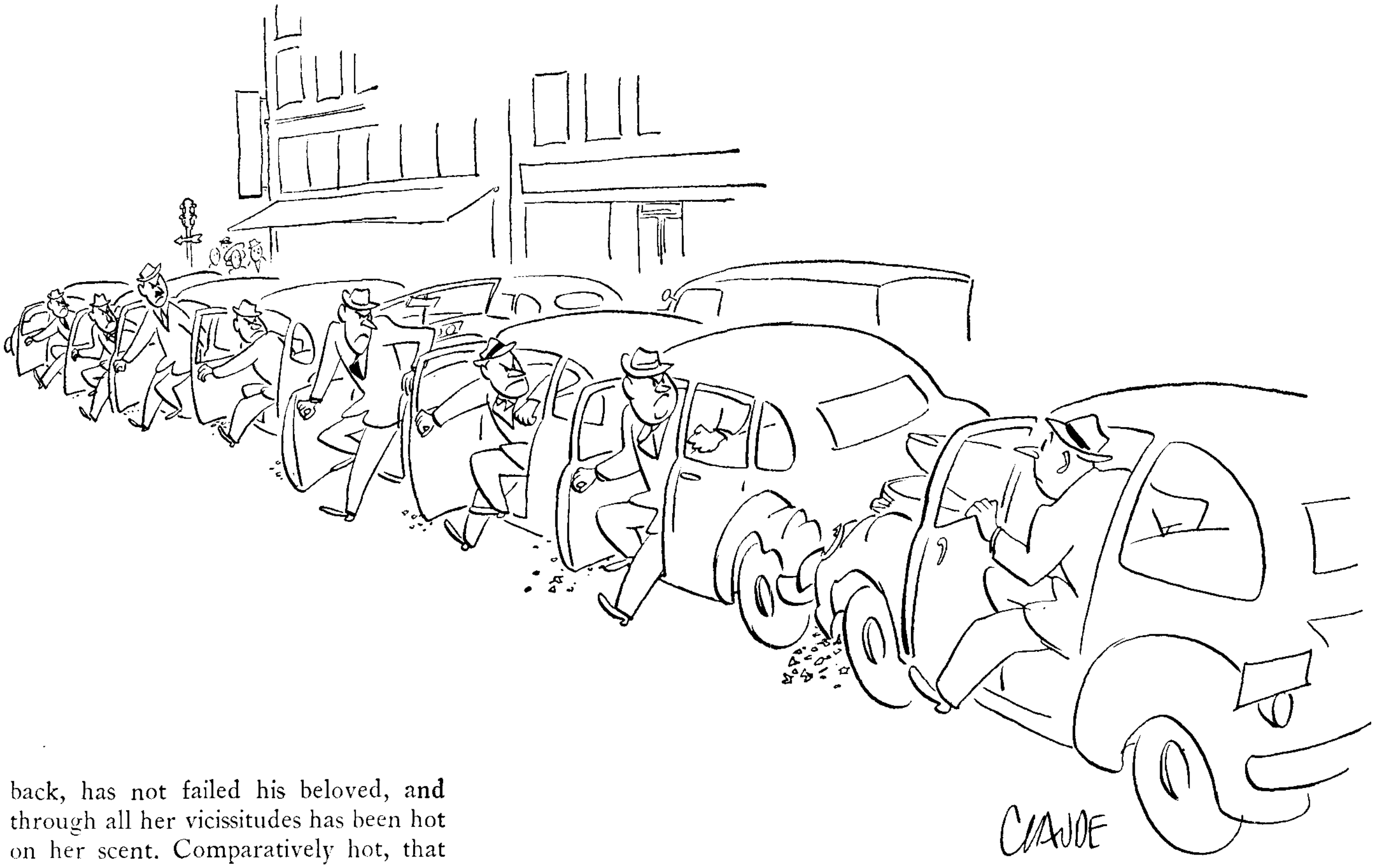
For a while, all is fun and games. Leonie turns the heads of the local sahibs, who haven't seen a podful of fresh peas since leaving Gib; she comports herself splendidly on a tiger shoot; and she pitches some more woo with Dr. Jan, who, of course, behaves with gentlemanly British restraint even though the steam is whistling from his ears. In a scene where he holds her "crushed to the point of agony against him with his mouth upon the sweetness of her neck," the author grows rather tart because he doesn't assert himself more strongly. "Heavens!" she exclaims. "What fools some men can be with that jungle animal woman within their hands! . . . Good heavens, why didn't he take her in his arms and smother her up against his heart, or put a bag over her head, or failing the bag, put his hand before her eyes?" At any rate, bored with his spineless grazing on her neck and his namby-pamby proposals, Leonie succumbs to the magnetism being exerted on her by Madhū Krishnaghar and takes off on a sightseeing tour of Benares. In the cupola of a temple near the holy city, Madhū, ostensibly acting as her guide, slips her a goof ball that paralyzes her will, and uncorks a plethora of such incendiary phrases as "thou white doe," "thou virgin snow," and so forth. Leonie responds with an abandon that would shame a dish of junket: "Wave after wave swept her from head to foot, causing her body, untrammeled by whalebone, to tremble against his, and he loosened the white cloak and let it fall, holding her pressed to him in her thin silk dress, laughing down at her, delighting in her eyes, her mouth, her throat." Yet before the sparks she has generated can leap into a holocaust, Miss Conquest perversely stamps them out. "He had not the slightest intention of doing her any harm," she notes, pursing her lips into a prim line, "but with the whole of his vividly mature brain and virgin body, he delighted in the effect of the drug upon the woman he loved." In other words, just a fun-loving kid motivated by curiosity, like any adolescent with his first chemistry kit.

The gambol in the cupola, it soon transpires, is merely antipasto for a real shindig at the Praying Ghats, the sacred stairs fronting the Ganges. Here, under the malign influence of Kali, Madhū and Leonie dunk each other in the river, hemstitch their frames with daggers, and generally take advantage of every inch of platitude allowed by the postal laws.



As the pressure intensifies and ecstasy fogs the author's lens, Leonie enters what can only be described as a chronic state of near-ravishment: "Leonie lay still, unconscious of the sound and the subtle change creeping over the man who bent down to her, and who, high-caste, over-educated, overstrung, aflame with love and afire with the sensuality of his religion, slowly tightened his hand upon the gracious curves of the slender throat." This and ancillary didos culminate in a whopper of an orgy at an adjacent temple, from which Leonie is delivered with her camisole in ribbons but her chastity, *Gott sei Dank*, intact. By now, to be excessively blunt, the reader would cheerfully assent to the game's being called on account of darkness, Madhū awarded the trophy on a technicality, and the arena hosed down. Whatever Miss Conquest's deficiencies as a novelist, however, she has one inflexible tenet: She never gives short weight.

Jan Cuxson, we discover in a flash-



back, has not failed his beloved, and through all her vicissitudes has been hot on her scent. Comparatively hot, that is; at the moment, he lies prisoner, chained to a ring in the wall, in the very temple where Leonie was drugged. His captor is a fanatical old priest who forgets to feed him for days at a time and occasionally spits on him, but, like Madhū, isn't really a bad egg: "The fine old man had no intention of torturing the white man, he had merely bound him to the ring until his goddess should inspire him, her servant, with her wishes." Gramps, as one is tempted to dub him, reveals to Jan that he consecrated Leonie as a baby to the divinity and that she will ultimately fetch up at his altar to be sacrificed. To save excessive travel and assure himself of a ringside seat at the blowoff, Jan sensibly decides to sit tight and await developments. In due time, Madhū and Leonie descend on the district, pale with exertion, but still full of ginger. They have been fluttering all over western Bengal, playing puss in the corner and exchanging speeches like "Thy mouth is even as the *bimba* fruit, which is warm and soft, and thy chin is like a mango stone, and thy neck like unto a conch shell which I encircle with both hands." If any prospective Ph.D. longs to investigate the role of the neck in erotic literature, he has a mine of source material in "Leonie of the Jungle." At all events, Leonie suddenly throws off Madhū's spell, realizes her degradation, and spurns his love; he, incensed, hands her over to the priest, and then, just as she is about to be skewered, relents and averts the sacrificial blade. Simultaneously, Jan bursts his bonds, and the overwrought author caps her climax with the classic device for finishing any story, "the greatest earthquake that ever swept the Sunderbunds Jungle." Madhū and the priest, quite properly, are expunged—the latter, with true consideration, releasing Leonie from the hex with his dying breath—and the lovers clinch in the afterglow. "There has been a bit of an earthquake, dear," Jan discloses in reply to his affinity's questions, "and you got hit on the head by a piece of falling brick." Leonie, her opalescent, gold-flecked eyes like saucers, demands reassurance: "Where are we going to? Where are you taking me?" "To Devon, beloved," returns Jan, sealing her mouth with honest, Occidental-type kisses. "To Devon and happiness!"

THERE is an old saying in my part of Pennsylvania, and I wish I could convey its sonorous beauty in Pennsylvania Dutch, that he who filches library books is a *Schwein* and that unto him there will subsequently come a day of reckoning. I never dreamt what wisdom the adage contains or how swiftly vengeance would overtake my transgression. Barely had I lifted my head from the last page of the book when my collar button, released from the tension it had been under for the previous two hours, popped off and struck the reading lamp, shivering it to smithereens. The room was plunged in darkness, and as I sat there, stunned, a low, sepulchral, and extremely horrid voice addressed me. "*Ham abhi ate hai*," it said forebodingly. "*Ham abhi ate hai*." Which, as the least accomplished student of Hindustani knows, means "I come—I come." It might have issued from the Pennsylvania Library Association or from some recondite Indian deity, but I had no overpowering urge to inquire. With a bound, I lit out onto the lawn, where I could have plenty of room to rassle. I caught a hell of a cold, spent three days in bed, and still can't figure out a way to return the book gracefully. Has anybody got a reliable fence? Has anybody got a single suggestion or, for that matter, an iota of pity? Me, I've got nothing—just rhinitis, a first edition of "Leonie of the Jungle," and a podful of remorse.

—S. J. Perelman

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Sheehy said Phegley played the McCabre game with a .22 calibre revolver.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun-Commercial.*

We thought we'd heard the last of those McCabres.

THE KARPIES

I SUPPOSE every rural community has its official family of ne'er-do-wells, and in the small Massachusetts township where I lived some years ago the undisputed claimants to that title were the Karpies, which was short for their full name, Karpazy. They were Hungarians, and since they lived on a steep little side road farther up the valley from where my own place was, I saw them fairly often, either as they went careering past in the battered old Hupmobile they had or, occasionally, in the stores or around the garage at our little town center.

There were three of them in the family, the father and his two grown sons, and I soon got to know them—well enough, at least, to say hello when we met on the street or to wave when their car went by. Old Man Karpie (the mother was dead) was short, chunkily built, and spry, with a fat, seamed face, broad cheekbones, and shrewd black eyes. He looked unmistakably Hungarian, even to the ancient fur cap that, except in the hottest weather, he invariably wore, and I rarely saw him, with his wide, sly grin and the cap set rakishly, without thinking that he could be cast, without a change in make-up or costume, as the village fiddler in some peasant movie.

As so often happens between one generation and the next in this country, the two sons, Frank and Roy, showed no resemblance to their father. By some subtle alchemy of food, climate, and changed surroundings, they had cast off their racial characteristics almost entirely. Both were in their early twenties, with Frank, I learned, a little the elder; he was also a bit the taller, but both were close to six feet, or almost a full head over the height of their father, and so gangling and rawboned-looking in the standard Yankee fashion that it was only by a certain devil-may-care, really reckless air about them that they differed at all from the native New Englanders of their own age in the village.

They were wild, too—no question about it. Like the "badmen" of the frontier villages, though they mingled, in part, in the life around them, they existed principally in a wild, raucous, turbulent atmosphere of their own, and even if most of the stories that were told about them probably were not true—for if any summer cottage within miles around, for instance, was broken into off season, it was blamed automatically on the Karpies—it was still obvious that they were very good people for a newcomer like me to stay away from. They drank, they gambled, they hunted out of season, and when they drank, they were forever ramming their car into ditches or into trees (accidents, incidentally, from which they always emerged unscathed, while some luckless companion went to the hospital), or getting into fights in the taverns around the countryside. And though the fights seemed always to be between themselves—for the brothers, apparently, were of that not uncommon sort who are always at odds and yet always together—they had a way of overflowing disastrously among the bystanders.

So although they were fairly near neighbors and although I felt less fear of them and more fascination than the local residents did, I kept for some time prudently clear of the Karpies. Both the boys, in addition to helping the old man run his meagre farm, worked out occasionally, and while Roy, the younger, was good only for handyman jobs, I'd been told that Frank—"when he puts his mind to it," people added cautiously—was a good all-round carpenter and stonemason. But when I had any work of this sort to be done, I always hired someone else in the region, and I had been living there six months or more before a situation arose when I had to turn to the Karpies.

Weakened by a series of rains, the stone walls of my spring had caved in, with some damage to the wooden housing above them, and since it was my main source of water, I wanted the structure rebuilt as soon as possible. It was just the sort of work that the Karpies could do, I decided, and as none of the men I usually used was available at the moment, I went up, one late-summer evening, to see them about it.

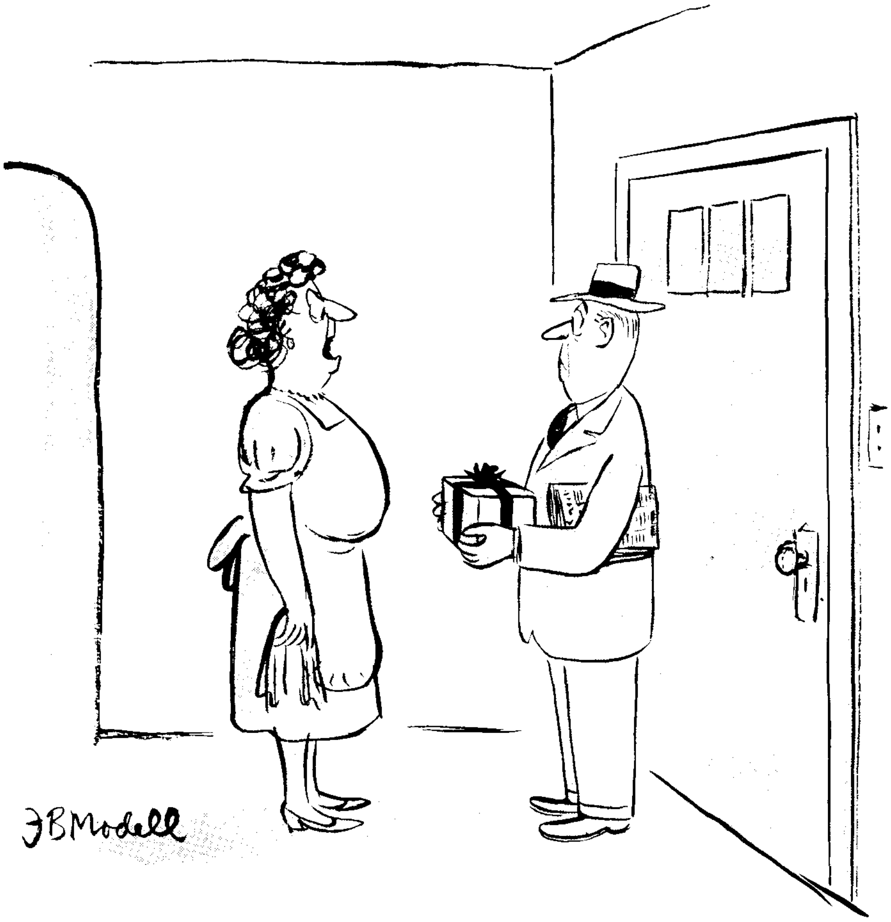
It was dusk when I arrived there, after a fairly steep climb up their rocky and rutted little road, and since I'd never been past there before, I looked at the place with interest as I approached. There was a pond beside the road, I remember—one, I judged, that had formerly been used as an ice pond, for there were the remains of some scaffolding and a platform, now half rotted away, at one end of it—and both the barns and the house, though in considerable disrepair, were amply and well proportioned. It looked lonely, though, in the gathering darkness, way out near the end of a scarcely travelled byroad, with its weed-grown lawn and dark line of woods behind it, and I had a moment, as I stood after getting out of the car, when I felt I could understand the wild impulses that might develop in a boy, or a pair of boys, growing up in such surroundings.

Being new to the country still, I went first to the front door and knocked. But there was no answer there, and all I saw through the pane of the door was a large, empty hall, unlit, and strewn with old overshoes, broken furniture, and other debris. I heard voices somewhere inside, however, and after a while I went around in back to the kitchen entrance. There I found the Karpies.

"It's Old Loud Mouth himself, I bet!" someone yelled at the sound of my knock. "Come on in, damn you, come in!" And on that rather surprising invitation I opened the door.

MY first impression was of blinding light, for although there were only oil lamps in the place, so many of them were lit and they were all turned so high that the room seemed almost ablaze with them. Then, as forms emerged from the yellow shimmer, I saw that I had found the Karpies just as they were having supper. The two sons were already seated at the kitchen table, and the old man, with a platter of steaming potatoes in one hand and a cast-iron stewpot in the other, was just coming from the stove to join them. And there were beer bottles scattered along the table, a mound of bread, and another platter of some kind of greens—it was obvious, at least, that the Karpies ate heartily.

I was struck, too, by the contrast with the other farm kitchens I'd been in in the neighborhood. As their lights were brighter, so the Karpies' voices were louder, their gestures more unrestrained; someone always seemed to be on the move, the old man darting to or from the stove, Frank or Roy reaching out for the bread or the butter or the vegetables—they kept on eating lustily all the while I was there—and this created an odd sort of almost animal nervousness in the air. Compared with the cautious dimness and slow decorum of such places as the Hodginses',



"My birthday! How come you remember my birthday?"

the Blakes', and the Butterworths', going into the Karpies' kitchen was a little like entering a lions' den or a pirates' lair.

I never did learn who Old Loud Mouth was, but once they had got over their surprise at seeing me instead of him, they greeted me agreeably enough. But they left it to me to declare myself, so to speak, and there was a kind of watchful, almost insolent quality about their attitude that made it clear that if I felt I was doing them a favor by coming there, they were bound to show me I was mistaken. They were in no hurry to take the job when I offered it, either.

"I thought Jake Hodgins did all that kind of work for you. What's the matter with gittin' him?" Frank asked abruptly. He had sharp blue eyes, pale in color and looking paler still in his sunburned face, and it was he who made the decisions in the family, I noticed. When I explained that Jake had indeed worked for me in the past but was busy just then, he studied me for a moment. "Well, I wanted to know," he said solemnly. "We wouldn't want to cut in on another man's job, would we, Roy? Especially Jake's."

It was a joke of some sort and I knew it. So, too, did Roy, for he snickered. "Shut up, Roy," Frank said equably, and then turned back to me. "No, sir, live and let live's my motto," he went on, with the same heavily underlined solemnity, and then suddenly his mood seemed to open a bit. "Set down, anyway. Have a bottle of beer. Pop, go fetch him a glass," he said, and I saw both that he was already a little drunk and that he had decided to take the job. "Have you got the materials?" he asked. "You'll need two, three sacks of cement, about a half a yard of gravel—"

"I thought you could tell me what I'd need, and I'd order it," I said, and while I drank the beer—it was homebrewed, and strong—he ran off a list of things for me to order. I was still uncertain what I had let myself in for when I went away.

SOMEWHAT to my surprise, the Karpie boys turned out to be excellent workmen. Roy dug when digging was needed to clear away the foundation, mixed mortar, and generally served as Frank's helper, and Frank certainly was much faster and surer at his job than old Jake Hodgins would ever have been. Every day, they came rattling up in their old Hupmobile, piled out, and disappeared up in the field where my spring lay—out of sight of the house but not, while the Karpies were there, out of earshot, for all day long, as they worked, unexpected loud bangings, shouts, bits of song, and catcalls came down to me.

They worked, in short, with the same restless, noisy energy that they seemed to apply to everything else, and although, as the job progressed, I inevitably got to know them a little better—Roy, I finally decided, was fairly close to a moron, but Frank, beneath all his toughness and swagger, was really intelligent—they still remained oddly unaccountable. They lived, it seemed, in a kind of rough, boisterous world of their own, with its own secret jokes and private references, and I, squatting down occasionally at the edge of the diggings to watch them work, never got more than just beyond the fringe of it.

"Let 'er have both barrels!" one would yell if he saw the other struggling with some extra-heavy rock or implement, and it was some time before Frank, pausing while he waited for Roy to mix up a new batch of mortar, glanced up at me and remarked, as if that explained everything, "That's a fellah named Lacey, lived over the hill from us, and he used to brag about what he'd do if the game warden ever bothered him when he was out huntin'. He'd let him have both barrels of his gun, he said. And then, one day, damned if the warden *didn't* catch up with him, when he had a couple of hen pheasant in the bag of his coat. And Lacey, he went along to court with him and paid a twenty-dollars fine, without sayin' a word."

They had a nickname, too, frequently rather childishly obscure, for everyone. I, I learned (and again it was Frank who told me), was known as Beef Stew, because on that first night in their kitchen the old man, in his surprise at seeing me, had made an instant gesture toward hiding his stewpot, and then had muttered "Beef stew," in such a curiously defensive tone that I'd known immediately it must be venison, and I had grinned involuntarily, and then they all had laughed with me.

In spite of all this, though, they were still unpredictably prideful, a bit wary of too much or too sudden intimacy, and were likely to recoil from it without warning. They were "touchy," I guess that's the word for it, and I remember once when Frank had been working for some time fitting stone upon stone with that uncanny eye for the right size and

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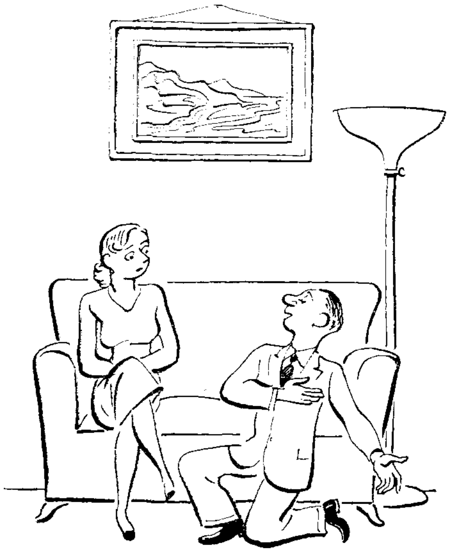

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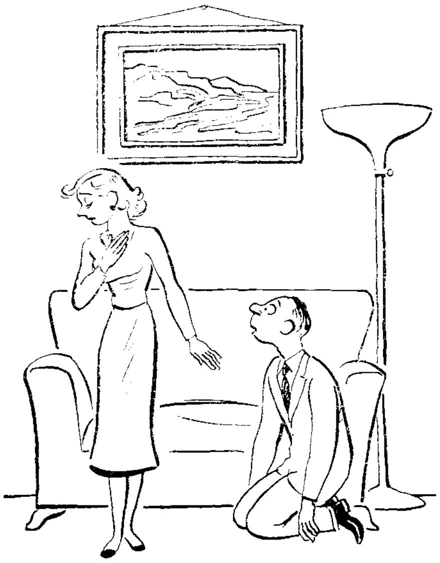


shape that expert stonemasons develop, or are born with, he remarked abruptly, "That Jake Hodgins, now, he's a pretty good mechanic, ain't he?"

"Yes, he is," I said. But when I added, "I'll be darned if I don't think you're a better one, though, and faster," he merely stared at me coolly.

"Think so?" he said. It had been pride in his own work, I was sure, that had prompted his remark. But it was as if that pride were unassailable, and permitted no comparisons, and after a moment he turned to his brother. "Hell, Roy, we better slow down a little," he said. "Begins to look like we're bustin' the union rate around here." And for the next quarter hour or so, while I stayed on a bit uncomfortably, he did his stoning-up with what I imagine was his approximation of Hodgins' deliberateness.

For my own part, I must admit I didn't try too hard to overcome their reserves, or to penetrate their sometimes savage oddities. I was, I confess, a little afraid of them—not physically, of course, but as one is of something strange and out of the ordinary—and it was this, I suppose, that made the incident I set out to relate, when it happened, so curiously impressive. Otherwise, though it had its elements of the bizarre—after all, you don't find a family of field mice in your car every day—it seems so trivial that I wonder why I have always remembered it.

Frank, as I have said, was an excellent workman, but, like many such, he had a tendency to underestimate the amount of materials he'd need, and on the third or fourth day of the job, as the stonework was nearing completion, he sent Roy down to tell me he'd need at least a bag or two of cement to finish it. So, obediently, I got out an old Ford truck I had and drove in to our builders'-supply house to get them. Now and then, on the way in and out, I had the impression that I heard an odd squeak in the front of the car. But I put it down to the motor, and it was with some surprise that I noticed, even after I had chugged up the field road to the spring, stopped, and shut off the motor, that the squeaking continued. I got out then and raised the hood, and so it was that, with the two Karpies watching interestedly behind me, I came upon the field mice.

There was a litter of them there, half a dozen at least, nested neatly in a niche between the storage battery and the radiator, and—all slimy with newness as they were, hairless, pink-wrinkled-skinned, filmy-eyed, and now packed squirming, like so many worms, and blindly chorusing—I must admit that from the first glance I found them repulsive. It was some moments before I realized that the Karpies thought otherwise.

"I be damned," said Frank slowly, after a while. "Field mice."

"Yeah," said Roy. "Young, too." Both of them, hardly noticing me, were now crowded over the fender of the car, peering in.

"I'll say they're young," Frank said, and glanced at me. "When'd you use this truck last?"

"About three days ago," I told them. "When I went in for those timbers you wanted."

"Mn-hmm." Frank accepted that meditatively. "Well, y'see, they must have been born since then."

"And the nest made, too," Roy put in.

"That's right. And look at it!" The nest was made up mostly of fragments of what looked like wool fibre, probably filched thread by thread from the truck's upholstery, and it did look neat and cozy. "It's the heat from the radiator, likely, that made them cry. Listen to 'em squeal, though," Frank went on, and he put a large, gravel-grained forefinger in and touched them gently.

"And the mother lit out when he started the car," Roy suggested. "Or else maybe she 'as out huntin' food for them, maybe."

"That's right, maybe, too," Frank agreed absently. He was already moving his finger tentatively around the edges of the little nest, trying to lift it from its niche. "Well," he said, and in part, at least, he echoed what had been my feelings from the first, "anyway, we got to get them out of here. It's a wonder they ain't cooked to death already. Let's see if we can't hollow out a place for them in the grass."

I had forgotten, if I even knew it then, that there is a fundamental difference between the farmer's and the city man's attitudes toward animals. We like a newborn foal or an infant heifer because it is cute, but the farmer, although he is likely to be far less romantic about the colt or the heifer, will be much more tolerant of the less attractive forms of life that we despise. But I was new to the country then. And, besides, the Karpies . . . I don't know what I'd expected of them—something heedless and brutal, probably—and I suppose something of my amazement must have shown in my face when, with the nest and its occupants carefully cupped in his palm at last, Frank straightened from the car and looked at me.

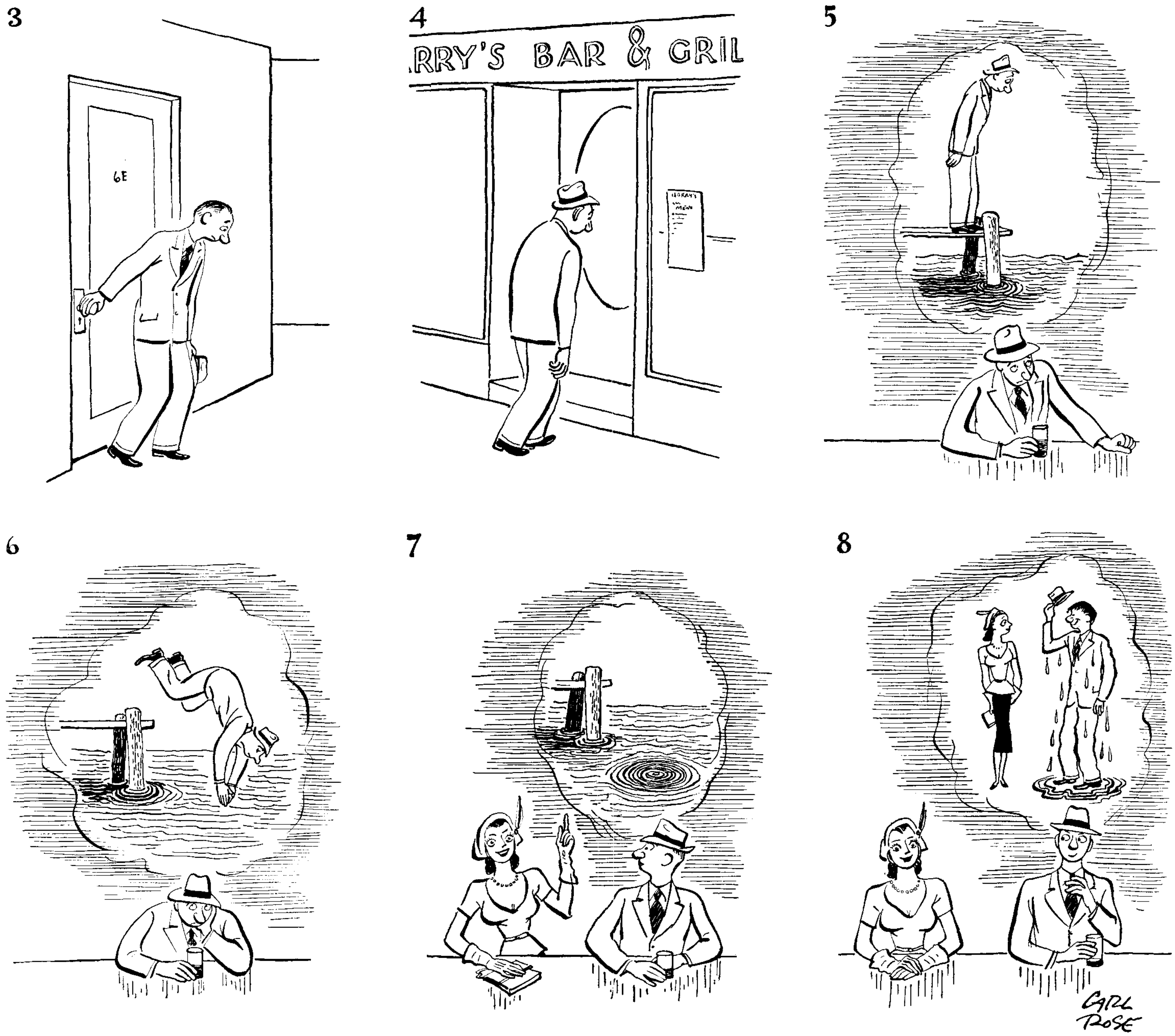
He stopped. He said nothing and neither did I, but his face showed first the shame and then the anger that he might have felt if he'd been caught in some cruel deed instead of a kind one; there was a moment there, standing in the quiet field, when I was afraid he might do something really violent—squash them, smash the nestful into the ground with his heel—to get quit of the situation.

"Think it's funny?" he said at last, and I noticed that Roy glanced up quickly from where he'd been clearing out a little patch for the nest in the grass.

"No," I said.

But he still wasn't satisfied. "Well, hell, what'd *you* do with them?" he demanded. "Kill 'em?"

"No, of course not," I said, and I



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was surprised, and a little annoyed, to find my voice sounding placative. In the back of my mind, too, was the feeling that we were making a great to-do about very little, for it hardly seemed the tiny creatures could survive long in the open field. "I guess I'd do just the same thing you're doing."

"Yeah?" he said.

I think I was chiefly concerned at the moment with a growing realization, not yet fully absorbed, that despite all my efforts at friendliness Frank Karpie didn't like me. To be sure, I didn't, at bottom, like him. But that, till now, had been another matter, and one that, in my easy egotism, had seemed to have no relation to the other. I had felt, I suppose, that he ought to be glad of my patronage, and it was something of a shock—and, at the moment, an irritation—to learn that he wasn't at all.

"You can't kill them," I went on. I had given up being placative, but I was still trying to be reasonable. "And yet we've got to get rid of them some way."

"That's right," Frank said, and for some reason he grinned. "Well, live and let live's my motto." And he bent down to deposit them carefully in the grass.

So we tided our little crisis over—if crisis it was, for nothing actually had been said to make it so. And perhaps, as it turned out, we hadn't actually tided it over, either. The Karpies finished out the day, all right, and as it was the end of the week, I paid them to that date. But they didn't come back on the Monday following, as had been expected, or the Tuesday, or the days after that, and the next news I had of them was that they'd been in another fight in some tavern, and the next time I saw them was a week or so later, when, hooting and yelling this time as they passed, they went hurtling by the house in the Hupmobile.

Meantime, the springhouse remained as they had left it, with the ditch around it unfilled and open to the rains, the house itself still laid over to one side and surrounded by loose boards, piles of gravel, cement sacks, and so on. In the end, I had to get old Jake Hodgins over to finish the job, after all.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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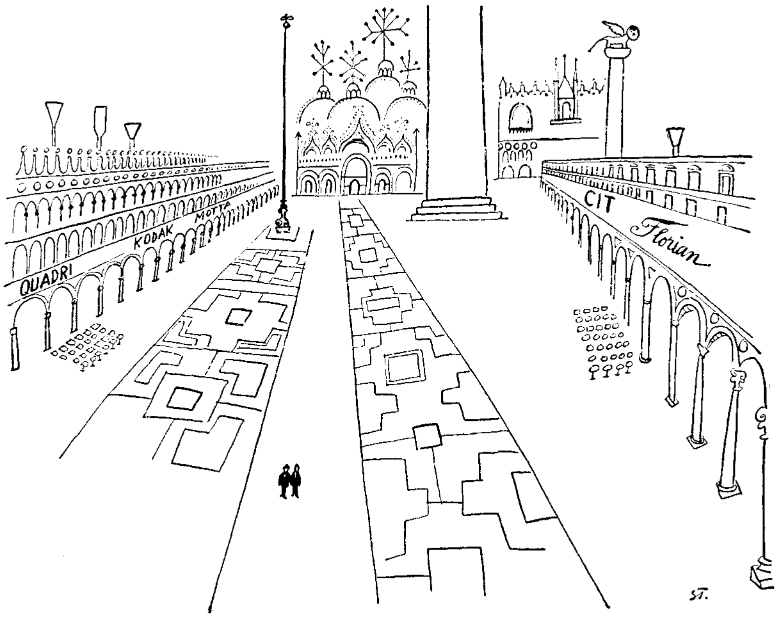
Colleen has four brothers and two sisters, all contest winners of one sort or another.... Her parents are both tall. Her father, ugh, is an inventor of several bulldozer attachments.—*The Journal-American.*

Just give the news, please.

PROFILES

THE DAYS OF DUVEEN

IV—B. B.



LORD DUVEEN OF MILLBANK, the most famous art dealer in history, loved walking. Especially did he love walking through art galleries and along the Fifty-seventh Streets of the world. On his walks, he usually had with him a disciple or an eager customer, whom he would harangue on his favorite topic—indeed, his only topic: art. The wares he saw displayed in the windows of competitors often stirred him to fury. He would pound the sidewalk with his walking stick, shouting "Rot! Fake! Nonsense!" so loudly that passersby, whose immediate concerns were remote from Duveen's, would halt and marvel that a few daubs in a window could arouse such expletive passion. In his walks through public galleries, Duveen was less choleric; to be sure, he did not own the paintings displayed in them, but then neither did his competitors. This peripatetic method of instruction was wholly non-Socratic; Duveen did all the talking. He had everything to tell his pupils; his pupils had nothing to tell him. Two doughty American aficionados of medieval armor, Clarence Mackay and William Randolph Hearst, received ambulatory instruction from Duveen on the minutiae of ancient jambs, vambraces, and cuirasses. Other pedestrian companions were Jules Bache, Andrew Mellon, Ramsay MacDonald, Mrs. Arabella Huntington, and Mrs. Horace E. Dodge. Actually, Duveen would take a walk with anybody who was willing to listen and who could afford to satisfy, someday, the desire he kindled.

In all the years of Duveen's ascendancy, only one companion on his walks ever reversed Duveen's role. With this companion, the teacher was the pupil, the haranguer the haranguee, the oracle the listener. On these very special walks Duveen's instructor was Bernard Berenson, an American expatriate who lived, as he lives today, in Italy. Berenson was no mean walker himself. He was schoolmaster to a little strolling group of his own, but between the memberships of the two schools there was a disparity that could be measured only in light-years. The two schools had only one member in common—Duveen, master in his own, pupil in the other. Edith Wharton took walks with Berenson and was inspired to write a novelette in which the hero, like Berenson, became devoted to Early Italian art. Another stroller with Berenson was Marcel Proust; embedded in his great book are many reflections on art that passed through the fine filter of Berenson's scholarly mind. Still another fellow-pedestrian was Sir Kenneth Clark, later the director of the National Gallery in London and one of the most eminent living writers and lecturers on art. Another was John Walker, the distinguished Chief Curator of the National Gallery in Washington, who still goes to Italy at the drop of a hat to amble with Berenson. So does Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter, the scholarly editor of *Art News*. Duveen's earliest walks with Berenson resulted in a notable feat of transubstantiation. Without moving from I Tatti, his lovely villa outside Florence, Berenson became the keystone of Duveen's remarkable career. Duveen acquired Berenson's eye, marketed his intuitions, grafted onto himself his instructor's opinions, authority, scholarship, and conscience.

BERENSON, a Bostonian of Lithuanian-Jewish origin, graduated from Harvard in 1887. A photograph of Berenson at Harvard—reproduced in Morris Carter's book "Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court," which deals with Mrs. Jack Gardner, the celebrated Boston hostess and art collector—shows an extraordinarily sensitive and romantic profile and a superabundance of curly dark locks (they *are* locks, not merely hair), reaching to his braid-bordered coat collar. The photograph reveals intensity and a hint of flamboyance, suggesting the Orient rather than the Baltic littoral. Logan Pearsall Smith, who became Berenson's brother-in-law, remarks in his volume of reminiscences, "Unforgotten Years," that there were two intellectuals at Harvard when he was there—George Santayana and Berenson—and also conveys the idea that he himself did not have enough intellectual equipment to approach them. At Harvard, Berenson quickly impressed his elders, if not all his contemporaries. In a journal that he kept during the Second World War, while a generous Italian friend was hiding him, near Florence, from the Germans, and that has been published in Italy, he records that he found his elderly professors far more accessible than the undergraduates. Instinctively, he gravitated to the society of his mentors—William James, Charles Eliot Norton, Barrett Wendell, Crawford Howell Toy, and Charles Rockwell Lanman, the last his professor of Sanskrit. He also became a fixture at the salons of Mrs. Gardner, who felt in this fervent undergraduate an incalculable intellectual promise. From the notoriously volatile Norton, Professor of the History of Art, he received an affection that had in it a certain ambivalence, and from Mrs. Gardner an affection that had in it no ambivalence whatever. It was Berenson who eventually selected for her the chief masterpieces in the famous collection at Fenway Court, her home in Boston. Later generations of Harvard undergraduates had to pay a dollar to visit Mrs. Gardner's palace on a selected day each year and view the paintings she had collected on Berenson's advice; the young Berenson, in his Harvard days, was allowed to come to see her any time he liked, for nothing.

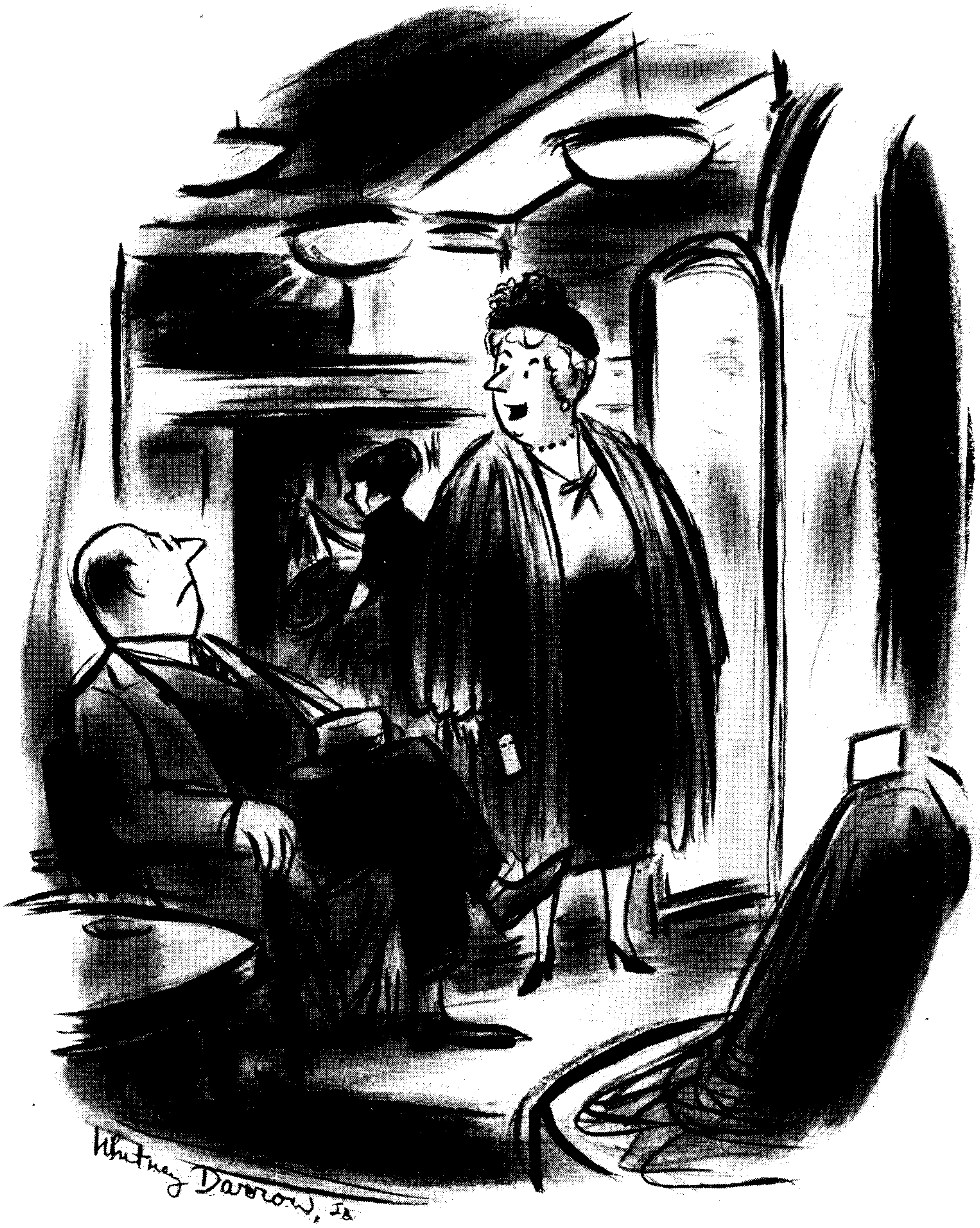
All her life, the Serpent of the Charles, as Berenson calls her—or, as he referred to her on one occasion, "Boston's first pre-cinema star"—indulged herself in a far-flung genealogical fantasy. She was born Isabella Stewart and she often made, according to Morris Carter, her official biographer, the flat statement "that she was descended from Robert Bruce and counted Mary Stuart among her ancestors." But she wanted to historicize her Christian name also, and therefore she came to identify herself with an earlier patron of the arts, Isabella d'Este. The two genealogies were scarcely reconcilable, but it is one of the advantages of fantasy that it aligns the irreconcilable. Even Berenson encouraged her in this indulgence in mistaken identity; in one of his letters, he urged her to buy a picture because it was a portrait of "the greatest and most fascinating lady of the Renaissance—your worthy precursor and patron saint—Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua." Mrs. Gardner didn't like her ancestress's hand, and wrote Berenson to that effect. Berenson wrote back that the hand wasn't "offensive," and added that he wouldn't urge the purchase solely as a work of art but that it had "potent attraction as the portrait of Isabella," and Mrs. Gardner made the purchase.

Upon Berenson's graduation from Harvard, a group of his Boston friends, in an orgy of blind investment, got up a purse of seven hundred and fifty dollars to send him to Europe for a year. In that time, they felt, his immense but vague promise would focus on some specific ambition that would justify the outlay. His hopes amorphous but high, Berenson sailed. Unhappily, in the course of the year so did a number of his benefactors. They kept looking in on him to see how their investment was going, to try to detect a hardening of the molten promise into a solid core of accomplishment. Berenson was a slow solidifier; at the end of the year, his sponsors felt they had made a bad investment. At this critical point, Professor Ferdinand Bocher, the head of the Modern Languages Department at Harvard, looked in on Berenson in Florence. He was not an investor but he was a friend; he thought that a year was too short a time in which to conduct an experiment so gravid with possibilities. Mrs. Gardner was in Europe at this time, and Bocher persuaded her to lend Berenson another seven hundred and fifty dollars. Berenson ultimately repaid this loan, and, by way of dividend, helped Mrs. Gardner assemble her collection, which cost her three million dollars. Duveen later offered her fifteen million for it, and the offer was refused.

In Berenson's exceptionally impersonal and self-critical "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," published in this country two years ago, he mentions his failure to meet the demand for "output" by the Boston syndicate. Still sensitive to the stern voice of that unsatisfied demand, he writes:

> I could retort to the voice, "All about me, ever since I left Harvard, it was said that I was loafing, that I was wasting my best years in mere amusement, that the little I had published was no proof that I could or did work. I dared not resist the chance offered of proving that I could toil and plod and pedantize and bore with the best of them."

The chance he refers to was the chance to prepare his first major work, "The Drawings of the Florentine Painters," a formidable project on which he labored for ten years. He considers that


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"A lot of money! It only comes to six thousand of those nasty old cigars you smoke!"

allowing himself to be "seduced" into doing it was the greatest error of his life, because the publication of this classic turned him into "that equivocal thing," an "expert" on art. The frustration of a writer *manqué* is evident on almost every page of "Sketch for a Self-Portrait." He was eighty when he wrote this book, and thought he had "nearly emancipated myself from the future and entirely from the past," but he was still disturbed by one thing:

> One habit I have not yet succeeded in getting rid of: the inveterate one of feeling that when at home I must sit at my desk for so long each day to write, not letters whether of business or of friendship, but printable stuff, even when there is no idea of publishing connected with it. If I have failed to do it, I feel morally hang-doggy and physically unclean.

HARVEST

This is a time of metal, not flesh or leaf.
The larches bronzen; the catalpas fade,
Still green this side of gold, but yellowing;
White grapes, white gold; the grasshopper is jade;
Obsidian, the cricket creeps the stone.

And in the garden a brown lady, bending,
Takes dahlias or chrysanthemums, the sun
Turning the clippers copper as she moves,
No younger than she used to be, and harder
Than when I knew her, once, in other days.

And this I see with no intense emotion,
With neither gross lament nor undue praise,
Except that seeing is a form of praising,
And, half the seasons out of all the years,
Lament is only natural, beholding
The lady with the shears. —Rolfe Humphries

• •

It is possible that a more cheerful view of Berenson's seduction could be taken. For nearly half a century, he has been generally acknowledged the foremost authority on Italian art of the Renaissance. Many of his pupils and disciples have become the curators of the major art galleries of the world. One of them, looking lovingly at a copy of Berenson's "Italian Painters of the Renaissance," recently said to a visitor, "No curator could possibly do without this." To Berenson's exquisite villa, I Tatti, with its brilliant collection of pictures and its magnificent library of books and photographs, come the great figures of our time and those aspiring to be the great figures of the future. Berenson, who deplores the fact that he can't say no, sees most of them. In one of the smaller living rooms at I Tatti, where luncheon guests are served cocktails and canapés, there hangs an altarpiece, a gold-framed triptych by Sassetta, depicting "Saint Francis in Ecstasy" and other subjects. "You know, this house has a peculiar effect on people," Berenson said ruefully to one visitor a few months ago. "It makes them behave as though they were in church." Nevertheless, the pre-luncheon conversation in this room is usually gay and secular. Like George Bernard Shaw, Berenson early came to be known by his initials. Even his wife called him B. B. Italians affectionately refer to him as Il Bibi.

In the sixty-four years Berenson has lived in Italy—"I cannot be considered a casual visitor," he once said—he has produced a succession of books and monographs on Italian art that are classic works in their field. His contributions to art scholarship are many and diverse. Having observed, in his research, that certain groups of paintings that had long been attributed to well-known masters showed consistent deviations, Berenson felt they must be the work of other, unknown artists. He invented for these unknown artists names that indicated their origins—names like Master of the Castello Nativity, Master of San Miniato, Alunno di Benozzo, Alunno di Domenico. "Master," as Berenson uses the word, has a special meaning. Since the painter of certain works cannot be identified, Berenson will choose one painting—the "Castello" Nativity, for example—that seems to him to illustrate most clearly the style of the painter and then attribute all the paintings in this style to that artist. "Alunno di" is the Italian way of saying "pupil of," and Berenson uses the phrase to designate a painter who is himself unknown by name but whose style strongly resembles that of a master who is known.

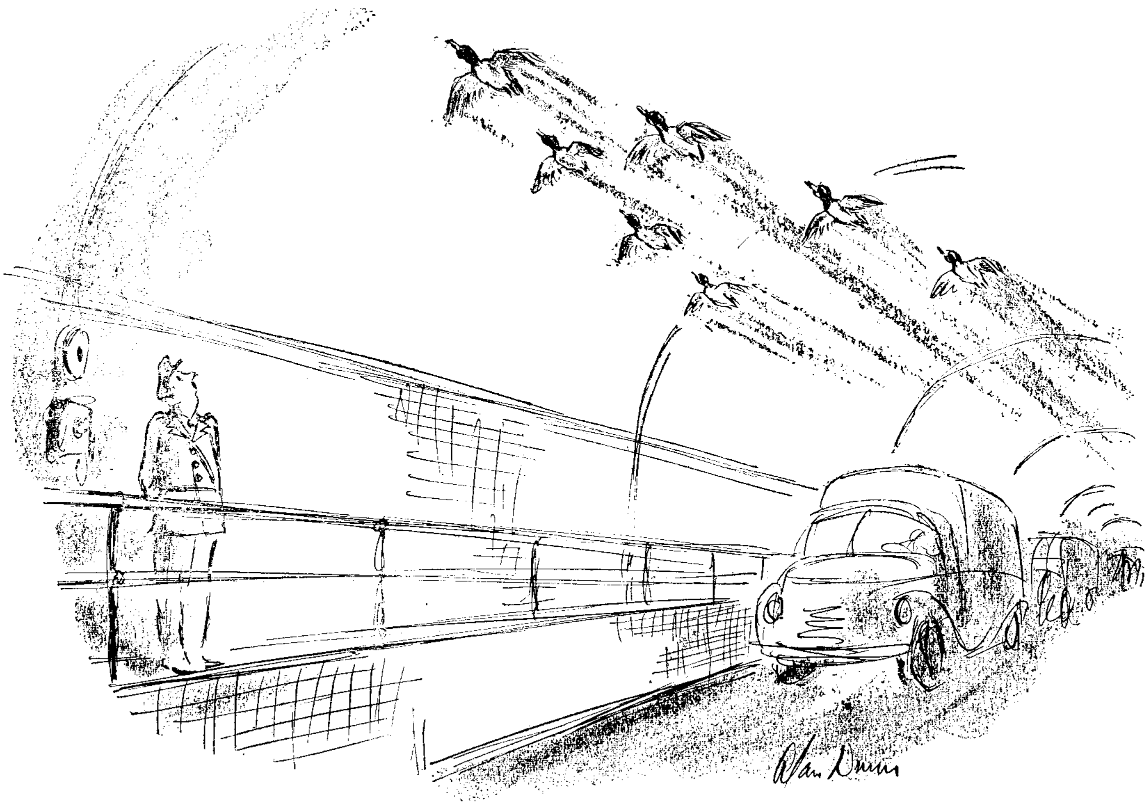
Two of Berenson's specific creations, Alunno di Domenico and Amico di Sandro, have interesting biographies. In the case of the former, Berenson had a satisfaction that must have come to very few people in the history of scholarship: The lost birth certificate turned up. After he had invented Alunno di Domenico, documentary evidence proved that one artist, Bartolommeo di Giovanni, had indeed painted all the pictures Berenson had attributed to him. Pygmalion, working in the dark, suddenly found his Galatea flooded with light. The history of his other creation, Amico di Sandro, is a gruesome tale of disinterested infanticide. There was, Berenson felt, one artist whose style combined the features of Sandro Botticelli and Filippino Lippi, with a dash of Ghirlandaio; he wasn't any of these, but he leaned most heavily toward Botticelli. Berenson christened him Amico di Sandro and attributed a group of pictures to him. In Amico di Sandro he created an artist who was more consistent, more nearly perfect, more distinctive, and more readily recognizable than any actual artist. This human artifact of Berenson's was in itself a work of art; it grew in beauty as, over the years, he increased the man's production. Amico got better and better. He never had a lapse; he seemed immune to the declensions that afflict other artists. His market value in America went up steadily. One of the greatest American collectors paid altitudinous prices for him, and blessed Berenson for having created him. But then Berenson began to disapprove of Amico. His patient and laborious studies finally persuaded him that Amico was too good to be true. Nobody, Berenson felt, could be that good—so consistent, so distinctive. In the strong solution of Berenson's scholarship, Amico disintegrated. Berenson divided him into three parts; he gave part of him back to

"I hope you're a music lover."

• •

Botticelli, part to Filippino Lippi, and part to Ghirlandaio. The effect on the American collector who had paid so high for Amico was catastrophic. He turned on the Pygmalion of I Tatti. In the interests of some such vaporish abstraction as the integrity of scholarship, Berenson had demolished the finest anonym the collector owned. The circumstance that if it hadn't been for Berenson, he couldn't have taken up with Amico in the first place did not mitigate his anger. He had paid a price for Amico commensurate with the eminence of Amico's creator. If Berenson was willing to question the legitimacy of his offspring, *he* wasn't; he suffered a paroxysm of loyalty, and in his anguish he made the categorical assertion "Berenson is crazy!" The late Amico's pictures were as lovely as ever, but this did not console him; Berenson said they were not by Amico. There have been many instances of somebody's hitting the ceiling because a picture turned out not to be by the artist who was thought to have painted it, but this was the first instance of somebody's hitting the ceiling because a picture turned out not to be by an artist that it was not by in the first place. The American collector stuck to Amico, Berenson or no Berenson. And it is not inconceivable that he will someday reap the rewards of his loyalty. Documentation came forth to actualize Alunno di Domenico. Perhaps a similar miracle will occur in the case of Amico di Sandro.

Something of Berenson's legendary quality may be gathered from an anecdote in his journal. After his period of hiding during the war, he had barely



settled down again in the somewhat damaged I Tatti when four young men came to see him. One was a painter and two were ambitious to be art critics. When Berenson questioned the fourth, the young man admitted he had no interest in art. "Why, then, have you come to see me?" B. B. asked. The young man replied, "Oh, I just thought that you were a sight one ought to see." And, indeed, Berenson is. It has been said that he is the epitome of what the descendants of an immemorial aristocratic line should look like but unfortunately seldom do. His appearance may stem from the fact that his background, while certainly not manorial, was in a sense aristocratic. He has referred to himself as "a child of the aristocratic and cultural ghetto;" his ancestors were rabbis. He is small and dresses with great elegance, and he speaks in a voice that is at once soft and penetrating. He speaks English like a cultured foreigner, pronouncing each syllable punctiliously: "When I was a jun-i-or at Har-vard," "pas-sion-ate de-vo-tion." A highborn Italian friend says that Berenson speaks Italian the same way; his Italian, this friend maintains, is straight out of Dante. Once when he lost his temper and mellifluously berated a Venetian gondolier who had taken him down the wrong canal, so that he missed a view he had wanted to see, the lucky boatman thought he was being complimented. There is no longer in his appearance any hint of flamboyance; his skin is dead white, almost transparent; his blue eyes are clear and lively. He has been described by another of his friends as "a wizard in ivory." One doesn't quite get from his imposing appearance an impression of serenity; Berenson is too minutely aware of what is going on in the world, and too combatively interested in it, for that. When his face is in repose, there is, at the most, the suggestion of a fleeting truce between the warring of what he has called his "many selves."

NOT long ago, Berenson journeyed from I Tatti to Venice to attend the great Bellini Exhibition, in the Doges' Palace. His name was mentioned on nearly every page of the catalogue; the text describing the hundred and forty-one pictures was studded with references to his works, and the bibliographical index listed eleven books by him. One morning, Berenson, strolling from his hotel to the palace, in the company of an American correspondent he had invited to go along, remarked of Venice, "The richest and most exquisite artifact in the history of civilization, because she has been spared by that great and beneficent goddess, Poverty. For a century, the Venetians have been too poor to build anything new." As Berenson and the correspondent walked through the busy, narrow streets, over the gentle humps of the bridges crossing the little canals, past the black-and-ash-gray façades of ancient churches that looked like the intricately decorated frontispieces of medieval storybooks, the crowds swirled past the small, slowly moving figure in brown fedora, brown suit, gleaming brown boots. Berenson kept raising his hat to acquaintances. He spoke of the dozens of American books and magazine articles he had been reading. The correspondent suddenly found himself in the middle of a discussion of Phillips Brooks, the Boston divine. The corners of Berenson's eyes crinkled. What he was about to say seemed so funny to him that he stopped dead to emphasize it. "Do you know," he said, "that when I went to call upon the Spanish philosopher Unamuno, in Salamanca, and happened to ask him whom he preferred to read, who his favorite American author was, he replied, 'Phillips Brooks. I love the sermons of Phillips Brooks'?" When B. B. had recovered from his enjoyment of this surprising preference, he started walking again, and the two men emerged presently into the great, colonnaded splendor of the Piazza San Marco. They paused for a moment, as anyone must, even a person to whom the scene is as familiar as it is to Berenson. The corners of his eyes crinkled again. "Do you know," he said, "that one evening, as a petit-bourgeois French couple, trippers, were coming out of that little street beside San Marco"—he pointed his walking stick—"the man was overheard to say to his wife, his voice twanging with irritation, 'I *told* you there was a square here'?"

Outside the doors of the exhibition, a small group greeted Berenson—officials of the show, and various dignitaries. There was much hat lifting and embracing and a flood of Italian. A man whom Berenson evidently had not seen for a long time came up and they embraced affectionately. The two conversed in German, and after a few minutes, the man began to cry and hastily moved away. Berenson, followed by everyone else, walked in to the exhibit. The muscles in his face looked taut. "That was the director of the museum in Dresden before the war," he told the

Charles of the Ritz

creates

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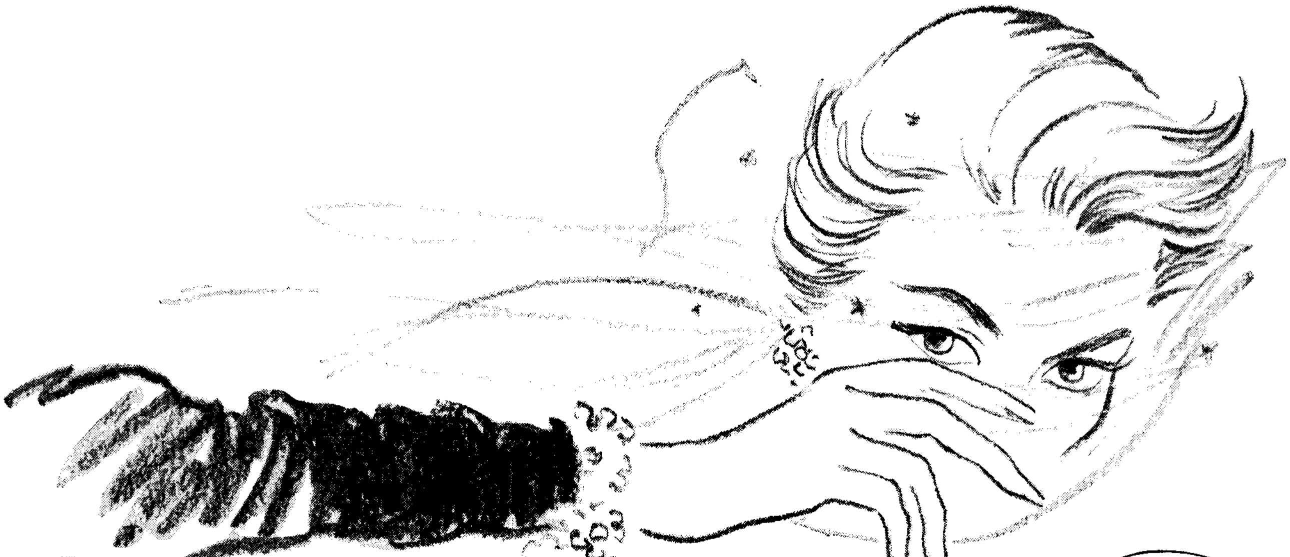

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correspondent. "He returned to resume his former post, but the Russians came and carted everything off—all the most beautiful things. They had no right to them, but they took them. What made my friend cry was not alone that they took the things off but that *they were so badly packed!* I execrate those people!" A lady came up to him, smiling and breathless. Berenson greeted her ecstatically and introduced her to the correspondent. "Miss Freya Stark," Berenson said. "Do you know her books? No? Then you have missed an enchantment beyond belief. Of course, you wouldn't know it in her present conventional dress, but she is a Bedouin. She was intended by Providence to be a Bedouin." Miss Stark laughed, and the little procession moved on to the pictures.

Now Berenson went to work with his tools—a flashlight, a magnifying glass, and, slung over one shoulder, a pair of opera glasses. Turning on the flashlight, he peered through the magnifying glass at the dark, aged backgrounds of the pictures—at a fillet of myrtle around the head of a saint in one, at the soft contours of the hills behind Vicenza in another. The torch lit the fading hills. "Exactly what it is today, isn't it, Freya?" he said, and he and Miss Stark gazed with delight at an example of the unchanging in a changing world. "Do you remember the Latin poet who describes this scene?" Berenson asked her. "You used to know him." Miss Stark began to recite the pertinent verse, but after the first two lines he took over and recited the rest. On the great triptychs and some of the other altarpieces, Berenson trained his opera glasses. Before No. 80—"Il Cristo Morto Sorretto da Angeli"—he stopped. The catalogue contained a reference to what Berenson had said about the painting in 1894, but he was as moved as if he were seeing it for the first time. The picture shows Christ seated, the head fallen against the right shoulder, the eyes closed. Four lovely cherubs are supporting him. One of the cherubs stands partly behind the Christ, so that only his small legs and tiny torso are visible. "The audacity of Bellini!" said Berenson. "What a dazzling innovator he was to allow that child's head to remain invisible! And look—look at these adorable children! Look at their faces! They know that Christ has suffered; they are aware of it without understanding it. They know that they ought to be sympathetic, and they are doing their best. What they are really longing for is to be off by themselves. And you know that in a few minutes, when they are away from the tragic figure, they will be laughing and playing happily. They really can't wait." B. B. stopped speaking. He stood in silence, drinking in the picture, and so did his group, for whom it had become a symbol of the chasm between the innocence of childhood and the agony of living. "And to think that this glorious picture is kept hidden away in Rimini, where, of course, no one ever sees it," he said as he moved off. He found quick comfort in one panel of a nearby altarpiece—a Church father in a heavily brocaded robe, one hand holding a staff, the other resting on his knee. "See the *weight* of that hand!" Berenson exclaimed. "And the *weight* of that *brocade!* You must feel a muscular reaction. If you don't feel it physically, it's mere illustration." The correspondent did indeed feel the two weights. There percolated into his mind a dim notion of what Berenson's famous "tactile values" are. B. B. moved on, then stopped, his flashlight and glass focussed on a small, dark picture. "This Bellini is *not* a Bellini," he said at once, without even turning around to see whether he was overheard. "But it's very well worth looking at." The correspondent looked at it, but with the feeling that he was wasting his time. An American in the group was writing a biography of Bellini. "Please, B. B.," he said now, "will you come and look at this predella. I am not at all sure . . ." B. B. darted across the room, examined it, and was sure. The group drifted on through the exhibition rooms. Berenson linked arms with the correspondent and said, "Now I should like you to see a most wonderful thing, a work of sublime genius, a picture of the greatest spirit ever produced. Its significance is—if you will forgive me—cosmic. If people looked at it with sympathy and understanding—if everyone did—they would find salvation in it. It would be the salvation of all of us." They halted before No. 44, "Il Salvatore Benedicente," lent by the Louvre—a Christ, three-quarter length. The right hand is raised, the lips are parted, the left hand clasps a Bible. The habiliment is brown, rent to show the breast. The eyes are pale blue. At this picture Berenson stared a long time, saying nothing at all.

AT lunch that day in the dining room of his hotel, Berenson, surrounded by eight or ten friends, was in high spirits, despite the strenuous morning he had put in at the Doges' Palace. He said that after living for many years in cher-

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ished obscurity he had begun to receive fan letters from America. An excerpt from his "Sketch for a Self-Portrait" had appeared, with photographs, in an American magazine, and this had started the flow. He was forced to conclude that this magazine was read almost exclusively in hairdressing parlors, he said, for many of the letters began, "While having my hair done today, I happened to read your fascinating . . ." Berenson had evolved a picture of rows of ladies under aluminum helmets absorbing simultaneously his transient, rueful octogenarian reflections and their permanents. One of the lunch guests, the curator John Walker, whom Berenson refers to as his "pet biped," was gravely quoted by another guest, an earnest young man, as having said that no person should be engaged for even a minor post in a museum unless he was thoroughly familiar with Berenson's "Italian Painters of the Renaissance." B. B.'s eyes lit with humorous malice. He turned to his pet biped. "Do you swear them in?" he asked. "You should swear them in, the way they do Presidents and Supreme Court Justices in the United States." He jumped to his feet, put one hand on an imaginary "Italian Painters of the Renaissance," and raised the other. "I solemnly swear not to offer an opinion on any Italian picture between 1201 and 1699 without having duly mastered . . ." He kept improvising until the whole thing was dissolved in self-mockery.

Of all the important American collectors, Berenson admired Henry Clay Frick the most, it appeared. For one thing, he had a beautiful head. And although Berenson never found much to admire in the furnishings and pictures in Frick's Pittsburgh mansion, he was warm in his praise for the French art in the Frick Collection in New York. He told a story about Frick. The American collectors of Frick's era, he said, often felt guilty about paying such vast sums for their pictures, and Frick was no exception. Frick had bought Velásquez's "Philip IV of Spain" for around four hundred thousand dollars. Learning that Philip IV had paid Velásquez the equivalent of six hundred dollars for it, Frick made an elaborate computation to find out what six hundred dollars at six-per-cent interest compounded semi-annually from 1645 to 1910 would come to, and found, to his joy, that he had got the picture for less than nothing.

Then Berenson recalled a similar story about H. E. Huntington. A friend

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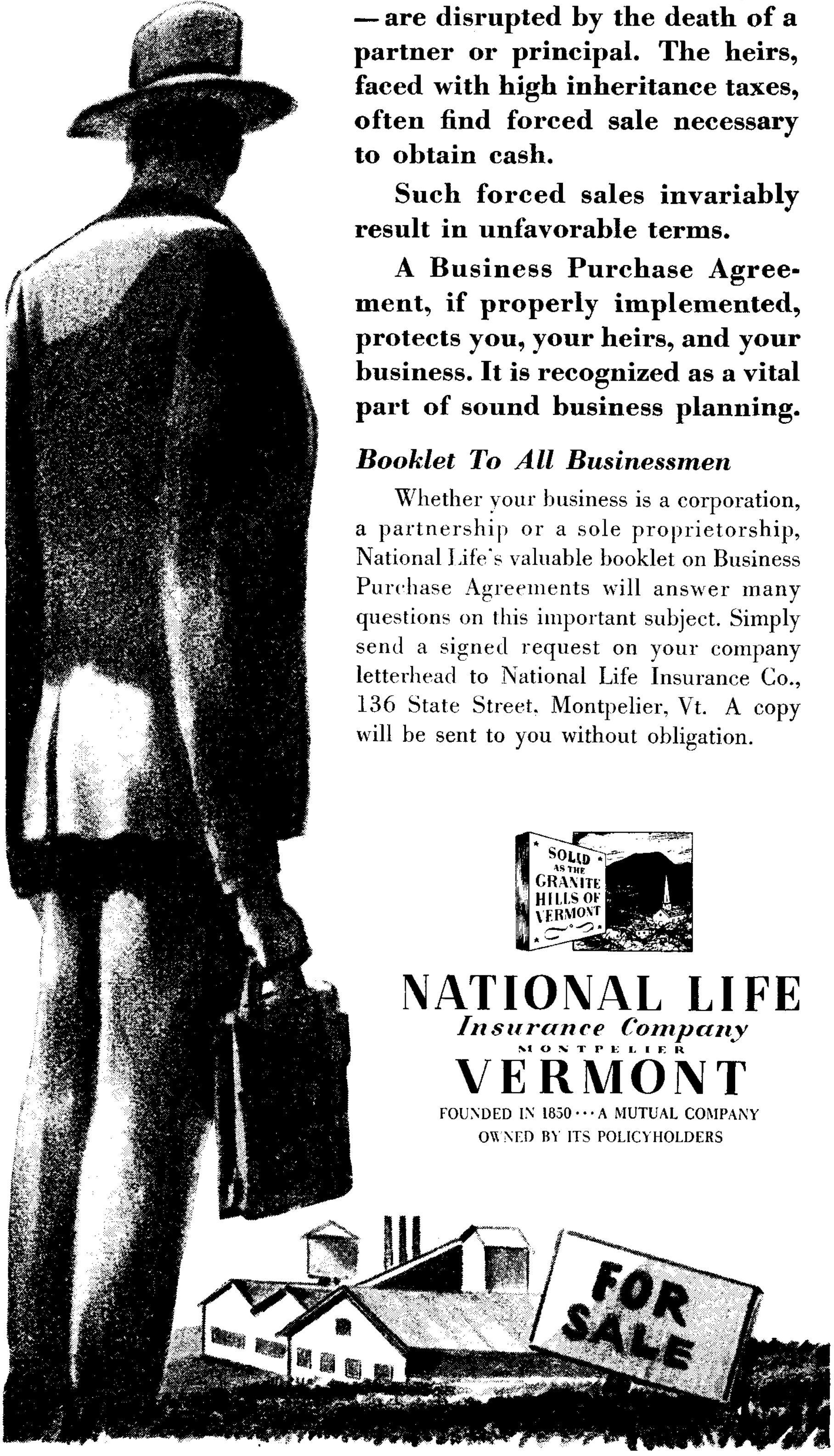
of Huntington's had once said he was shocked that a sensible man would pay six hundred and twenty thousand dollars for one picture. He was referring to Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy," which Huntington had bought from Duveen. Huntington, who knew there was no use trying to explain the delights of collecting to a nonbeliever, tried to justify his purchase on economic grounds; he figured out a way of reducing the price he had paid after he had paid it. "Listen," he said. "I've bought 'em for five hundred, for five thousand, for a hundred and fifty thousand. The one I paid six-twenty for is the greatest in the world. When you average 'em all up, the price of each isn't bad."

These stories led Berenson to enlarge on the vagaries of collectors and patrons of art. On the whole, he thought the twentieth-century ones an improvement over the historic ones. He said some harsh words about Isabella d'Este, and spoke as resentfully of her shameful treatment of Mantegna as if the indignity the painter suffered had occurred only a few days before. He circled around to that later Isabella, Mrs. Jack Gardner, whose vivacity and charm were, he said, unforgettable. "But you know that after her husband died—he was the dearest fellow in the world—Mrs. Jack made a great discovery," Berenson said. "She discovered that things cost money. Mrs. Leland Stanford made the same discovery after *her* husband died, and then she lived like a starveling. Mrs. Jack, when she came to Europe in later years and returned to the hotels where she had lavishly stayed as the Dollar Princess, asked for the cheapest rooms. On one visit to America, thirty years ago, my wife and I were her guests, and at dinner the first night there was scarcely enough to eat. We thought, Well, we are going to the theatre, and when we get back, there will be supper. There was no supper. After we'd gone upstairs to our rooms, Mary and I felt hunger pangs. We couldn't get to sleep, and we stole downstairs to the kitchen to forage in the icebox. In that immense repository we found two dog biscuits!" Berenson touched on the racial influxes that had transformed the character of New England entirely since his day, made some inquiries about the recent acquisitions of the Nelson Gallery of Art, in Kansas City, and then went up to his room to take a nap.

BERENSON first saw Duveen in London, in 1906. Lady Sassoon, the wife of Sir Edward Albert Sassoon and



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mother of Sir Philip Sassoon, and a devoted friend of Berenson—he refers to her as "the noblest of the Rothschild women"—urged him to go to the Duveen London gallery. Duveen, then thirty-seven, had just bought the Hainauer Collection, and Lady Sassoon wanted Berenson to look at some of the pieces. On her promise that she would not introduce him, he consented. One of the pictures Berenson looked at was first-rate, and he decided to try to buy it for Mrs. Gardner. "I'll pay you a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it," he said, without preliminaries, to Duveen. Duveen turned to Lady Sassoon. "This fellow knows too much," he said, smiling. Berenson and Lady Sassoon left the gallery without Berenson's having been introduced and without Duveen's having either accepted or rejected the offer. Mrs. Gardner never got the picture. It went to a favorite client of Duveen's for about three hundred thousand dollars. Berenson had unwittingly put a ceiling price on the picture, and Duveen used it as a floor.

Though Berenson had not been introduced, Duveen had guessed who the visitor was, and their encounter was to have an enormous effect on Berenson's future. Duveen, more definite about his aims than Berenson—after all, truth and beauty are imponderables, offering their pursuer a good deal of latitude—and, in the worldly sense, much shrewder, seems to have had a suspicion of what Berenson's visit could mean to him; Berenson obviously had none. When Berenson left Duveen without having met him, he didn't expect he'd ever have to see him again. He was wrong. Not long afterward, Duveen sought out Berenson. This time they met. Duveen asked Berenson to become his paid adviser on Italian pictures. Berenson would authenticate pictures for him and would tell him what pictures he considered worth buying. Duveen would give him an annual retaining fee and a commission on sales. Berenson accepted, on condition that he should have nothing whatever to do with the selling. Duveen was perfectly satisfied; after all, when it came to selling pictures, he didn't need anybody's help. This arrangement was to continue for thirty years, and was to bring Berenson an affluence unprecedented in the world of scholarship.

Duveen had the practical man's contempt for the scholar. "Berenson may know what's authentic, but only I know what will sell," Duveen would say, laughing. Or he would say, "If I were to follow Berenson, I would have a basementful of wonderful masterpieces that no one would buy." From Duveen's point of view, Berenson had a limitation: He didn't care in the least what would sell; he was interested solely in what was beautiful. And between Berenson's aesthetic standards and the standards of Duveen's American customers there was a considerable gap. Duveen's principal clients were aging men, and they liked bright colors, they liked opulence, they liked youth and beauty; they wanted to be cheered up. Viewing Duveen's wares in his Fifth Avenue gallery, they constituted a kind of collector's baldhead row. Frick would buy any picture of the first rank that was authoritatively certified, but Mellon had to like a picture. Mellon wanted a picture to be not only first-rank but attractive, and this made him a special problem for Duveen, because some of Berenson's recommendations were just first-rank. That is one reason Duveen put a high value on his selection from Berenson's selection.

For a long time, there hung in Duveen's London office a superb Masaccio that he had bought only because B. B. was enthusiastic about it. Duveen felt that his clients wouldn't like it very much. The picture was sombre. Duveen had some of his major customers in for a look at it and exercised his panegyrics on it. They didn't work. A picture that wouldn't respond to Duveen's enthusiasm became in Duveen's eyes a picture that was too gross for civilized society. As it stayed on and on in his office, he gradually conceived for it an aversion that amounted to hatred. One day, feeling that he couldn't stand the unwanted guest a minute longer, he summoned his chief assistant, Bertram Boggis. "Get me an axe!" he said. "I want to chop up this picture." "Don't chop it up, Joe," Boggis said. "B. B. likes it." Duveen forced himself to look at something more salable, to keep from destroying the masterpiece. Eventually, the adviser to an important collector, who had come upon a description of the picture in one of B. B.'s books, got his client to buy it.

That was as near as Berenson ever came to actually selling a picture. He once gave one away, however, under somewhat spectacular circumstances. A big New York copra man who was a collector of consequence was about to make a business trip to the South Seas when he was told that Berenson was coming to the United States to catalogue a collection of Italian paintings and would be in New York for a month or

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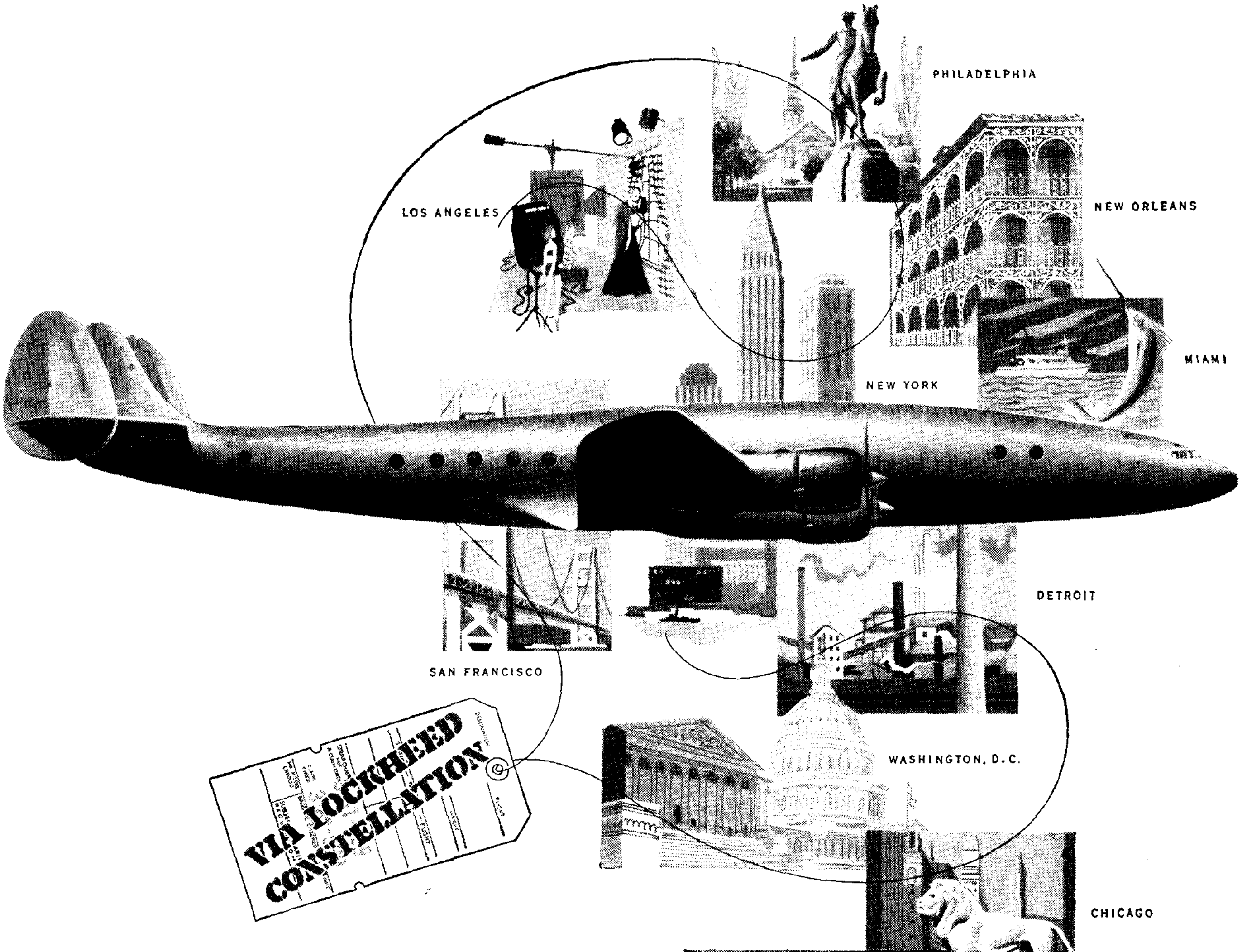

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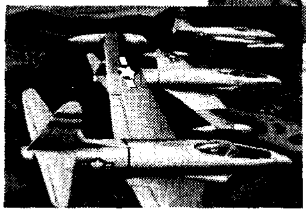

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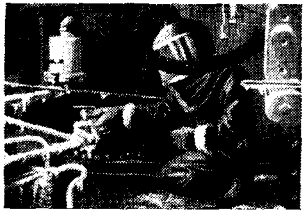

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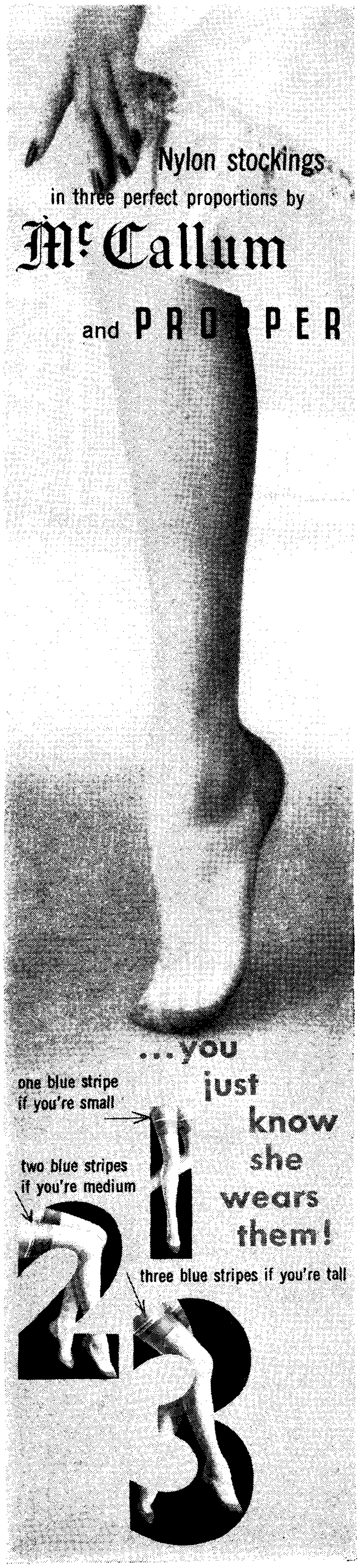
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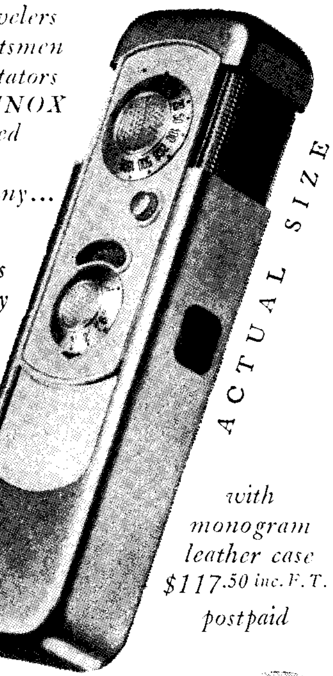
so. "Why doesn't he stay in my apartment?" he inquired of his informant. "It's all staffed, and I'll be going away just as he gets here." Berenson spent the month there, and felt so grateful to his host, whom he had never met, that he wrote to his wife asking her to send the copra man one of his pictures as a present—something "really nice." The catalogue finished, Berenson sailed for home. On his first evening back, he had a reunion with his pictures. "Where is the little Domenico Veneziano?" he asked his wife. "Oh," said Mrs. Berenson, "you told me to send a nice picture to your friend in New York, and I sent him that." When Berenson had recovered from the impact of his wife's obedience, he said, "I asked you to send him something nice. I didn't ask you to send him my very favorite." Copra took a slump, and Berenson's New York host sold his pictures. The Domenico Veneziano was bought by Samuel H. Kress for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Berenson's claim that he paid the highest month's rent in the annals of New York real estate may well be justified. His rent payment now hangs in the National Gallery in Washington.

According to Berenson, Duveen himself was an artist of a sort; he got an artist's pleasure out of the tremendous sales he negotiated, and out of his role as purveyor to the most powerful men in the world. He got pleasure, too, out of clowning. His attitude toward people like Berenson and his following might, Berenson says, be epitomized as something like this: "Now, look here, I am not one of you, nor am I even ambitious to be one of you. I am aware that I don't rate your society, but we have to be together for other reasons, and since I have the gift of clowning, the least I can do is amuse you. That is my passport; that is my price of admission." Mrs. Berenson liked Duveen immensely; she found his vitality and exuberance irresistible. So did Berenson when Duveen was on the premises. There was something about Duveen—"a Chaplinesque quality," Berenson calls it—that captivated him. But as soon as Duveen was gone, Berenson couldn't bear the thought of him. Berenson, who has always divided people into the "life-enhancing" and the "life-diminishing," was reluctantly forced to put Duveen in the first group. Once, after Duveen had made a flying visit to I Tatti, Mrs. Berenson said, "Oh, Joe is wonderful. He's like champagne!" "More like gin," grumbled B. B.

There are a number of Duveen anec-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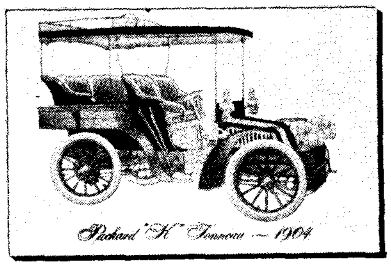
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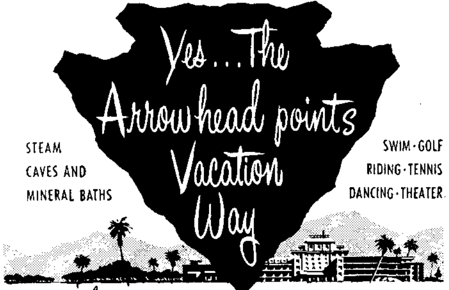
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dotes in the Berenson memory. While travelling through Central Europe in search of pictures after the First World War, Duveen stopped at a frontier town and, since no one was allowed to carry more than a limited amount of money across the border, stuffed a wad of bills into his hat. As his visa was being stamped, he saw a friend standing nearby, and raised the hat. All the money fell out. It was confiscated, and Duveen had to borrow from the friend to whom he had been so polite. Another time, when Duveen was in conference in his London office with an assistant named A. E. Bowles, someone brought in an English magazine that contained an article telling how Duveen ran his business. The writer revealed a surprising intimacy with the mechanics of the enterprise. Duveen turned on Bowles in fury. "How did this fellow come to know all this?" he screamed. "He must have listened to you talk, Lord Duveen," said Bowles deferentially. When Duveen's daughter was a very little girl, the family went to Dieppe for a holiday. Duveen took the child to the beach. She dipped her foot in the sea and found the water too cold, so she wouldn't go in. Duveen collected some sticks and borrowed a teakettle, built a fire on the beach, heated some water till it steamed, and poured it into the sea. His daughter then went in without a whimper.

In the ferociously competitive jungle of the art dealers' world, Duveen was an insatiable tiger who saw no reason he shouldn't devour everything in sight. "The difference you have created in the price of first-rate pictures and third-rate pictures is so vast," Berenson once said to him, "that you'll drive people into buying the third-rate rather than pay the fabulous sums your monopoly enables you to exact." But Duveen's prices went on spiralling. He believed in keeping the market up, and he kept it up; it collapsed only after he died. Yet, says Berenson, Duveen's "life-enhancing" artist's quality made him "a lamb and an angel" compared to some of his competitors. "He would make you pay outrageously," says B. B., "he would exact the last possible penny in a deal,

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THE welding of the personalities of Berenson and Duveen, a welding for which the cold facts of existence were wholly responsible, was an odd one. Duveen, bold and headlong and driving, was the figurehead of a ship that carried as its sole passenger, in its solitary cabin, one of the most civilized and sensitive men in the world. Duveen, who couldn't stand owning only a part of anything, regarded Berenson as his property—the last thing on earth Berenson wanted to be. When, from time to time, Berenson authenticated a picture for a rival dealer, Duveen felt betrayed. Duveen had said to Mellon, and to Kress, and to Frick, and to Bache, and to Benjamin Altman, and to Joseph E. Widener, and to H. E. Huntington, "Never buy an Italian picture without a Berenson approval! Never!" He implied that such a policy would protect the purchaser of an Italian picture from everyone in the world—including himself. This was simply good business on Duveen's part. He had almost a monopoly on the supply of Old Masters, and he thought he had a monopoly on Berenson. Berenson had come to be Duveen's hallmark. As Duveen became more successful, he also became more totalitarian. He was convinced that a masterpiece must be sold only through him, that any rival was a poacher on his special preserve. Berenson argued with Duveen that if other professionals bought and sold great pictures, they would in the end help Duveen, for they would expand the market. It was no use. Duveen persisted in regarding Berenson's authentication of other dealers' holdings as a breach of contract, though no contract had ever existed between them.

Still another matter troubled Duveen. He found Berenson as circumspect about expressing an opinion as his American clients were about spending their money. Duveen relied on flair, Berenson on science and what he called his "sense of antecedent probability." In Europe, Duveen and Berenson went to museums and exhibitions and private showings together. On a visit to a museum in Munich, Berenson saw much to deliberate over, but it was hard for Duveen to take an interest in pictures he knew he could never buy. He kept crying out, when B. B. paused at length before a painting, "Next! Next!" Berenson, wielding his flashlight, focussing his

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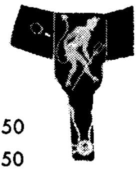

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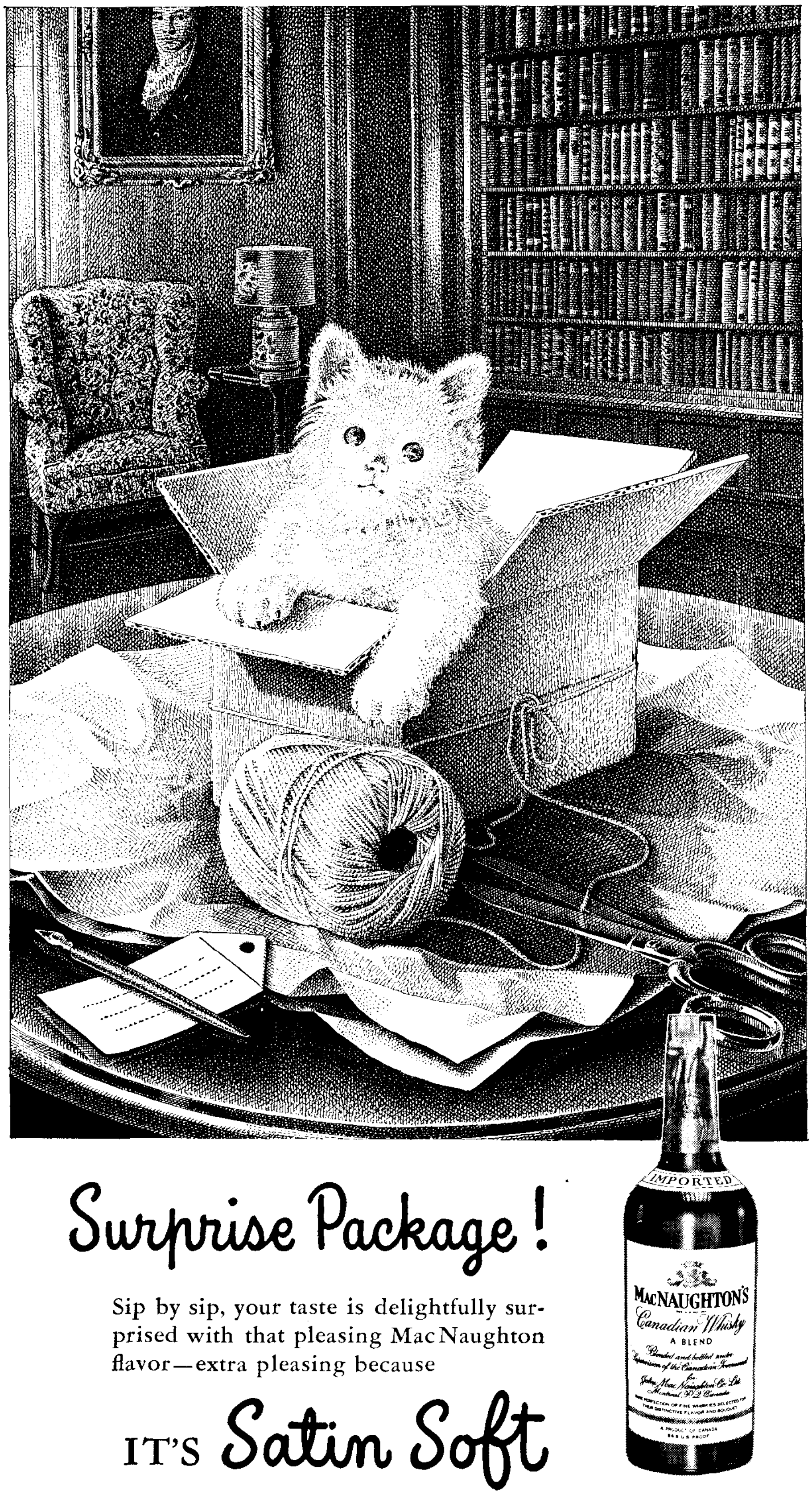
opera glasses, refused to be hurried; Duveen's exhortations only slowed down his tempo. And B. B.'s attitude toward pictures that Duveen *could* acquire was even more annoying. Duveen would try to bully him into enthusiasm; Berenson wouldn't be bullied. "This is marvellous, B. B.! Marvellous!" Duveen would exclaim when he saw something that looked especially salable. Already phrases he could use while displaying it in the private showroom of his Fifth Avenue gallery were taking shape in his mind; he saw his little circle of American customers listening, enthralled. "It's not marvellous, Joe," B. B. would say quietly, killing at a stroke a lucrative fantasy. When B. B. did admit that he thought a painting was marvellous, the painting was apt to be a very dark one, and Duveen worried about his American clients' love of bright colors. "*Why* is this picture marvellous, B. B.?" he would ask brusquely. "I don't think it's marvellous at all." It was Duveen's method of saying that he wasn't going to buy the painting, and it was also his method of getting an education. He was usually eager to draw Berenson out, so that possibly he himself might one day be able to discover the marvellous in a picture—provided it was painted in bright colors. And he had another motive; he wanted to be able to judge pictures that were outside Berenson's province. B. B. has always said, "I will not baptize outside my parish," which is Italian painting from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. But Duveen's parish was the universe, and by expressing his opinions to Berenson he goaded his counsellor into expressing *his*. Duveen used the tips he got this way when buying pictures of other schools or other centuries, when he had no B. B. to guide him.

On one occasion, the two men collided head on over a painting within Berenson's parish. Berenson had come to this country to catalogue the Italian paintings in P. A. B. Widener's collection. A supper party was given in B. B.'s honor by a New York banker and his wife, who were well-known collectors. His hosts were bubbling with enthusiasm for a Botticelli they had just acquired, and they made haste to lead Berenson to it. He inspected it. "This is no Botticelli," he said. "Where did you get it?" "We got it from Duveen," said his host. "And he's coming to supper, too." Duveen arrived, and was brought before the picture and confronted with Berenson's disturbing denial. "Who told you this was a Botticelli?" asked



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Berenson gently. Duveen foamed authorities. "Nevertheless, it is not a Botticelli," B. B. said. Duveen at once offered to take the picture back and refund the money. The supper party was not a notable success.

Later, in the nineteen-thirties, Berenson disappointed Duveen in much more serious circumstances. He refused to certify that a picture Duveen was about to sell Mellon as a Giorgione was a Giorgione. Berenson insisted that it was a Titian. There was a violent quarrel between the two men, and this ended their friendship and their business association. Among art dealers, the difference between Giorgione and Titian is immense; that is, the difference between what you can sell a Titian for and what you can sell a Giorgione for is immense. Titian lived to be ninety-nine and was a hard worker, so his output was colossal. Giorgione, who was Titian's master and friend, died young, so there are very few Giorgiones. When a familiar itch in his fingers told Duveen that he was about to put them on a highly regarded painting reputed to be by Giorgione—"The Adoration of the Shepherds," owned by Viscount Allendale—he was wild with excitement. He went to Mellon, who had plenty of Titians but was hungry for Giorgiones, and whipped up his enthusiasm. Then he sailed for England, pried the almost unexceptionable Giorgione away from the Viscount for half a million dollars, and came right back with it. Duveen was aware that B. B.'s still but not small voice had once said that the Allendale painting was a Titian. He felt confident, however, that Berenson by now saw this picture as he, Duveen, saw it. Berenson had been known to change his mind; once, testifying in one of the many lawsuits in which Duveen was the defendant, he had reversed an opinion. When the plaintiff's counsel pounced on this reversal, Berenson said imperturbably, "I never stick to a mistake." Duveen, in his incorrigible optimism, was certain Berenson would say that the Allendale was at least partly—that was all Duveen needed—by Giorgione. Berenson was in Cyprus when he received a long cable from Duveen asking him to admit that the picture he was about to sell to Mellon was indeed a Giorgione. B. B. cabled an indignant refusal. When he returned to Florence, one of Duveen's European representatives, accompanied by the picture itself, called upon him and repeated Duveen's request. Berenson studied it carefully for several days

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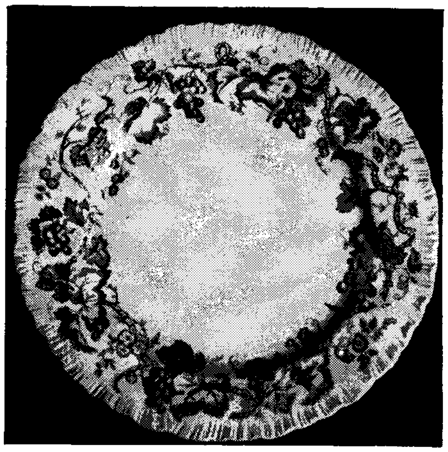

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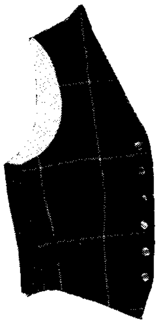

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and came to the same conclusion as before; namely, that it was an early Titian.

There is a story that news of the perpetual dispute over whether certain pictures were painted by Giorgione or Titian reached Heaven itself and disturbed the friendly relations between the two artists. Titian and Giorgione, who on earth had been so cordial, began to argue fiercely over the authorship of one masterpiece. Titian said that the picture couldn't possibly have been painted by the older ghost, that he had been dead for forty years when he, Titian, finished it. Giorgione pointed to brush strokes that, he flattered himself, only he could have executed. There seemed only one reasonable way of resolving the argument. "We'll ask Berenson," they said, with one voice. The decision is still in abeyance, pending the arrival of B. B. But Duveen couldn't wait that long for a decision on the Allendale. Already he was gently ushering Mellon through the silken portières of his salesmanship. Duveen beautifully ensconced the Giorgione/Titian all by itself, perched on an easel and reverently lighted, in a small, velvet-hung room in the Duveen palace on Fifth Avenue. When Duveen showed a major client one picture at a time, as he liked to do, he displayed the single picture with the same solicitude David Belasco employed in displaying his stars. Sometimes, Duveen would begin by telling the client that he had just got something wonderful for him. He would press a button to signal Boggis that it was time to bring in the something wonderful and put it on an easel. Other times, he would lead his client into the velvet-hung room, where the thoughtfully lighted masterwork awaited him. Mellon had been completely—or almost completely—sold on the picture in advance, and when he finally sat before it, under the spell of a second Duveen paean, he was enraptured. Duveen wanted three-quarters of a million dollars for it, and Mellon knew that when you were buying a Giorgione you couldn't decently quibble about price. At this ticklish point, Duveen's own special pedagogical method recoiled on him. Mellon, to demonstrate how well he retained what Duveen had taught him, alluded to Lesson No. 1. "What does B. B. say?" he asked. "Never mind about that," Duveen replied sharply. "*I* say it's a Giorgione. *Everybody* says it's a Giorgione. And there isn't a doubt in the world that B. B. will say it's a Giorgione!" Reassured, Mellon took the picture home. But B. B. didn't say it

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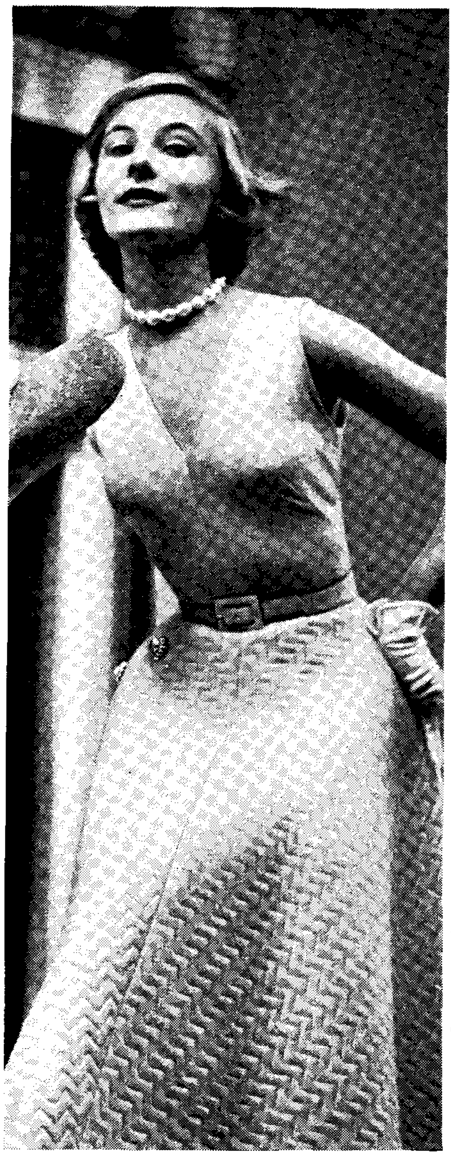

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was a Giorgione. In fact, not long afterward, he wrote a letter to Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, in which he said:

> You are acquainted, of course, with the Allendale picture, one of the most fascinating Giorgionesque pictures ever painted. The problem of how to attribute it has preoccupied me for many years. I naturally left no name untried. Finally, some ten or twelve years ago, the light dawned upon me, and I began to see that it must be Titian's, perhaps his earliest work, but only half out of the egg, the other half still in the Giorgione formula—the landscape, namely. Recently I have seen the picture again and was in raptures over its enchantment and beauty. Yet the longer I looked the more and more I saw in it the emerging art of Titian. It is my deepest conviction that this attribution will ultimately win through.

When Berenson's certificate failed to materialize, Mellon returned the picture to Duveen. "I don't want another Titian," he said sourly. "Find me a Giorgione." The deal was off, and so, in no time at all, was the business arrangement of so many years' standing between Duveen and Berenson.

Having the picture accepted as a Giorgione became a matter of prestige for Duveen; he felt he simply had to sell the Allendale, and as a Giorgione. He could have pointed out in self-defense that B. B.'s opinions on Giorgiones were not upheld by all authorities. Mrs. Gardner, for example, had bought on his recommendation a "Christ Bearing the Cross" that he said was a Giorgione, but Sir Philip Hendy, the art scholar (now director of the National Gallery in London), stated forthrightly in a catalogue he prepared for the Gardner Collection that it was really a Palma Vecchio. The portrait of Ariosto now in the Altman Collection, at the Metropolitan, had been certified by B. B. as a Giorgione, but the Metropolitan held it to be either a Giorgione or a Titian. Captain R. Langton Douglas, an eminent British authority, got into the argument over "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by declaring that Berenson had once attributed the Allendale to Catena—so how could he now so firmly state that it was a Titian? All these facts Duveen knew, but, passionately as he wanted Giorgione to have painted that particular picture, he did not wish to pass his information along to Mellon. By doing so, he would cast doubt on the authenticity of the Italian paintings that B. B. had certified and that he had sold on the strength of B. B.'s reputation for infallibility.

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Moreover, Duveen was not really daunted. The infallible Berenson might fail him, but not his own salesmanship. He was confident that he would sell the picture, and that it would end up in the projected National Gallery in Washington. When the right moment came, he chose Kress as the conduit. The picture now hangs there, and the label below it says that it is by Giorgione. The controversy is no longer important. The picture is a great one, whoever painted it. To those who see it in the National Gallery, the battle over its authorship means as little as the Shakespeare vs. Bacon argument means to an audience at "Hamlet."

Neither Duveen nor Berenson was ever quite the same after the breakup. Duveen never recovered from the separation; Berenson never recovered from the association. How deep a mark it made on Berenson is revealed in his "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," in which Duveen is never mentioned. Berenson, with his exquisite sensibility, his infinite intellectual curiosity and delicately distilled culture, whose life, it has been said, is itself a work of art, confesses to having misspent it. Above all, it is having become an art expert that he berates himself for. "In any other field, an expert means a man who knows something about his subject," he once said to a friend. "In any field except the field of art." In his writings, he has referred to his intense sense of guilt, which is due, he says, "to a double dose of Hebraism, an original Jewish one and, piled tower-high above it, a New England Puritan one." He considers the careers he might have had and regrets that "accident rather than an invincible tropism" made him become an art expert. This accident led to the accident of his association with Duveen, and the atmosphere generated by that association has been abrasive to his spirit. For his singular authority, and for its emoluments, Berenson paid what he regards as a high price:

> I soon discovered that I ranked with fortune-tellers, chiromancists, astrologers, and not even with the self-deluded of these, but rather with the deliberate charlatans. At first I was supposed to have invented a trick by which one could infallibly tell the authorship of an Italian picture. A famous writer on the Renaissance, Vernon Lee, thought it was close and even mean of me not to let her share the secret. Finally it degenerated into a widespread belief that if only I could be approached the right way I could order this or that American millionaire to pay thousands upon thousands and hundreds of thousands for any daub that I was bribed by the seller to attribute to a great master.... Needless to say that every person

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> I would not receive, every owner whose picture I would not ascribe to Raphael or Michelangelo, or Giorgione, Titian or Tintoretto, etc. etc., turned into an enemy.

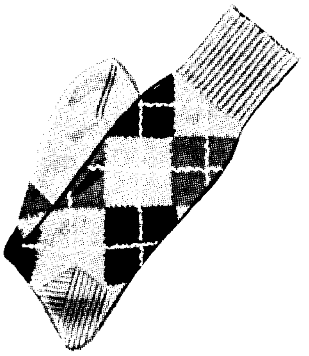
Again:

> I took the wrong turn when I swerved from more purely intellectual pursuits to one like the archaeological study of art, gaining thereby a troublesome reputation as an "expert." My only excuse is, if the comparison is not blasphemous, that like Saint Paul with his tent-making and Spinoza with his glass-polishing, I too needed a means of livelihood. . . . Those men of genius were not hampered in their careers by their trades. Mine took up what creative talent there was in me, with the result that this trade made my reputation and the rest of me scarcely counted. The spiritual loss was great and in consequence I have never regarded myself as other than a failure. This sense of failure, a guilty sense, makes me squirm when I hear myself spoken of as a "successful man" and as having made "a success of my life."

IN his will, the recently widowed Berenson, who is childless, has left everything—his beautiful estate, his library of books and photographs, his collection of pictures, and his money—to his alma mater, Harvard. It is a tremendous legacy, and for the last ten years the trustees of the university have been working on plans for its use. Not only Harvard men but promising students from other colleges will be encouraged to carry on their studies on one of the loveliest estates in Italy. The books, photographs, and pictures it has taken Berenson more than half a century to collect will be at their disposal. I Tatti may become Harvard's most important cultural outpost. Of his estate, Berenson has written:

> When the house was at long last furnished and the works of art in their place, it did not occur to me that I was in possession of more than could be gathered by any student taking advantage of his acquired knowledge and exercised taste. It took the scattering of most private collections all over Europe to make me realize that mine was one of the best remaining.

The library at I Tatti is, like Berenson himself, a sight to see. It has a cool, ordered beauty. Recently, an American young man who was paying a call on Berenson sampled some of the volumes and found that inserted in them were reviews of the books, in all the European languages, clipped at the time they were published. It is a living library, because these are the books that have educated B. B. Berenson himself speaks of his library with tenderness. "The gathering of these books is the only thing I have accomplished in my life which gives me real satisfaction," he said to his visitor. "If a young man with mod-



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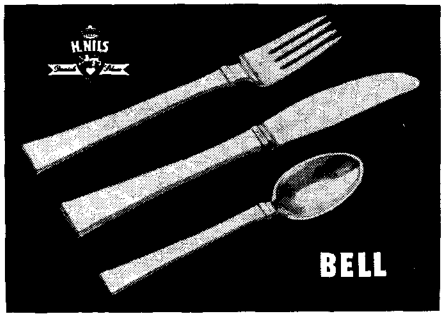

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erate equipment were to spend four years in this library, he would emerge a cultivated gentleman." The visitor, suddenly nipped by temptation, asked his host for a quick definition of "moderate equipment." "Oh," said Berenson lightly, like one who is diffident about dwelling on the obvious, "a fluent knowledge of French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, and some Hebrew, because the books are in all these tongues." The American, who had only English, which Berenson hadn't even mentioned, decided to become a cultivated gentleman by a less exigent process.

Sitting in his library, Berenson, at eighty-six, is happy in the knowledge that it is to be kept together for the benefit of the students who will come after him. Probably those who go there will pursue their studies with more tranquillity than their benefactor did, for he was never very far from the arena of art dealing, and that arena seethes with spite, envy, and searing hatred. As he sat there through the years, examining his photographs of paintings, reading his books, and savoring the aesthetic pleasures provided by the Masters on his walls, and as he took his walks, winter and summer, at dawn and sunset on the hills overlooking Florence, Berenson, with all his spiritual alertness, must have detected the scents and stridencies of the jungle overseas, and the sound of the padded prowlings of the insatiable tiger who beat about in it, using his eyes, his sensibility, and his name.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(*This is the fourth of a series of articles on Lord Duveen.*)

●

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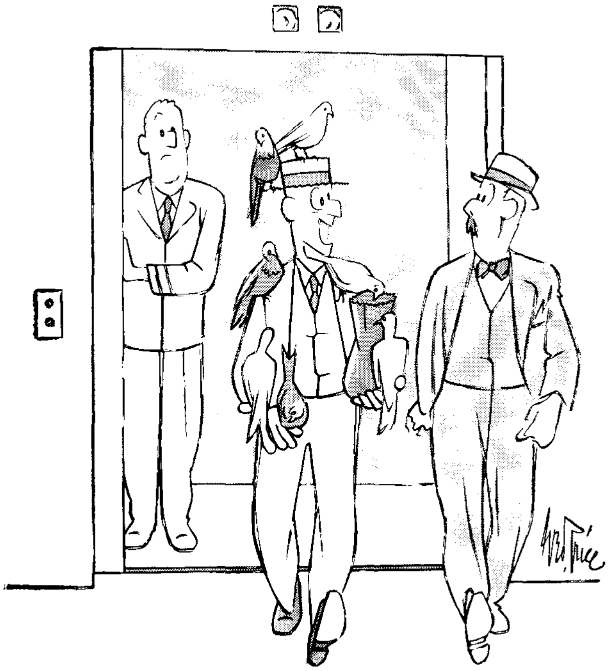

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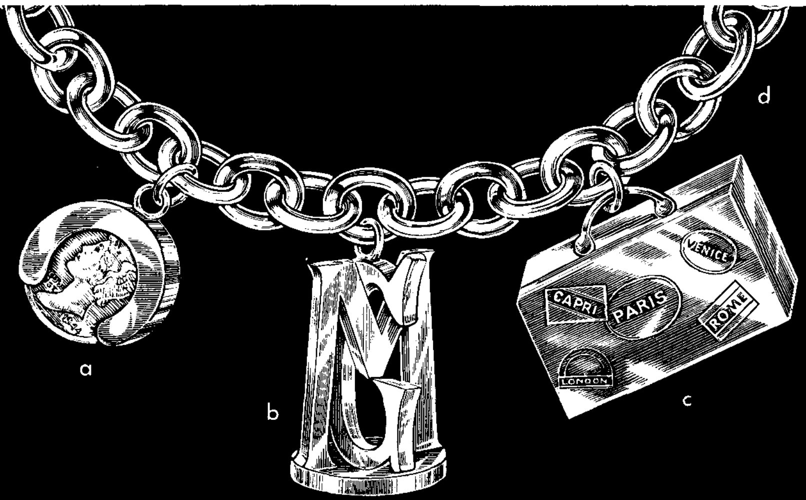

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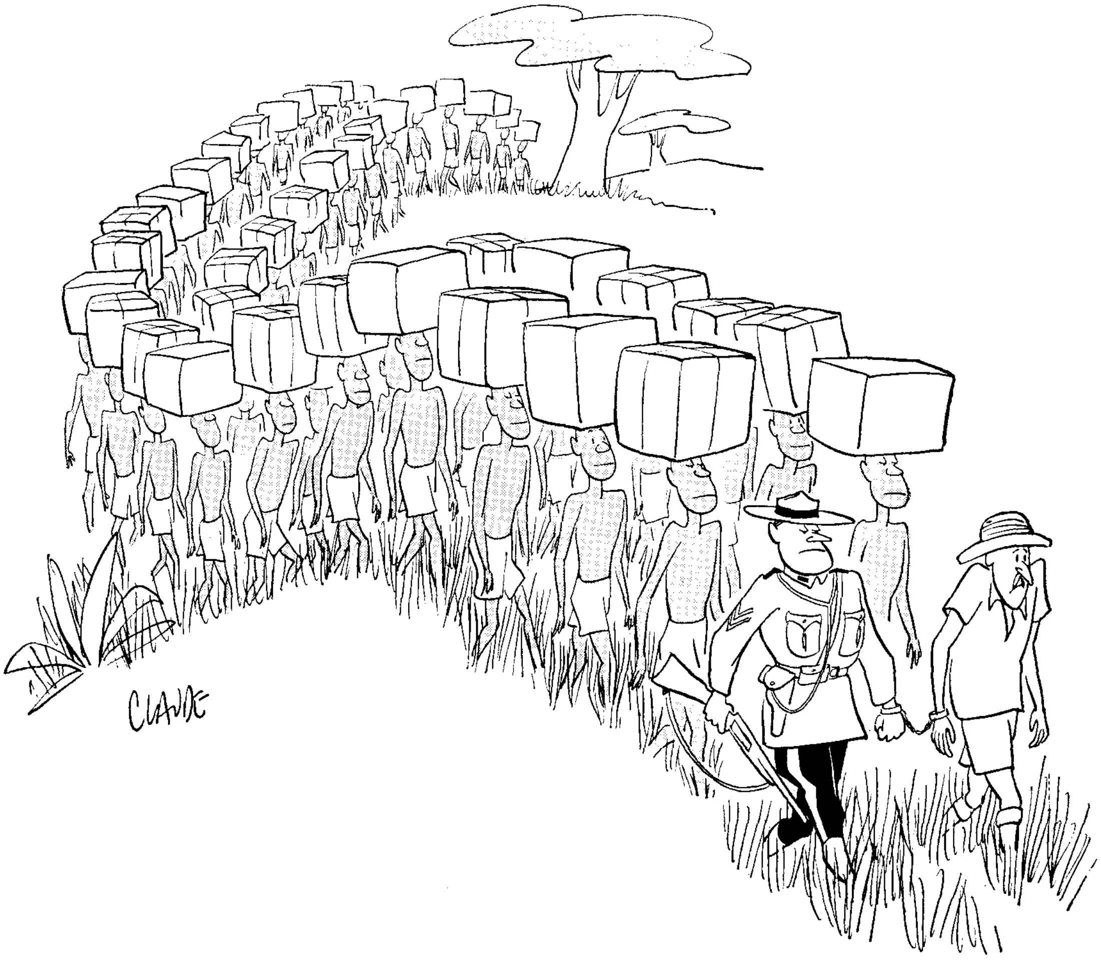
THE THEATRE

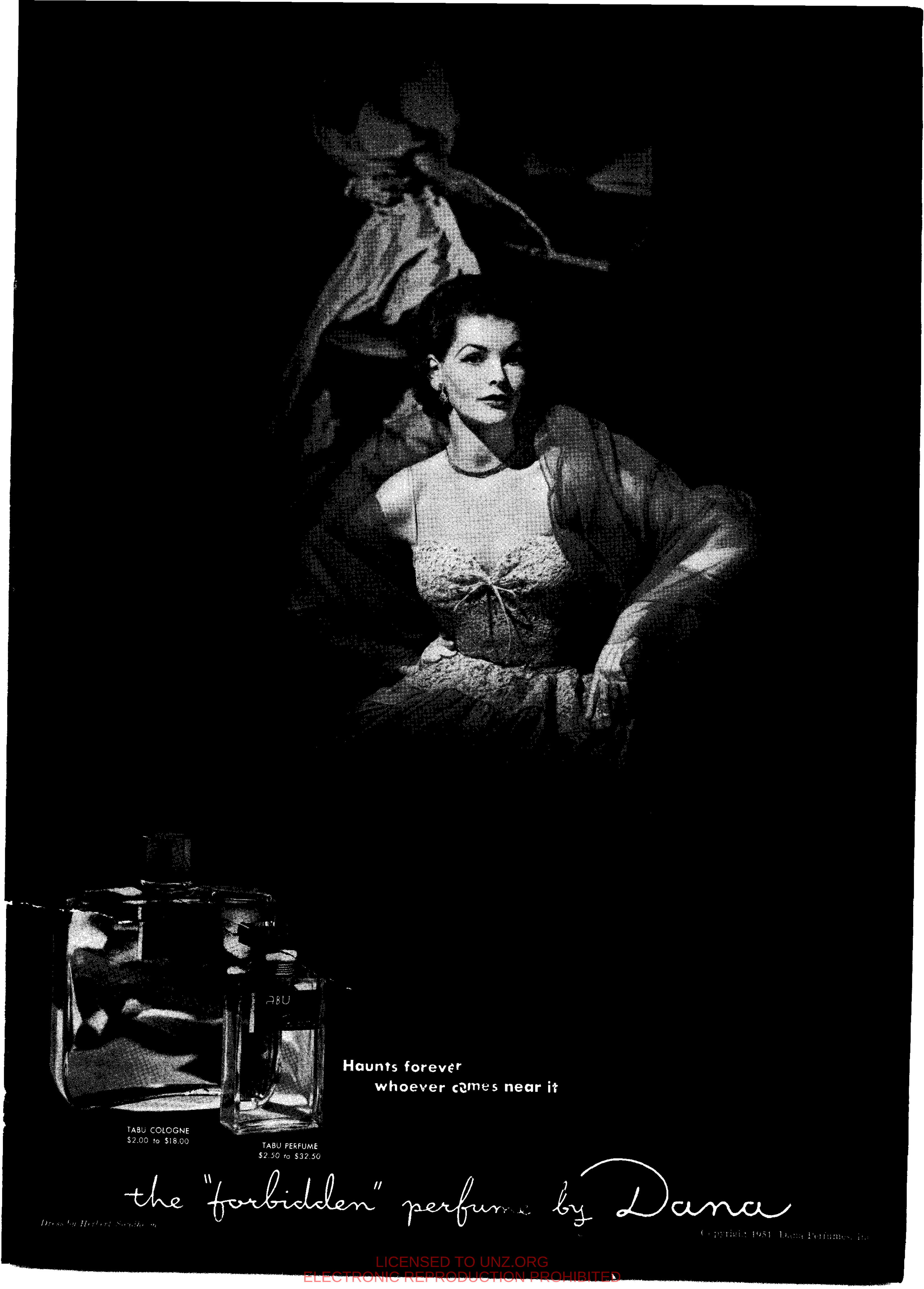
BUT WHERE ARE THE WRITERS?

"GLAD TIDINGS," at the Lyceum, is a protracted bit of rascality about a man who suddenly learns in his middle years that he is the father, under the rose, of a nineteen-year-old girl whose mother happens to be an actress of remarkably tempestuous disposition, with whom he has had an affair in San Francisco a long time ago, when he was a foreign correspondent and so, naturally, incapable of marriage. At the time the play opens, the hero is engaged to, and employed as an editor by, a woman who publishes a magazine called *Brief*, which has a circulation of ten million and prints digests of articles from other media ("The Confessions of a Chain Smoker" is the only one I bothered to retain), and consequently lives in considerable style in a mansion on the Sound. It is obvious that there is a certain amount of embarrassment and infamy attached to any such occupation, and when the actress shows up with their daughter and a son she picked up somewhere else, I could see that it would be only a matter of hours before the hero grasped the immorality of condensing other people's work, along with the general tedium of life in the suburbs, and took off with his old girl and the children in pursuit of a more interesting and useful life. I think they were headed for Guatemala, but I am a bad man on place names, and it may easily have been somewhere else. The central point is that he was able to separate himself with unusual speed from Connecticut, money, society, and the shame of paring down great writing to a simple statement of the facts. The playwright, Edward Mabley, is, of course, working with one fundamental and solitary joke—the effect of the discovery of parenthood on a character whose plans for the future would certainly be drastically rearranged by such nonsense—and now and then he manages to make it moderately amusing. For the most part, however, "Glad Tidings" is a collection of sorry clichés (the low-comedy servant, a native of the district, who habitually insults her employers, the general misunderstanding about a seduction that never took place at all, and the scene in which the hero and heroine make it clear that they love one another by an exhibition of physical violence). The moral of all this, I should say, is that it requires more than a measure of technical competence to make an anecdote sound like a play, and Mr. Mabley isn't quite up to the job.

The acting is hard to assess. It seemed to me that Signe Hasso, as the ex-mistress, gave the kind of mannered and vehement performance that Miss Tallulah Bankhead did in "Private Lives," and that while it was funny in itself, it contrived to throw the rest of the proceedings slightly out of gear. Melvyn Douglas, confronted with so much Scandinavian vitality, somehow struck me as a little dim and monotonous, though physically impressive enough, and Haila Stoddard, I thought, was almost wholly lost in the role of his ladylike fiancée. The young people, especially Patricia Benoit and Henry Garrard, as Miss Hasso's daughter and son, were a good deal more satisfactory, and I liked Rudy Bond, who played a theatrical agent in much the same way that I have observed these queer creatures behaving in life.



"MUSIC IN THE AIR," at the Ziegfeld, demonstrates that musical-comedy books, while not precisely works of literature, have come quite a way since this piece was first offered to the public in 1932. There are a couple of strong and determined personalities, a middle-aged but still seductive playwright and a vivacious prima donna, who carry on very much like the embattled principals of "Kiss Me, Kate;" there are two younger artists, an aspiring actress and a librettist, both of modest talent,



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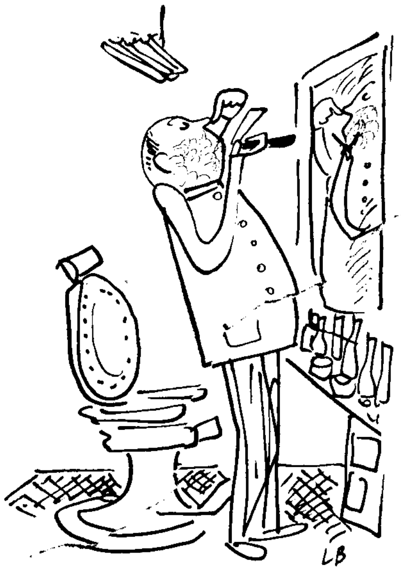
who serve mainly to interrupt the romance between the hero and heroine and to confuse the plot; there are several subordinate comics, who contributed little to my entertainment; there is more complicated exposition than you are apt to find in the average detective story; and there are a great many jokes, most of them, unfortunately, of a rather soggy nature.

In spite of these defects, which might be summed up as a prevailing atmosphere of leisurely and dated innocence, "Music in the Air" remains an engaging show, thanks partly to the lively performances given by Dennis King and Jane Pickens in the leading roles but much more to Jerome Kern's score, which is among the most charming ever written. "I've Told Every Little Star" was one of my favorite songs twenty years ago, when most of you had just begun to struggle with algebra, and I found the other night that it still is. There is also a lot to be said for "There's a Hill Beyond a Hill," "In Egern on the Tegern See," and "The Song Is You." Mr. Kern was unquestionably a sentimental man, but he was a great popular musician, always properly aware of the value of misery—succeeded in the end, of course, by rapture—in the theatre. There have been more gifted men in the field but none, I think, who were any more perceptive in this odd department of the facts of life. The same thing can be said of Oscar Hammerstein II, whose book in this case is rather discouraging but whose lyrics combine sorrow and gaiety in almost exactly the right proportions.

In addition to Mr. King and Miss Pickens, the players include Charles Winninger, Conrad Nagel, Mitchell Gregg, Lillian Murphy, Guy Spaull,



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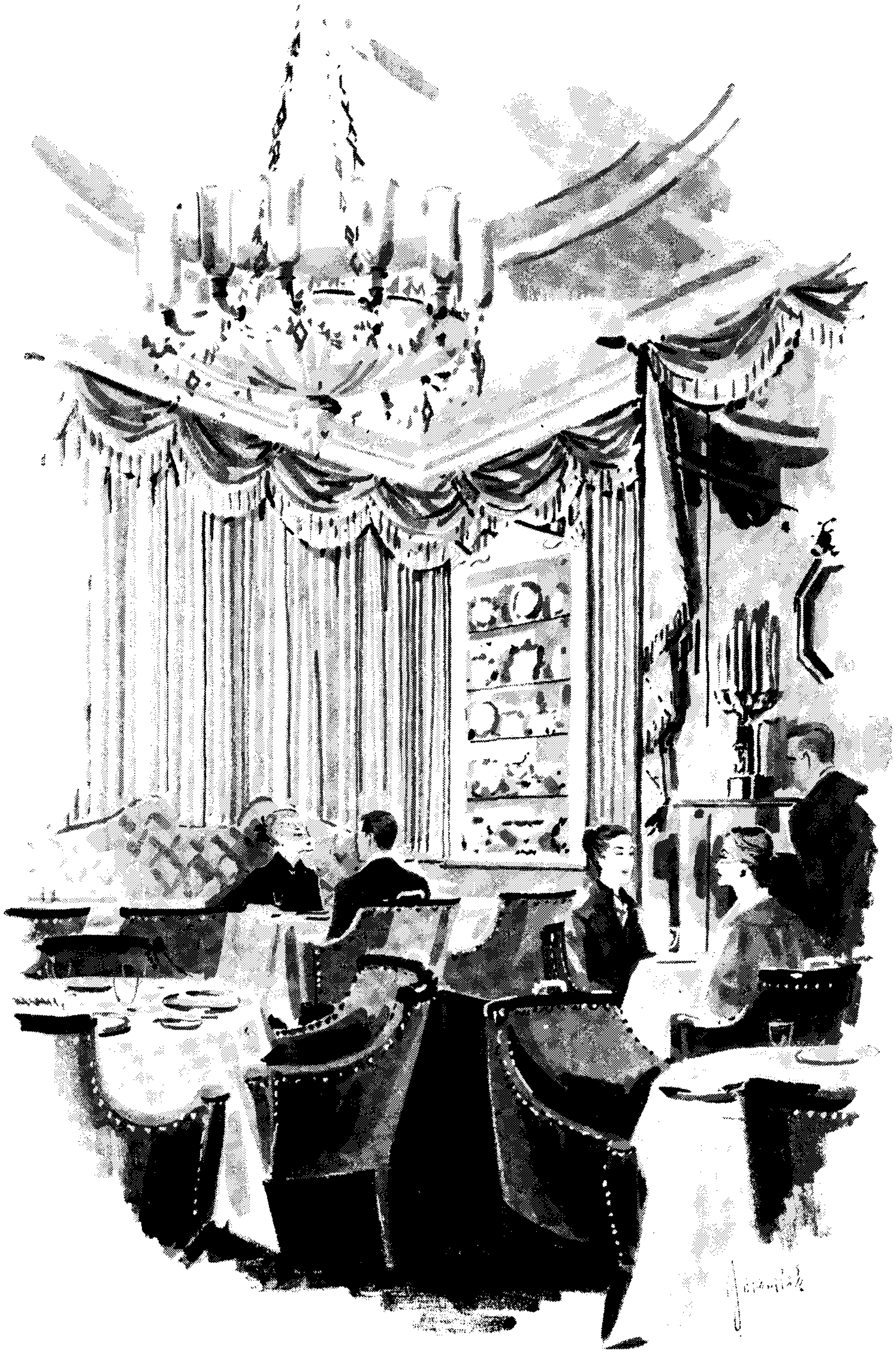

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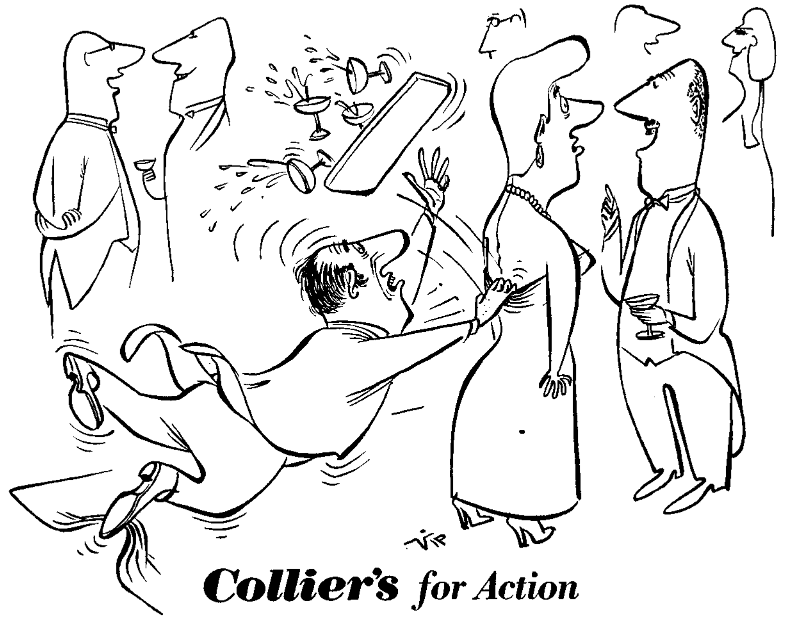

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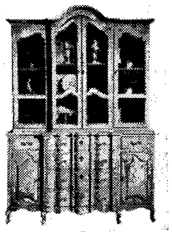

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and Muriel O'Malley. They are all attractive enough, but not in any case, I should say, really memorable. Lemuel Ayres' settings, described for some reason in the program as "Etude," "Impromptu," "Sonata," "Caprice," "Rhapsody," "Intermezzo," "Humoresque," and "Rondo," appeared to me to be just about as conventional and old-fashioned as the script, but it may be that cardboard trees and gingerbread houses are the most suitable decorations for a revival of this kind. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

COBRA

. . . cobras . . . are fond of both music and milk.—*From an article by V. B. Metta in International Studio.*

Is this the classic fiend,
The shape of sin,
The primary unfriend
Of beast and man?

A slithering length of spite
And hooded hate,
Born to betray, affright,
To lie in wait

For the symbolic sheep,
The pious dove,
And, bent on mischief, creep
Through sacred grove,

This creature who, though filled
With icy venom,
Is fond of milk? A mild
Drink for a demon—

Not poppy juice or sap
Of nightshade berry
But an impeccable cup
From an honest dairy!

Yes, though he hisses death,
He loves the notes
From reedy pipes, the breath
Of lyric flutes.

Such delicate tastes imply
A gentle soul
Who wouldn't hurt a fly—
Damned with his role

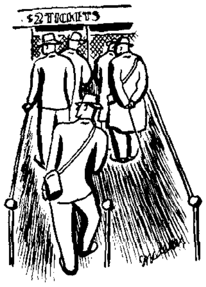
Of Hell's original boy,
Incarnate Wrong,
Who wants but to enjoy
Plain milk and song.

But see those glacial eyes—
Make no mistake!
Back of his meek disguise
Still rears the Snake!

—Leah Bodine Drake

THE RACE TRACK

More Counterpoint



THE horse of the week was certainly Counterpoint, who beat Hill Prince for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont last Saturday. No matter where your interests lay, the Cup was as good a show as you'd see in a month of Sundays. Though five horses went to the post, it was strictly a two-horse affair. Hill Prince led for most of the two miles, but six furlongs from home Counterpoint began moving up so smoothly that you knew Hill Prince's backers, who took 3–10 in the tote and thought they were finding money, were going to have something to worry about. At that, Counterpoint didn't catch Hill Prince till they were in the stretch, and didn't get his head in front till the last few strides.

I expect that from now on flushed and eager second-guessers will have a lot to say about Hill Prince and the way Arcaro rode him. After all, it is the inalienable right of horseplayers who back losing favorites to cry a little. The least captious of the criticisms I've heard was that Hill Prince shouldn't have been allowed to rush into the lead in the first half mile the way he did. I loathe making excuses, but it seemed to me that Hill Prince, who is a headstrong fellow, caught his jockey unawares. You see, the race was started on the turn off the backstretch, just where Hill Prince always puts in his best licks. (You may remember that he nearly got out of hand coming up to the same stretch of track in the running of the New York Handicap several weeks ago.) However, Arcaro managed to get his mount under control before too much damage had been done. No doubt Hill Prince and Counterpoint will meet in the Empire City Gold Cup Handicap at Jamaica this weekend, and we'll see what happens then.

If you believe the adage that advises taking a lean horse for a long race, Counterpoint was the ticket last Saturday. He isn't much on looks or size—in fact, most of the visitors to the saddling paddock hardly gave him more than a casual glance, having eyes only for Hill Prince—but he's a real stayer. He hasn't won as many races or as much prize money as Battlefield or Hall of Fame, but I wouldn't be at all surprised to see him rated the year's best three-year-old. Anyhow, he has three classic races to his credit—the Belmont Stakes, the Lawrence Realization Stakes, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup—not to mention $173,925 in winnings to pay for his oats and hay. This is the second time, by the way, that C. V. Whitney, who, as everyone knows, owns Counterpoint, has won the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He did it four years ago with Phalanx. I daresay Arcaro remembers the race; he finished second on Talon that afternoon, and I have never seen him ride harder. Speaking of jockeys, I don't believe anyone else could have done quite as well on Counterpoint as Gorman did in the Gold Cup, or, come to think of it, in Counterpoint's other recent races. I'd also like to give high marks to Syl Veitch, who trains the colt; his job hasn't been an easy one, but then no good trainer's is.

I'm sure it's a matter of indifference to everyone except their own stables that Kiss Me Kate ran third in the Gold Cup and County Delight was fourth, but I imagine it would have been the other way around if County Delight's saddle hadn't slipped early in the race. Then, there was Mirabeau, who also ran. He is owned by Duke Montour, a blacksmith who works around the local tracks. (Lots of blacksmiths have owned stables: Sam Hildreth, who I hope needs no introduction to present-day racegoers; Tom Smith, who trained the horses of Charlie Howard and the Maine Chance Farm; Cowboy Irwin, a sort of Hirsch Jacobs of the Far West; and many others.) Mirabeau isn't a very good horse; he hasn't won a race all season. Nevertheless, a fortnight ago Montour paid a nomination fee of a hundred dollars, and last Saturday a starting fee of five hundred dollars, to get his horse to the post in the Gold Cup. It seemed pretty silly to me, even if fourth money was $2,500. That's roughly 4–1 against a small miracle. Bad odds.

THE Belmont Park management, for reasons best known to itself, decided not to announce the condition of the track before each day's racing, as was done at Aqueduct. One afternoon last week—Friday, to be exact—it was probably just as well that it didn't have to, for the experts themselves couldn't decide what it was. The racing strip looked almost muddy, but horses ran unbelievably fast. For example, the Sysonby Handicap, won by

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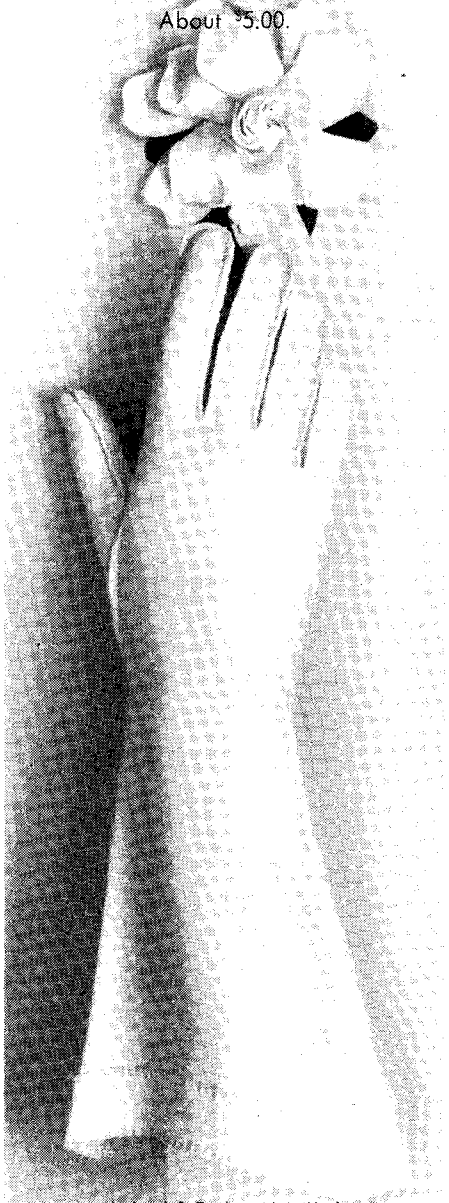

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Miche, was run in 1:35⅗, only three-fifths of a second slower than the track record. It would be particularly interesting to know just how fast Miche did that last quarter; he was tenth passing the quarter pole. He probably stepped the first furlong of it in ten seconds, and the boy had to pull him up to keep him from flying.

THERE haven't been many steeplechasers worth talking about this season. For that matter, there haven't been many steeplechasers. Everyone seems pretty well agreed, however, that the best of the bunch is Oedipus, who made a clean sweep of his engagements at Belmont—the Broad Hollow, the Brook, and the Grand National. In the Grand National, he gave Navy Gun twenty-five pounds and won comfortably. That's nice going. Colonel Martingale reports that, to date, he's heard thirty-seven pronunciations of Oedipus.

THE most promising two-year-old out last week was the Brookmeade Stable's Closed Door, who beat thirteen racers like breaking sticks last Saturday. It was his second start. He's worth remembering. And you may want to know that Tom Fool, the Greentree Stable's Futurity winner, will run twice more this season—in the East View Stakes at Jamaica next week and in the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore on November 2nd. Three other runners in the Futurity have already gone into retirement for the season—the Starmount Stable's Primate, Calumet Farm's Hill Gail, and Alfred Vanderbilt's Cousin. Hill Gail and Cousin will winter at Santa Anita, but neither will do much racing there.

AS a rule, they say, there's nothing more unpredictable than a collection of fillies and mares, so nobody was very much astonished when Marta, who ran fifth in the Beldame at Aqueduct last month, won the Ladies Handicap at Belmont the other afternoon and paid a $57.40 mutuel. Curiously, Bed o' Roses, who was second in the Beldame, was second in the Ladies, and Kiss Me Kate, who was third in the Beldame, was third in the Ladies. Consistent, weren't they?

—AUDAX MINOR

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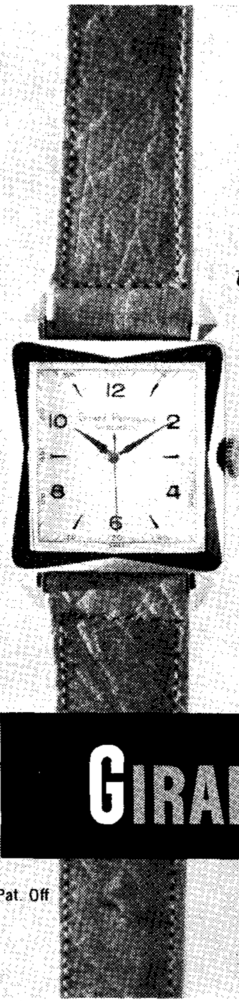
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From Sanseido's "New Concise Japanese-English Dictionary"*]

sashu suru—to obtain by fraud; swindle; defraud; (U.S.) financier.



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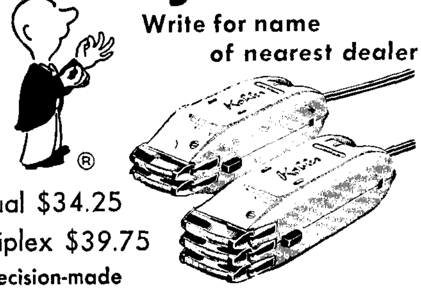

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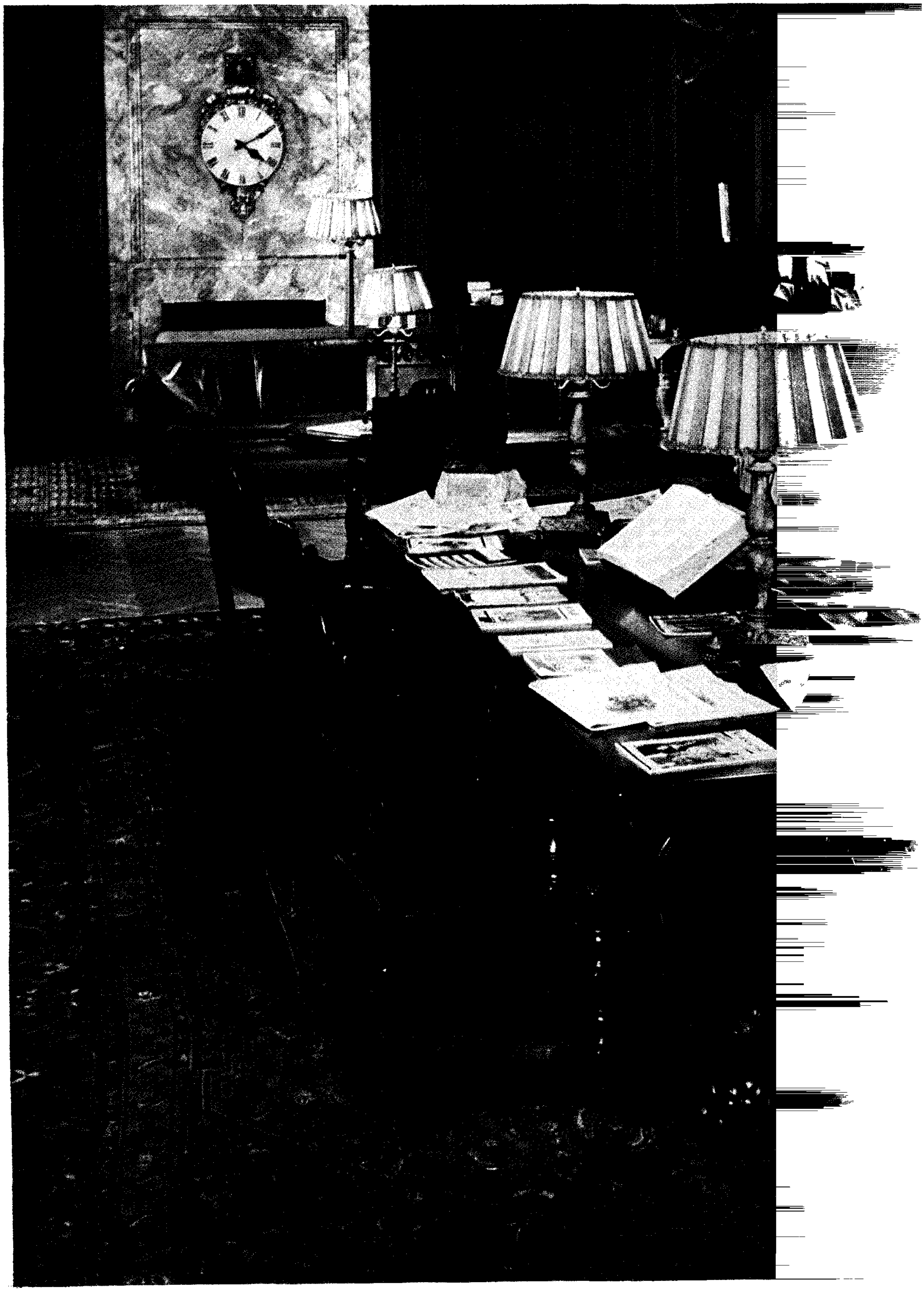

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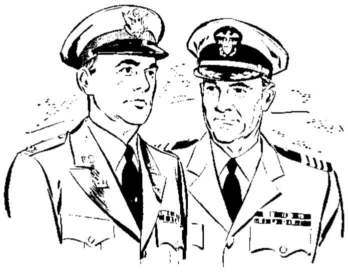

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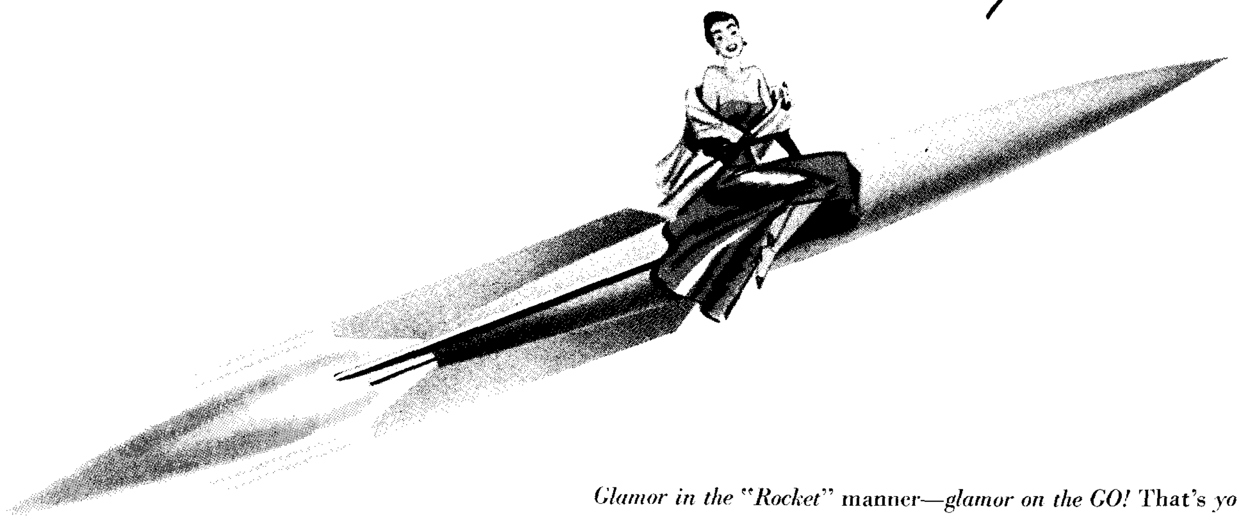

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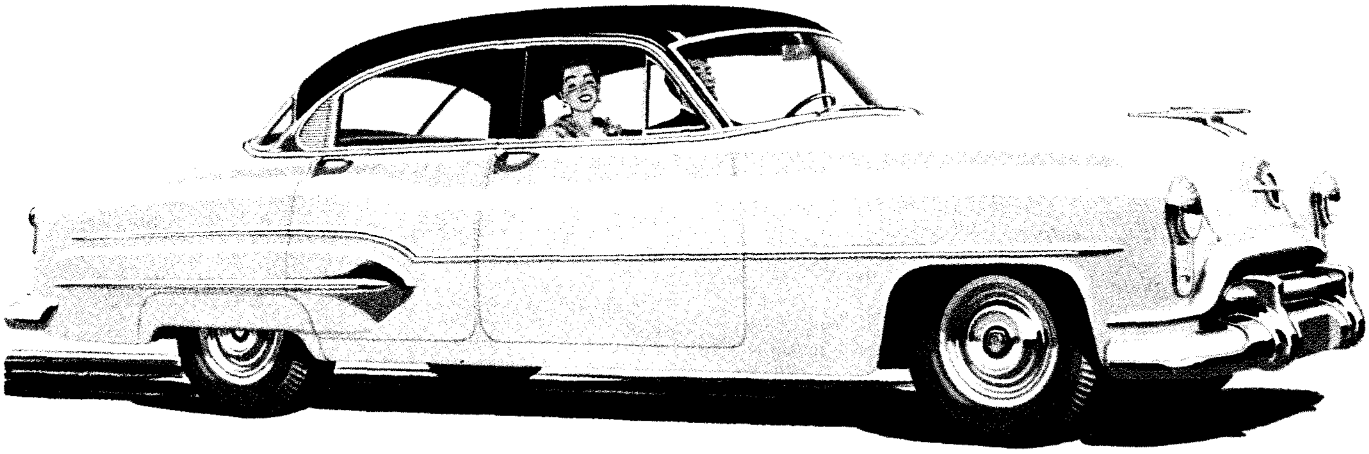

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YOU CAN'T GET A MAN WITH A PLANE

A MOVIE I saw recently, in which an airline stewardess not only got her man but had a perfectly dazzling queue of male passengers to choose from, reminded me bitterly of what an unromantic and unmovielike time I had in the air. In 1944, I was flying at Avenger Field, deep in the wastes of Texas, in a stubborn effort to become a Wasp, or Women's Air Force Service Pilot—one of those aviatresses who ferried planes about the United States, conducted mild test hops, towed targets for gunnery practice, and did other chores known among us girls as "aerial dishwashing." True, there were about fifteen different men, all civilian instructors, who rode with me through various stages of my training, but the penalty for fraternizing with them, either in the air or on the ground, was instant dismissal from the service. This restriction didn't matter, really, because if any of the instructors had had a flicker of tender feeling toward me, the exasperation that my lessons invariably caused them would have promptly killed it. The most amorously inclined of my teachers was one who, bored almost beyond endurance while flying with me, used to pass away the time in the back cockpit singing "It's Love, Love, Love." Sometimes he sang to himself, and sometimes he picked up the interphone, directed me to execute a certain maneuver, and fiendishly sang to me as I struggled with it. When he was in a non-singing mood, his most frequent comment on my ineptness was a disgusted "Oh, hell!"

I did have one encounter in the air, though, that might have qualified as movie material if anything had come of it. I had been at Avenger Field for a couple of months and was feeling quite bottled up, for although there were men at nearby flying fields who, unlike the instructors, weren't taboo, they didn't help much, as we trainees were allowed out only on Saturday nights, and even then just until midnight. Late one afternoon, when I was flying back to the home field, tired after two hours of solo practice and not paying much attention to anything, I happened to glance over my shoulder and saw a plane right at my wing tip. For a second, I thought its apple-cheeked, blue-eyed pilot must be a mirage, brought on by my deprived condition. Looking as if he'd come straight off a recruiting poster, he grinned a flashing, white-toothed grin and waved, but as his plane was a P-47 and much faster than mine, he had pulled ahead of me before I could respond. He circled, came back alongside, then lowered his wing flaps and landing gear to slow himself down, while I speeded up as much as I could, and in that way we were able to fly along together. We laughed and nodded and blew kisses to each other, then broke apart and played tag among the sunset-tinted clouds, and then flew side by side again and blew more kisses until, finally, overcome by the impossibility of the situation, I signalled that I must go, and started sadly for Avenger. He was *so* handsome! I had seen on the side of his plane the name of an Army airfield near Abilene, which wasn't far from Avenger, and in later practice periods I used to fly over there whenever I could, hoping for a glimpse of him, but I never saw him again. In a movie, I suppose, I would have had skywriting equipment and would have snared him by writing my name and telephone number in smoky letters half a mile high.

SEVERAL months later, I had another frustrating experience in the air. By that time, I had somehow managed to squeeze through primary, basic, and advanced training and, with the other girls in my class, had reached the happy stage of flying cross-country. After spending some hundred and fifty hours in the air close to Avenger Field, we were all glad to spread our wings, and head for distant destinations. We started with one-day trips and gradually worked up to three days, venturing all the way to North Carolina, on the East Coast, and to California, on the West. Usually, about twelve of us would be sent out in a group, and we'd take off at three-minute intervals, so that our planes would be out of sight of each other and a girl would have to navigate for herself. Along with us would go a shepherd in the form of an Army pilot, ordinarily a captain, to see that we behaved both in and out of our planes. This officer was one of a number the Army kept at our field to supervise cross-country trips and in general

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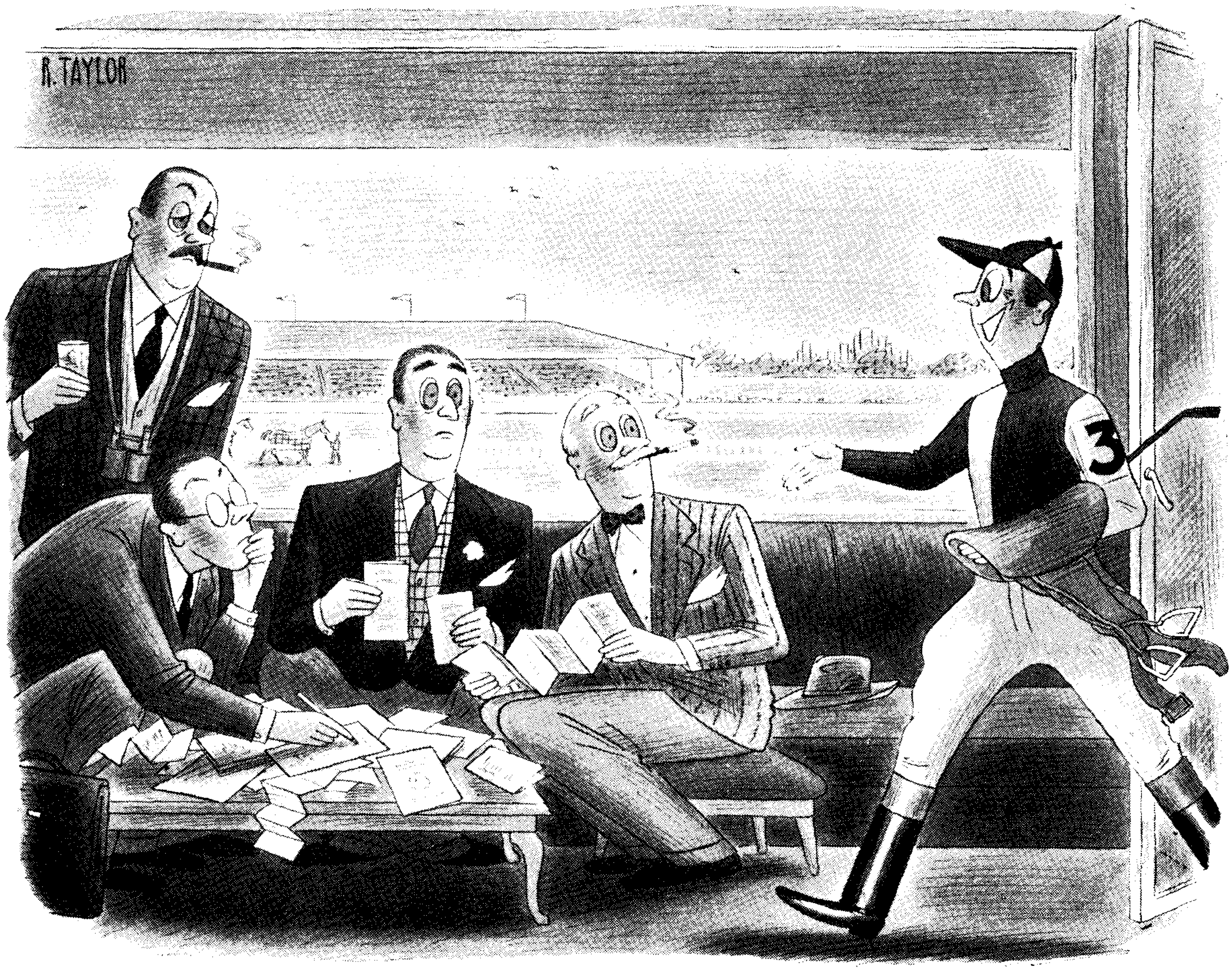
check on our progress. Like the civilian instructors, they were *verboten.*

Early one summer afternoon, when a group of us left Tucson, Arizona, where we had stopped for lunch on our way to Yuma, I noticed that my plane climbed sluggishly. I checked the cockpit and, finding all in order, concluded that the thinness of the hot air was to blame. I levelled off at seven thousand feet, and then settled back to enjoy some desert flying. My plane still wasn't making the speed it should, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it. It was a beautiful, hazily blue day, but hot, even at my altitude, and I opened the hatch and took my shirt off. (As it was summertime, we wore white shirts and tan slacks on our jaunts across the country.) About twenty minutes later, the captain who was shepherding the trip suddenly appeared in the sky beside me, and with his right hand made a thumb-down gesture. I couldn't understand it until I thought of my shirt. Hastily I put it back on. That didn't seem to be what he wanted, though, for he leaned over the side of the cockpit and looked down. I banked, first to the right and then to the left, and each time peered beneath me, but could see nothing except desert. I was baffled. Then he let down his wheels, and pointed to me and then to my plane. Did he want me to land, I wondered. Had the sight of a girl in a bra so maddened his senses that he wanted me to break the fraternization rule and descend to earth with him? Assuming that he did, I shook my head in a lady-like no, at the same time smiling to indicate that I was sorry. He raised his wheels and then lowered them again. I shook my head again. We flew along in this impasse for three or four minutes before it registered on me that he was trying to tell me *my* wheels were down. They, of course, were what had been holding my plane back, and should have occurred to me the first thing. I had retracted them on leaving Tucson, but they obviously hadn't locked and had fallen down again—a condition the indicator in the cockpit didn't indicate. The captain heaved a vast sigh of relief when I pulled them up, then shrugged his shoulders despairingly and flew off. I never saw *him* again, either. I took pains to keep out of his sight.

ONE day near the end of my training, which lasted seven months, I felt sure that romance was finally coming my way. Before my group started out on a cross-country trip, the Army pilot who was to accompany us—a lieu-



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tenant, this time—took me aside and whispered an authentic but illegal invitation to "do the town" with him that night: San Antonio, where we would be stopping. I eagerly accepted. On this flight, we trainees were to use PT-17s, our primary-training planes, the idea being, I guess, to make sure that we could, if necessary, get around without the radio and other conveniences of the advanced trainers we had recently been flying. I was glad to get back into the uncomplex PT-17, a two-wing, wire-strutted darling of a plane with an open cockpit, in which helmet and goggles are needed. It always gave me the excited feeling that I was one of the daring aces in that movie of the First World War, "Dawn Patrol."

The trip began exhilaratingly. I saw the lieutenant several times as he cruised back and forth over our course. His plane had a closed cockpit and full equipment, and he could have got to San Antonio in half the time we required, but he took his sheep-dogging seriously and stayed with us. During the middle of the afternoon, the inevitable Texas thunderstorms blossomed out of nowhere. There seemed to be an unusually large number of them—big ones and little ones, each soaking the patch of ground directly beneath it—but they were too widely scattered, I thought, to be dangerous. If they were low, I flew over them, or if they loomed too high, I flew to the right or the left of them, depending on which side looked clearer. It was not exactly as if I were mastering the elements, but I did have the sensation that I was, for the moment, outwitting them. Sometimes, however, in avoiding one storm by going to the left, say, I found that I couldn't get back on course immediately but first had to dodge another storm, and then another. After I'd been playing around like this for about an hour, and enjoying every minute of it, I realized I was lost.

The rain made map-reading difficult, and as I couldn't pick up a radio beam to guide me in, I went down low and hunted around until I found a railroad track running in the general direction of San Antonio. I followed this iron beam right into the city, located the field—an Army Air Force base—and landed in the rain, none the worse except for being wet. A few of the girls were already there, and the rest came straggling in during the next hour. Our good shepherd, though, despite his radio and faster, snugger plane, had yet to arrive. We were chortling over this when the operations officer called us together in his office and announced that

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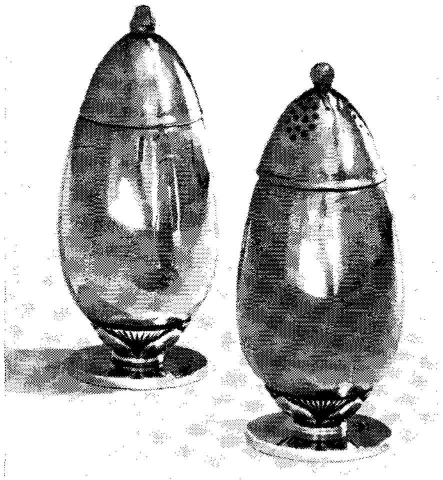

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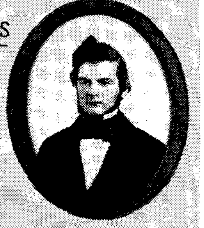

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we had, one and all, used very poor judgment. We should not have come through the storms, he scolded; we should have turned back to an alternate field. The lieutenant, he said, had radioed in to San Antonio and, on being told the weather was bad in that area, had prudently set his plane down at a field some fifty miles away, and was there now, waiting for things to blow over.

The other girls went gaily off to a hotel, where we were to have adjoining rooms for the night, while I remained at the field. The weather was still bad, but it wasn't that bad. With each hour that passed, my date seemed to me more and more timid, even cowardly. I gave up about ten-thirty, went to my hotel room, poured myself something stiff, and sat staring morosely out over the lights of the city. My classmates had all acquired dates, San Antonio being surrounded by Army fields, and the first of the girls returned at 2 A.M., the last at 3:45. They didn't spare me. Each one felt she must come to my room and go over every detail, down to the simple joy of having cigarettes lit for her.

The lieutenant never got to San Antonio. We met him the following day in Brownsville, our next stop. He told me he was so sorry that the weather had prevented his keeping our engagement. If I'd known how to curl my lip, I certainly would have.

THE stewardess in the film I saw confided to one of her suitors that she never seemed to feel quite alive unless she was in the air. I *thought* I felt wholly alive even when I wasn't in a plane, but subconsciously I must have shared something of her philosophy, because on one disastrous occasion I took a perfectly good ground romance and tried to transfer it aloft. This happened when I had graduated from training school and was stationed at a large and humid Army field in Mississippi, where a few other Wasps and I washed aerial dishes contentedly, except on those days when we were plunged into gloom by reading newspaper dispatches about Russian lady pilots shooting down German planes. The long drought of men was over; at this field they actually outnumbered us two hundred to one, and as we were no longer schoolgirls, we were free to have dates with them. So favorable were these circumstances that I was able to attract an exceedingly comely young pilot, whom I loved both to look at and to talk to. One night on the banks of the Mississippi, emboldened by the soft breeze and the moonlight, I asked him if some afternoon we might

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take a plane up together. He didn't say no, but somehow each time in the next week or so when I tried to arrange a flight, he was unavailable. Then, as was always happening in those days, he was transferred, to a base in Missouri, where he was to stay for three weeks before being sent to India.

One weekend of those three weeks he saved to visit his home, in Kansas City, and he invited me there to meet his parents. This was encouraging, because an inspection by the family is often that last step before a proposal, and on Saturday I flew north. I knew he would be at the airport to greet me, so as I approached the field, I summoned all my skill, and under his very eyes I made the most exquisite landing I have ever made. When I stepped out of my plane, in my well-fitting slacks of dark blue with matching battle jacket, he seemed impressed. Then he drove me to his home, and his parents and I got along splendidly, and I might have eventually become related to them if it hadn't been for my plan. My plan was to fly their son back to his base on Sunday afternoon.

The general feeling then among male members of the Army Air Corps was that when it came right down to it, they would just as soon stay out of planes flown by Wasps. Although my boy had avoided flying with me in Mississippi, I hadn't thought that he really felt that way, but at dinner Saturday night, when put to the test, he proved to be no exception. The parents were for my scheme, because it meant the difference between his leaving at noon the next day by bus, with a twelve-hour ride ahead of him, and his leaving late in the afternoon with me on only a two-hour trip. They emphasized the goodies to be had if he stayed for Sunday dinner. I pressed this advantage, and at length he consented to accompany me.

Sunday dinner was as savory as the parents had promised, and about five o'clock we all went out to the field. While he stayed with his mother and father, answering last-minute questions, I went to the operations office to have my flight cleared. On the standard form, I wrote down his base as my first destination, and his name as my passenger, and filled in twenty-seven other spaces. Then I went to the weather office and learned that the prediction was everything a romantic girl could ask, and walked back to operations for the signature of the operations officer.

As he was signing his name on the form, he chanced to say, "You've got a parachute for your passenger, haven't you?" It was one of those routine questions that take for granted the answer

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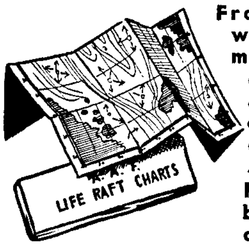

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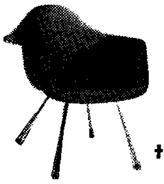

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"Yes." I said "No," partly because I didn't have one and partly because I thought I could get around him. Of course, I should have brought along an extra chute from my own base, but that forethought simply hadn't entered my head, so addled was it by the prospect of flying with *him*.

"Then I can't let you take a passenger," the operations officer said. "You know the regulations."

"Oh, come on," I coaxed. "If I'd said I had one for him out in the plane, you'd never have known the difference."

"That's perfectly true," he said primly, "but since I do know you haven't got one, I can't let you take him."

He was what used to be known as a "dull tool." In quick succession, I tried several supposedly infallible Wasp wiles on him, and they left him cold.

"Then let me borrow a parachute from here," I said. "I'll send it back, or I'll bring it back myself if you want. I promise."

"Nothing doing," he replied, and went on to explain that the field had only a small store of reserve chutes and had recently lent several that had not been returned. He said he had no intention of lending any more now.

With my great plan disintegrating, I became genuinely distressed. "Couldn't you make an exception in my case and lend me one?" I begged. "It's very important and— and *personal*."

In answer, the operations officer crumpled up the clearance form and threw it in a wastebasket.

The parents, when I broke the news, took a cool view of my bungling, and the boy, faced with a twelve-hour bus ride after all, not to mention getting back long after his pass had expired, kissed me goodbye quite severely. So there was another one I never saw again, though I did my best to make amends by relieving him of his heavy luggage, and stopping off to leave it at his base, a desolate tar-paper-shack affair. Then I headed for home. The evening was glorious. I had only to sit back and follow the Mississippi. With the air smooth and cool, the stars pale, and the river flashing in the moonlight, the scene was enough to make any man pop the question.

It is true that other Wasps had better luck than I and, like the cinema stewardess, found their men in the air. When I finally did find mine, he was on a beach. He had flown only once in his life, and hated it so much that I don't think he would go up again if he were offered a movie contract.

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WHATEVER your views on larceny, I'm sure you will enjoy "The Lavender Hill Mob," a British film that has as its central figure a modest, soft-spoken employee of the Bank of England who, after thinking the matter over for twenty years, finally figures out a method of pinching a million pounds in gold from his trusting superiors. As played by Alec Guinness, the crooked hero of the picture is so gently disarming that it is impossible not to cheer him on as he goes about making monkeys of all the cops in England.

The system Mr. Guinness employs in acquiring the loot seems at first a trifle crude; while serving as guardian of a truckload of gold, he has a trio of confederates stage a holdup in which he appears to be their unfortunate victim. Once he has the gold, however, he proves himself damnably ingenious by arranging to have it shipped to France in the form of souvenir models of the Eiffel Tower. Regrettably, half a dozen of the models are sold to some English schoolgirls before he and a colleague can get to France to take over the supply. On the ground that it would be a dangerous business to have solid-gold souvenirs passed around back home, Mr. Guinness and his pal chase the young ladies to England, and before all the Eiffel Towers have been retrieved, "The Lavender Hill Mob" has plunged into some of the broadest cops-and-robbers slapstick that you've encountered in the movies since Mack Sennett retired the Keystone boys. As one who has had to sit through all kinds of solemn cinema treatises on modern police methods, I found it quite entertaining to watch a crowd of Scotland Yard operatives, up to their ears in gadgets, being hopelessly confused by Mr. Guinness's adroit maneuvers, one of which has to do with stealing a radio car and sending all the motorized police around in a maze of baffled circles. Produced by Michael Balcon, whose "Tight Little Island" you may remember with pleasure, "The Lavender Hill Mob" includes in its cast, along with Mr. Guinness, the redoubtable Stanley Holloway. His performance as a souvenir manufacturer with aspirations to become a sculptor is only a slight cut below that of Mr. Guinness.

"THE WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS," which was produced by Louis de Rochemont and directed by Robert Siodmak, is an attempt to describe the difficulties of labor and management in terms of a small industry in New England. The troubles of the outfit in question are basic: it can't meet competitors' prices unless it installs machines to cut down its payroll, and if it does that, half the town where it is located will have to go on the bread line. After a good deal of footless backing and filling, in the course of which a young labor leader gets to be head of the firm, it turns out that the villains of the picture are a hard-shelled production manager, who doesn't want to give the workers anything, and a sinister radical, who keeps yelling "Strike!" whether or not such a move is going to do anybody any good. When these two get together to make common cause against the headman, it's hard to believe in the logic of the events in "The Whistle at Eaton Falls," and when a bright adolescent in the vineyard comes up with a design for a pie cutter that is suitable—don't ask me why—for making television parts, the picture goes blandly to pieces. In his usual documentary style, Mr. de Rochemont has used many New England residents in his cast and has photographed his film right in the New Hampshire town where he lives. Among the professionals on hand are Lloyd Bridges and Dorothy Gish, the former playing the labor leader who becomes president, the latter the kindly lady who gives him the job.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Brenda Frazier and husband J. Sims Kelly dined together, spoiling all the items.—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror, Oct. 2nd.*

Brenda Frazier entered an East Side nite spot on the arm of Count Vava Adlerburg minutes after her spouse, Shipwreck Kelly, had exited with Rosemary Reachi, in case you want to make something of it. —*Danton Walker in the News, same day.*

We don't, but maybe Winchell does.

•

WHISTLES WE DOUBT EVER GOT WHISTLED

[*From the Toronto Star*]

"Newfoundland was never like this," whistled Barbara Goodyear, 17, from Grand Falls in the island province. "They just don't stop for the girls crossing. The people in this part of Canada seem to have no manners at all."

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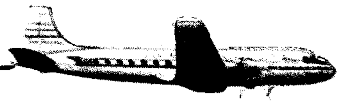

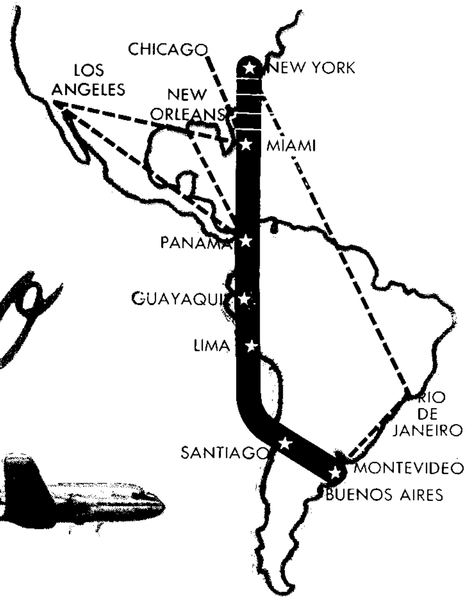
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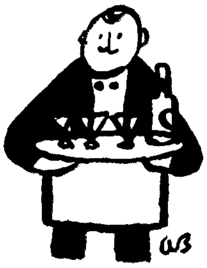

Kay Thompson and her assistants, the four Williams Brothers, who are as alike as four protons, bounce around every night but Sunday in the Plaza's Persian Room, one of the best-equipped cyclotrons in town. Miss Thompson, whom you may remember from her last appearance in New York, two years ago, is as long, as thin, and as elegant as ever. She wears perfectly tailored gray slacks, a smart white jersey, and a chic grin, and her hair, a silvery blond, is drawn tightly to the back of her head. By way of contrast, the four brothers wear dark suits. Miss Thompson starts right off, after she and the boys have smashed a rhythmical "hello" number to bits, by stretching her arms wide and observing, in a delightfully mannered way, just how wonderful it is to be alive. A great many entertainers try, with transparent charm, to create this atmosphere of well-being, but Miss Thompson, proudly professional and not in the least interested in the euphoria of her audience, goes on from creation to demonstration, in terms of song and movement. Her act has a bright, theatrical finish that is most gratifying, and while it can often be hopefully said of some night-club performers that "Well, they certainly worked hard," the rarer acknowledgment that the performers have also achieved what they were working for can be made about Miss Thompson and her cohorts.

The team operates with precision of the neatest sort. They take a simple song or story and, by means of striking dance patterns and a superb sense of rhythm, give it dazzling impact. "Jubilee Time," essentially nothing more than a clap-hands number, is broken up into flashing patterns of movement, interspersed with darting little spoken comments, and then put back together for a straightforward, hand-clapping finale, the five entertainers advancing in rhythmic unison across the room. As an example of their technique with a story, consider the account of a would-be ballerina whose wealthy patron can't get her into the Sadler's Wells outfit, even after an audition for both Mr. Sadler and Mr. Wells, until he buys out the company. While Miss Thompson prances, starry-eyed, through the measures of the story-in-song, the four men become caricatures of the various persons involved. In like vein, there's a story about show business and the trials of a too easily accessible young lady. Then, while all five glide gracefully about the floor, sometimes arm in arm and sometimes in opposite directions, they sing a trivial but catchy little song entitled " 'Bout You 'n' Me" in a disarmingly offhand manner, and after that they slip off. The effect of all this is more exhilarating than one would expect, and when they've gone, you're likely to have the very satisfactory feeling of having been thoroughly entertained by five people who know what they're doing. I should mention, too, the troupe's neat musical arrangements, excellently played by Dick La Salle's orchestra, which makes music for dancing at other times throughout the evening.

Peter Lind Hayes and his wife, the pleasant-voiced Mary Healy, are currently appearing at supper in the new Empire Room (the old Wedgwood Room) of the Waldorf-Astoria. The husband-and-wife routine is a cliché of modern entertainment, but Hayes, maintaining a proper aesthetic distance, does not belabor the relationship. Furthermore, unlike so many of his fellow-comedians, he refrains from climbing into his audience's lap in search of an affection he cannot find at Lindy's or the Gaiety Delicatessen. He goes about his work intelligently and enjoyably, and with a fine detachment. He's a first-class mimic, with a remarkably rich and expressive voice, and whatever you may think of the validity of mimicry as a form of entertainment, you will probably agree that he is better than most of his tribe at making devastating observations on movie gangsters, the art of manly baritones, and other familiar objects of ridicule.

Of Hayes' comments on the passing scene, one of the most refreshing, the night I saw him, was a turn he did in the role of a sozzled night-club customer. Announcing that his wife was about to sing "Stardust," he stalked off the floor into the dimness, and for a moment I had the distressed feeling that she actually *was* going to sing "Stardust." Well, she did, in a way, but not without travail, for Hayes, from a table in the shadows, began to complain about the temperature of his beer in a high-pitched querulous voice, carried on

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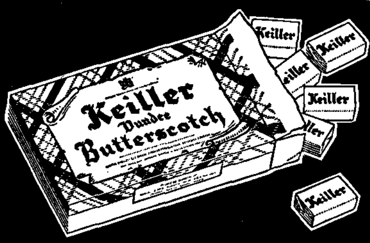

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an alarming conversation with an imaginary female companion, asked for "another glass of Hadacol," and demanded his check. Later, he and his wife slandered such struggling fellow-artists as Russell Nype, Ethel Merman, Mario Lanza, Judy Holliday, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Yul Brynner, and Gertrude Lawrence. Miss Healy is less artful than her husband, and there may be too much of her in the act, but she's admirably decorative and a useful foil. Mata and Hari, a pair of satiric dancers who are far superior to the usual run of dance teams that precede featured acts in cafés, come on before Healy and Hayes.

The new room in the Waldorf differs from the old one in that the canopy over the bandstand has been raised, new wall brackets and candelabra have been installed, and the walls have been painted a warm yellow, which appears gold in the flattering light. All in all, I'd say the place is more cheerful than it used to be.

A SLENDER, dark-haired, composed young woman named Hélène François sings French songs in a tremulous soprano twice a night in the Carnaval Room of the Sherry-Netherland. Fortunately, her choice of songs is good, her program comprising some of the more melodious and appealing of the popular chansons, for Miss François is actually no more than a nice-looking young woman with a parlor voice and a beguiling air of refinement. The room itself, to which I was paying a first visit, is rather startlingly decorated. The walls, in red and white stripes, give the impression of the inside of a tent, and stags' heads, busts of Victorian blackamoors, and plumed helmets stick out all over the place. I was very agreeably surprised to discover, listening to Hugo Pedell's dance band, that its repertory consists of a much more discriminating selection of show tunes—many of them rarely heard elsewhere—than most bands of its kind put forth. —D. W.

•

The slaughter of rabbits, squirrels, birds, skunks, possums, muskrats, and turtles is terrific, the total dying under car wheels far more than may be taken during the open seasons. The small animals and birds do jump out unexpectedly at times but they can escape if the driver will only use a little care. A few seconds lost in a stop to let a squirrel or rabbit hike for the roadside grass and brush is by no means time wasted.—*Nyack Journal-News.*

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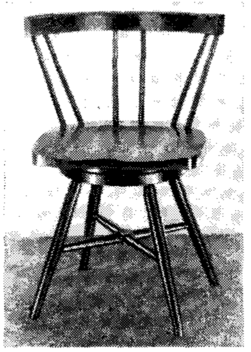

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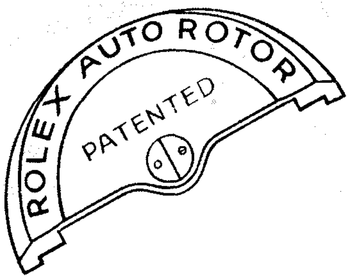

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

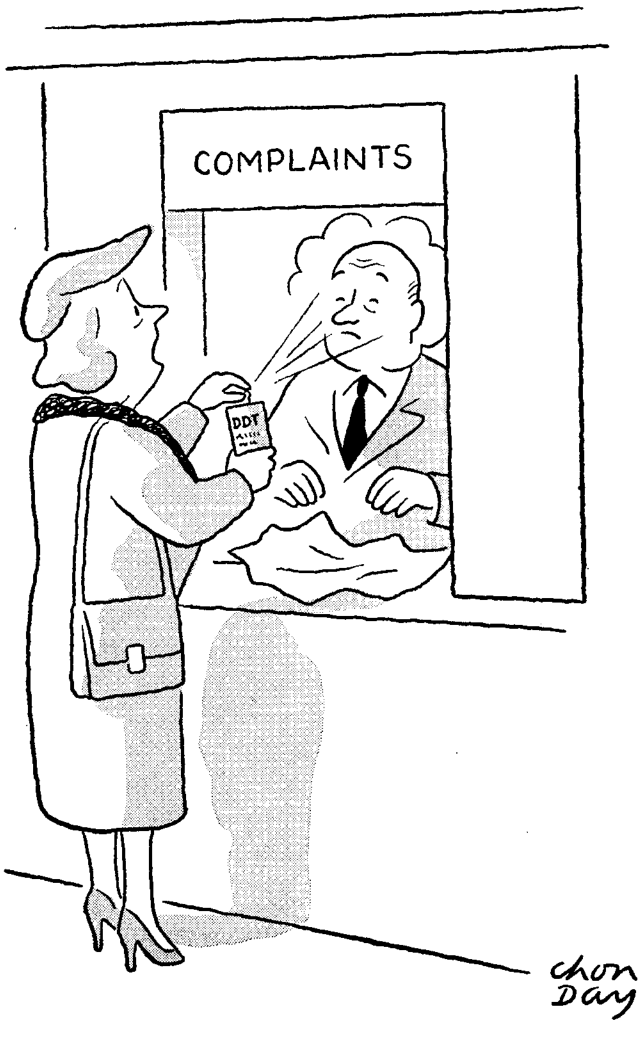
FEMININE FASHIONS

A BRISK canter through the new collections of custom furs around town reveals plenty of folderol, but there are practical things, too. The most obvious (as well as the most alluring) is the spate of blond, deep-pile furs that has burst upon the scene. No one can guess their origin, so vigorously have they been plucked, sheared, bleached, and dyed into honey shades. In keeping with the prevailing informal attitude toward furs, many furs have been cut on polo-coat lines, with patch pockets and flaring revers and all, but even these would, because of their color, look perfectly all right at a cocktail party. Not only that, but they are equally suitable for a takeoff from LaGuardia in a blizzard and a dégagé arrival in Florida, and working girls can wear them day and night without a second thought, either in the all-purpose thirty-inch jacket length or longer. Otter dyed a rosy beige is the heaviest in weight and the smoothest and most opulent in appearance. There are also blond nutrias, beavers, sheared raccoon, opossum, and clipped fox, the last of which is Esther Dorothy's, and the spongiest and the lightest. (A huge greatcoat of it weighs just over three pounds.) The beige otter is all over, but every custom house seems to have a different opinion of the comparative virtues of the other furs.

Light-toned furs have also entered the more formal field. Revillon loves brown ermine (or what the customer calls summer ermine) because it's soft and light, and makes it into a full-length coat with the collar folded forward to produce a calla-lily effect. Bendel has brought back caracul, dyed a soft taupe and almost as fine as broadtail in texture. This is turned into a longish loose jacket with a tuxedo collar that widens toward the hem. Then, there are revivals of beige and off-white broadtail to tie in with the new fondness for light-hued winter cocktail dresses. It reminds one of the florid days of the Great Ziegfeld. Hermè has a full-length beige broadtail coat with a band collar and large sleeves, ending in small cuffs that are, however, wide enough to push up into the semblance of bloused cape sleeves. (The push-up sleeve is almost universal, and it's a handy way of transforming day coats into evening ones. The cuff that turns back to bare the arm right up to the elbow is still around, too.) Another Hermè dish is of off-white broadtail, collarless and cut like a brunch coat except for the big sable cuffs. Esther Dorothy, who conducts some of her adventures in fur with her tongue in her cheek, looks as if she had the mumps when she starts fooling with her twisted "complexion" boas of fox dyed in face-powder colors.

Still, as has just been pointed out, an uncluttered cut is the mood of the day. The best Alaska sealskin is no longer in the old-lady class (except when it gets itself combined with such furs as Persian), and it relies on sweeping or fitted line for its appeal. Bergdorf is one of many who feel that this fur is as flattering as black velvet and treat it with such devious simplicity that it looks as at home over suits as it does over formal short dresses. Jackets and cape jackets around twenty-seven inches long are in high favor as a complement to full skirts at any time of day, and stoles and cape stoles are still with us. As for full-length jobs, the flaring greatcoat and the fitted coat remain neck and neck. Revillon, however, reports an inclination toward three-quarter coats, which makes sense to me; those big, full-backed coats are all very well when the wearer is standing up, but when she sits down, she can sweep taxi floors clean, not to mention providing soft footing for waiters when she has tossed her coat over her chair in a restaurant. Collars on the full-backed coats are likely to be small and sleeves are likely to be enormous; an Esther Dorothy one of mink has sleeves that dangle way below the tips of the fingers and then roll back like mad. The pyramid shape, which has such a doleful effect on women of all statures, has disappeared, but all over the town seams can still be dropped a good four inches or more below the shoulder tip. The shoulder line above them is rounded, though, instead of slanting. Even when the sleeves taper to comparatively narrow band cuffs, the cuffs can be pushed to the elbows. All sleeves are deep under the arms. For instance, there's Patou's "chicken leg" sleeve, which is close kin to the batwing sleeve we know so well—very wide under the arm and growing slim toward the wrist. Gunther Jaeckel also like this idea. And, whatever the length of full coats, the favored treatment in back is a wide, flat panel, with fullness folded under at each side.

The cocoon silhouette is also around, though more tentatively. The newest version, thought up by Fath and



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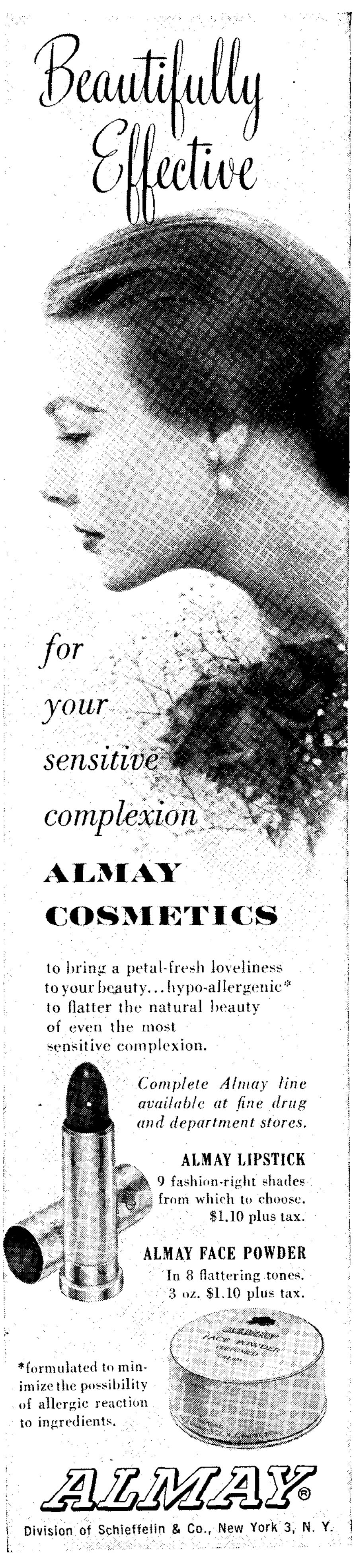

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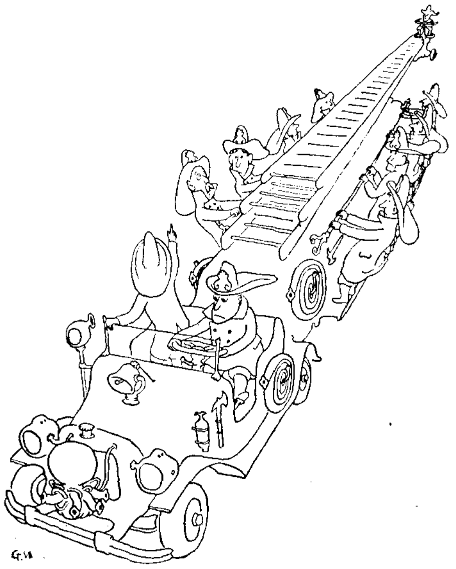
shown at Gunther Jaeckel, is of blond otter or regulation nutria. It's straight and narrow, huddling around the body and cupping at the knees, below which slits at the sides allow the owner to walk. Maximilian has a tubular coat, thin as a flute, of matara seal; there's a little shawl collar, and vast, tortoise-type buttons slant down the front. Other coats that cry out to be wrapped like a cocoon are about town, but most houses are chary about using an exaggerated barrel silhouette, considering it too extreme for expensive furs. Not Maximilian, though. He makes what is practically a circle of black Alaska sealskin that cups in at the rear just above the knees and wraps upward in front, where the closing has to be held in place by you. A big segment of the fur is turned back to make an off-the-shoulder shawl collar or to huddle around the throat. The armholes have cuff detail. Bergdorf and Hermè have more conservative barrel shapes—Persian-lamb or brown broadtail jackets cutting in a bit below the hips in back—with a definite hint of Balenciaga.

All the big furriers are dabbling in cape-stole jackets. The cape backs of these, which dip below the waist, look bloused, either because they are attached to the back of small sleeves or because they curve up over the elbows toward the armpits there; waist-length stole ends dangle in front, waiting to be wrapped where an Empire waistline would be. Maximilian has a beauty in white mink, but more humble furs, like Hudson seal, are not snubbed anywhere. Bergdorf has bolero-length jackets of black Alaska or nutria with sleeves that make them considerably wider than they are deep. This house also cherishes a double-breasted bolero of black satiny broadtail with jet buttons. It looks like part of the dress it covers when worn closed, but is charming worn hanging open.

Everyone has collectors' items in mink of every hue, and everyone shows beautiful linings of French or Italian silks. Broadtail, fine as satin brocade, is coming in quantity from Afghanistan, looking magnificent cut on fitted coat-dress lines at Alfred Rainer, Bendel, and Maximilian. But we can take this sort of thing for granted in the big houses, so let us move on to some shopping notes on other subjects.

AT Gunther Jaeckel, a handsome fitted Dior coat of black Persian broadtail has a flaring military collar, slanting military pockets high on the chest, and a princesse line through the body, emphasized by slanting hip pockets. The sleeves have deep armholes but are otherwise moderate in width, and the cuffs are turn-back and wide. Gunther likes a heavy broadtail that is fine enough to reveal its brocade markings but sturdy enough to stare Persian in the face; this makes a full-length coat with a Dior collar that goes up to the tip of the nose or turns over into a cuff to frame the jawline. A turn-of-the-century Paquin cape, shown in wild mink, is one of those waist-length stole-front numbers, with the armholes in the cape back surrounded by rosette detail.

HATTIE CARNEGIE, always deceptively informal with formal fabrics and furs, has gone and decorated Russian broadtail with naïve-looking looped fringe that turns out to be the fur itself, rolled and hand-sewn. It appears, for example, on the crescent pockets of a round-necked, fitted coat with fur yoke detail. This has a dropped shoulder with an inverted pleat outside the arm to make it full before it tapers into a cuff. Fur loops decorate a giant broadtail shawl that can be worn high across the front and draped in back, as well as in more conventional ways. Another Carnegie trick is round schoolboy collars reinforced to stand away from the neck. She uses them on coats of mink and on a reversible coat of matara seal and pink fleece with dropped shoulders and fullness below. This sort of collar also appears on a coat of broadtail with a black velvet yoke and velvet on the embroidered patch pockets. Then, she does wonders with black American broadtail, as in a full-length coat with a double-breasted top and a pea-jacket fold below the waist in front, complete with side pockets. The same fur makes a tapering coat with a wide, flat collar



curled up a bit along the edge at the sides and considerably in back to frame the face and neck. American broadtail also makes jackets cut as crisply as those of her fabric suits, often with faille detail to emphasize the nipped-look waistline. Carnegie approves of beige otter and sheared baby raccoon for casual travel and sports coats, by the way. A Christmas special is merry indeed—a choker of two platina foxtails fastened by two paws, for $24, tax and label included.

REVILLON is doing exceptionally wearable and untricky stuff this year. This establishment adores three-quarter coats, as has already been remarked, of broadtail, Somali leopard, or gray Persian, and it manages to make a tuxedo collar look distinctive by using overlapping collar detail or other devices. Most of the tuxedos can fold forward to allow for cocoon wrapping of the coats. Sometimes tuxedo fronts are pulled in between the breasts with a gold chain and released to widen toward the hem. Another tuxedo front adorns a greatcoat of matara that neither flares in back nor has that wide, flat panel; it's gored, like many other coats here, and it looks good. For utter luxury, there's a reversible box jacket of black broadtail and white ermine with mandarin slits up the sides. The darkest possible mink, with an actual bluish cast, makes a coat that is all sunburst seams, with a collar that is high in back and a double fold in front. Sleeves with detail flaring on the outside of the forearm, sometimes working out from the cuff and sometimes consisting of attached fins, are popular around here. And let's not forget the "typical" Revillon silhouette, now done in black Persian. The fur is in bands on black suède graduating from narrow to wide as they descend to make the bell skirt. The trim top is buttoned, coat-dress style, and has moderate sleeves and a collar arching toward the ears.

MAXIMILIAN'S travel coats are sometimes of fleecy beige otter, equipped with patch pockets in sports style. In some of his reversible coats this fur is combined with beige wool, in which case there is a deep, schoolgirl turnover collar. A new color for this otter is called oystershell, though it's really slightly grayish nutria in hue. This makes a slender coat that is not at all sporty, being slit in back and endowed with leg-of-mutton sleeves of bracelet length. As for two-fur combinations, there's an opulent wide,

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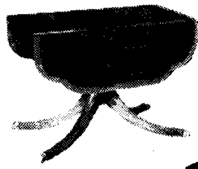

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wide stole that is mink on one side and white ermine on the other. Those who want their furs straight might inspect a beauty of a stole in white mink, four skins wide, with slits between the first and second skins on the shoulders to pull the ends through for elaborate wrapping.

And as for variations on the cape-stole jacket, there are several at Alfred Rainer that merit attention. He has never forgotten the glories of Norwegian blue fox, and he converts it into a bolero that is just below waist length, with cape sleeves that can be hooked together under the arms to look like real ones. A cape-back job of black Persian has fairly long stole ends that can be snapped back on themselves to resemble a muff, and wide bands of broadtail held together by openwork bands of ribbon braid make big stoles. Box jackets that are perfect with suits are a Rainer specialty. One, of brown Persian, has a turnover collar, that wide panel back, and dolman sleeves; another, of gray broadtail, is flat front and back and has cuffs that unbutton so that the sleeves can be pushed up for evening. To wear with full-skirted dresses, there's a coat of Hudson seal, waist length and with enormous elbow sleeves. Those who want to be regal at night should write Santa Claus for a bloused cape of black broadtail whose shawl collar of white mink is all ready to be huddled high on the midriff. Pulled together, this one has a rather definite barrel line. For sports, travel, and day-in, day-out service, there's a three-quarter coat of beige baby raccoon. Rainer's great love, though, is still natural river otter, sleek, soft, waterproof, and durable, in a warm tobacco color. It makes box jackets and one of his famous coachman coats, fitted and belted, with a circular hem. Black or brown Persian provides the shawl collars and cuffs of these.

Hermè's recent activities include stoles of mink on pleated chiffon, as well as some, extending to the knee on each side, of Norwegian beige-gray fox. A pleated fan of taffeta appears between the skins of these at their oval ends. Another stole is of royal pastel mink on chiffon, and the skins are worked to give the effect of a collar fold around the shoulders. For polo-coat types, he uses palomino-dyed beaver, three-quarter length, with patch pockets; his flaring, full-length ski coat is of sleek natural unplucked river otter in tobacco. His full-length mink coats for small women just have to be seen; a more easily described stunt is a coat of matara seal, full length and with a cape back, that completely encircles you but gives plenty of freedom. In front, it is a tube; a cape comes forward over the shoulders to shelter the upper arm; the cape back is attached to the coat at the side seams. Another fancy is a monk coat, collarless, like a cassock, and straight in front but full in back. This is shown in black Persian lamb with two-inch bands of braid down the front.

Esther Dorothy is a special champion of the idea that full skirts require a fur jacket twenty-seven inches long. Her favorite is of mink skins worked horizontally; a vertical band of mink goes down the sides of the front and then curls to run horizontal, like the rest of the skins, around the back. She likes below-hip-length jackets of white nutria or blond sheared baby raccoon. Their collars have a snail curl of fur behind the high revers. A true pioneer in all sorts of beige or white plucked and sheared animals, she offers otter, nutria, opossum, baby raccoon, and clipped fox, all of which are hard to tell apart until you feel them. They make perfect dashing-around coats. A glamorous monkeyshine for women who already possess all those "basic" furs is a revival of Esther Dorothy's antics with coats of Afghan broadtail or Persian on black lace. These extravagant and lovely coats are usually collarless, straight, and dipping in back to the knees; the lace shows through in inch-wide transparent stripes, oval dips, or diamond patterns. Here, lessons in how to toss a stole or cape around in ways never thought possible are for free.

Bendel has a knockout coat of Hudson seal, with huge three-quarter sleeves below the dropped shoulders. The sleeves taper to cuffless wrists, and the back is flared. A fitted coat of Persian with a wide Johnny collar has semi-raglan sleeves, and deep, cuffed pockets on each hip. And a full-length mink coat looks as if the waistline were shirred with a drawstring, though it's really the tapering of the furs that creates the illusion. Mr. Dior is admired by Bendel, who, unlike a few people in the trade, is gentleman enough to acknowledge his indebtedness. Dior is especially noticeable in a straight jacket of Alaska seal with tapering dolman sleeves; it has those Chinese slits at the sides, and big buttons slant from the armpit outward down each side—an ideal jacket over suits.

Dior is also writ plain in a longish jacket of Alaska seal with deep slits and slash pockets at the sides, to provide admission to pockets placed *inside* the front panels.

—Lois Long

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Gadgets, Mostly

TWICE during the progress of the Italian fair on Herald Square, I mounted to Macy's fifth floor, notebook in hand, to observe and report on this cultural event. On both occasions, though—one was being celebrated as Calabria and Potenza Day, the other as Napoli Day—a great many customers had arrived ahead of me, and I got no farther than a booth where garlic presses were being sold, just inside the entrance. The first time, implicitly trusting the judgment of several million persons (presumably Calabrians and Potenzans) who were buying garlic presses at a terrific rate, I bought one—it cost ninety-four cents—and gave up trying to penetrate deeper into the crowd. By the time I visited the fair again, on Napoli Day, I had learned that a garlic press is an absolutely indispensable piece of kitchen equipment, and I didn't in the least mind being unable to get beyond the booth just inside the entrance. I now own *two* garlic presses, and I like to think they are as significant an indication of the Italian genius as any of the objects of art that I didn't get to see at the show. The advantages of this small instrument, which is made of cast aluminum and looks like a thimble-size potato ricer, are obvious: It makes it possible to get the exact intensity of garlic flavor desired; it eliminates the risk, so horrifying to the squeamish, of crunching down on that large piece of garlic that slipped off the fork and got lost in the sandwich spread; and, being dedicated to only one purpose, it needn't be subjected to a clinical disinfecting every time it is used. The presses can be

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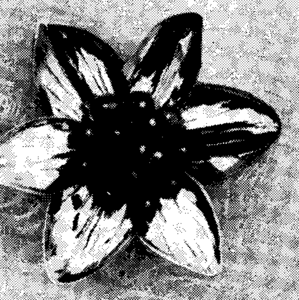

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New York 22, N. Y.

bought now in Macy's basement. Lewis & Conger and Stern have Italian garlic presses, for around $2, which both stores claim are "precision-made;" that should be gratifying to the garlic.

MIND you, I'm not a collector of kitchen gadgets; indeed, I'm convinced that nine and a half out of ten such trick appliances, instead of being allowed to clutter up the kitchen for a time before they take their place in the seldom-opened cupboards where flotsam of the kind usually comes to rest, would be better left in the hands of the affable ladies who demonstrate them in the stores. However, on recent expeditions I have run across a few devices that might be classified as gadgets but that do what they are supposed to very successfully. One of these is a utensil that not only doesn't add to a kitchen's clutter but actually reduces it—an aluminum teakettle, lately imported from Germany, that has generous proportions and a graceful design, and comes with a saucepan that fits snugly into its top; it is $4.98, at Macy. The combination provides a perfect double boiler and does away with the bother of storing—and, for that matter, paying for—the bottom part. It also provides something that is by no means easy to come by—an entirely satisfactory kettle. One characteristic of an entirely satisfactory kettle is, to my mind, a handle that can swing from side to side, and to judge by the intractable handles on most kettles nowadays, few of our own industrial designers recognize the importance of this simple action. In Germany, they evidently appreciate that the best way to prepare a teapot for brewing is not by scalding it but by putting the tea leaves in and heating the pot, leaves and all, over a bubbling kettle. The German model, what with its commodious opening and the handle that can be pushed out of the way, is just the thing for this. The only other moderate-priced kettle I have found with a compliant handle is a comfortable-looking chromium-plated one put out by the Revere Company and sold at Lewis & Conger, for $3.95; it doesn't have the double-boiler arrangement, though.

Several years ago, in these columns, I hailed the appearance of the Mouli grater, a small contraption for grating cheese, nuts, and so on. I have learned to cherish it as perhaps the most useful tool ever contrived. Now the same manufacturer has produced the Mouli mincer, for chopping parsley and other leafy herbs. The general run of cooks

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IN THE WHITE STONE POTS

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OF DUNDEE, SCOTLAND
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have probably lost as many fingers as I have chopping parsley with a knife, and it seems reasonable to suppose that this simple little mincer—all the Mouli products seem to operate with praiseworthy simplicity—will be as well thought of in other kitchens as it is in mine. It consists of an open-mouthed bin, into which the herbs are fed, and a slim crankshaft armed with four sets of stainless-steel blades, which chop the greens as the crank is turned. In the printed directions that come with the mincer, the manufacturer states that it will chop chives, but this I have found to be an unmerited claim; chives are just too fine to be caught by the rotating blades. With parsley, though, and even with dill, it performs splendidly. Since the mincers are snapped up almost as fast as they appear on the counters, it's difficult to say where they can be bought at any given moment; they're on hand, off and on, at most of the big stores, and cost around a dollar.

Although I am aware that a scouring pad—even a stainless-steel one that never rusts or splinters and that cleans pots and the inside of kitchen stoves with little soap and not much effort—leaves most audiences singularly unmoved, I tell myself that there must be somebody present whose imagination will be fired by just such a dependable household aid, made and sold by J. J. Connolly, of 457 West 40th Street. There are, I know, several other stainless-steel scouring sponges on the market, but I have found that they either are too bulky for easy handling or have some other disadvantage, whereas the Connolly pad strikes me as exactly right for the hardest kitchen scouring. It seems to wear forever—one has been in use in my kitchen, in the hands of a fiend for heavy cleaning, for more than six months and shows no signs of wearing out—but you will be well advised to order several (forty cents each, and five cents per pad for postage), for they are fine things to pass on to young friends who are just coming to intimate association with a dishpan.

EVERY so often, somebody designs a wallpaper for kitchen use; it is usually described by its manufacturer as "gay" or "amusing," and shows a pattern of radishes and cherries interspersed with saucepans, teapots, and an occasional little girl dressed up as a cook. It must, I think, have curdled many a sauce just by its depressing banality. Now Katzenbach & Warren, of 575 Madison Avenue (57th), have come out with a new paper that is really humorous and has, at the same time, such

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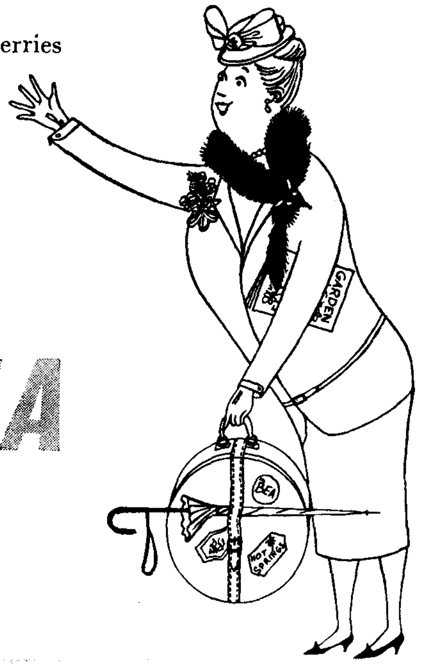

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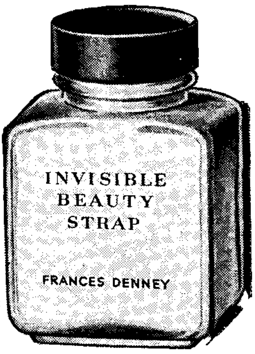
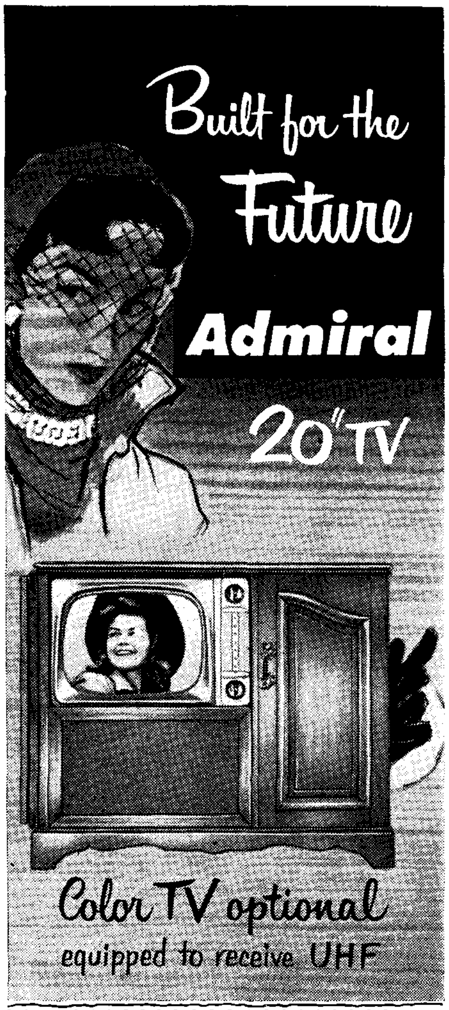


distinction that, as a decoration for a panel, or even for one entire wall, it ought to do almost any kitchen a world of good. The paper reproduces a score or so of Alice and Martin Provensen's enchanting illustrations for "The Fireside Cook Book," published last year by Simon & Schuster—a work that, whatever you may think of it as a culinary guide, is certainly one of the handsomest gastronomical picture books ever printed. The illustrations used on the wallpaper include some delightful arrangements of birds, game, and undersea life, and witty studies glorifying Italian *pasta*, a prize-winning beef at a country fair, and a French *bistro*. It costs $3.75 a single roll, through decorators, at K. & W. and, direct to the customer, at W. & J. Sloane, Altman, and Macy.

ANYBODY who does home canning, or even stores things in non-transparent containers—tin canisters, blanket boxes, dress cartons, and the like—should find a new sort of adhesive marking tape, called Labelon, a great convenience. This tape, which comes in eleven-yard rolls—they work on the same sort of dispenser that clips off lengths of Scotch Tape, and two rolls and a dispenser cost $3.70, at Hammacher Schlemmer—is made of a half-inch paper ribbon sandwiched between two layers of acetate. One layer can be written on with pen, pencil, or typewriter, and the other will adhere to any smooth surface—metal, glass, paper, plastic, wood, or whatever. The acetate is guaranteed to be waterproof, acid-proof, and mildewproof, all of which, of course, makes Labelon especially useful for marking preserve and pickle jars.

A BRAND-NEW import, warranted to put the final touch of perfection on any bout of fall housecleaning, is the first consignment of Saint's Satin Wax ever shipped from England. This is an almost magic polish, which has the fresh, clean smell of beeswax and lavender, and not only imparts to furniture a shine that a professional cabinetmaker would be proud of but does a fine job on leather as well. It comes in solid form and costs $1.50 a tin, at Saint of Sloane Street, 170 East 51st Street. By mail, it is $1.75 a tin.

LET us now take a brief retrospective look at the third annual National Homefurnishings Show, held recently at Grand Central Palace. Although the exhibit seemed to me to lack the style



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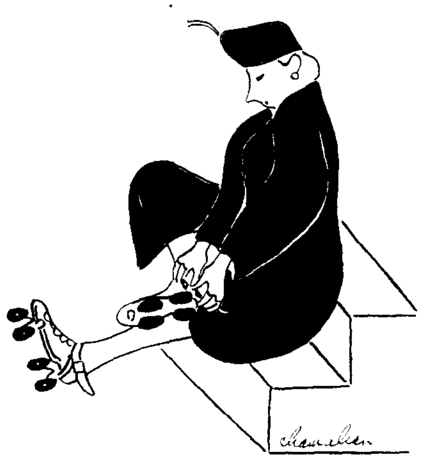
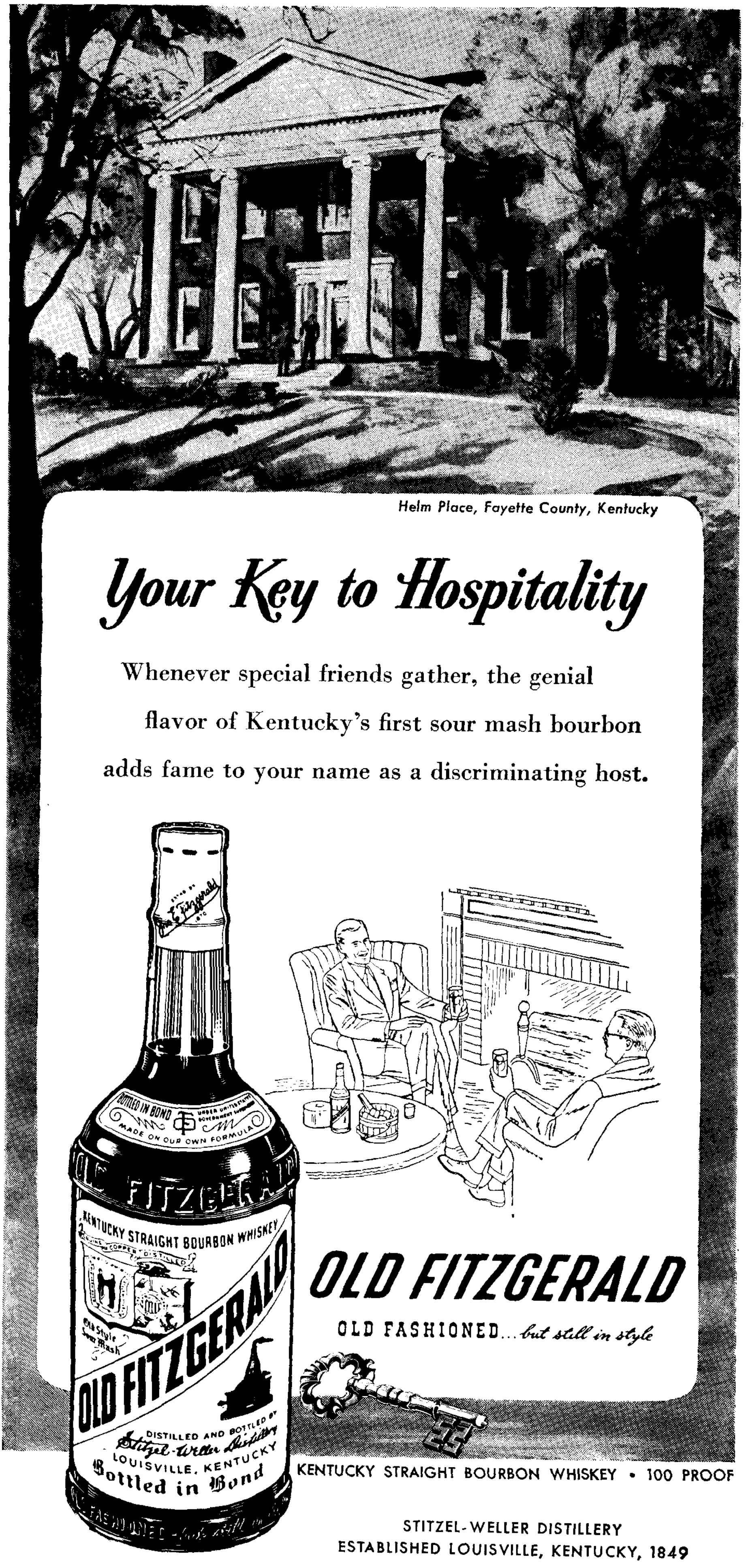
and inspiration of last year's performance, which held an exciting promise of new, imaginative forms, there were on view a certain number of objects and arrangements useful enough or beautiful enough to make it worth the while of the shopper who missed out on the show to look them up on their home grounds.

To start with a particularly pleasing example, I'd like to draw your attention to an overstuffed love seat shown by Finland House, 40 East 50th Street. The upholstery is a heavy slate-blue linen, contrasting effectively with Finland's inevitable pale birch, of which the short legs are made. A large easy chair that more or less goes with the sofa has the same linen on the seat and on the inside of the back; the outside is covered with a narrow-striped material in two shades of gray. The love seat is $250 in muslin (about $25 extra for the upholstery I mentioned), and the chair $145 in muslin (about $12.50 for the upholstery). Also at Finland House are two impressive Paavo Tynell wall lights, which consist of heavy brass brackets holding sizable translucent shades, and provide a nice indirect light; they were used as a pair in the show but they are sold individually, at $102 apiece. . . . A simple, good-looking reading light, with a horseshoe-shaped wrought-iron base, a curving polished-brass standard, and a large, mushroom-shaped black metal reflector, can be had, through decorators, at Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street, for $23.50. . . . At the Dunbar display, there was nothing I had not already seen and admired, but such pieces as the Dunbar oval drop-leaf dining table, made of American walnut, and the matching chairs, are things that never cease to give pleasure. The table is sold, through decorators, at the Dunbar showrooms, 305 East 63rd Street, for $420; the side chairs are $160 in muslin, and chairs with arms are $220. . . . Plus Studio, of 713 Mad-

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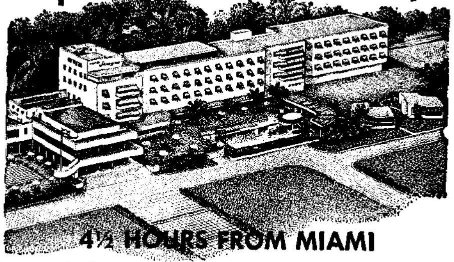

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ison Avenue (63rd), showed a sort of gate-leg table with a ragged-edged, free-form pink marble top, which makes an attractive and arresting piece of furniture—not just an eccentric-looking one, as you might think. It stands twenty-seven inches high, is fifty-five inches at its broadest point, and costs $250. . . . New Design, 33 East 75th Street, put forward a more conventional but very handsome coffee-colored marble-topped table—a round one—set on a black metal pedestal; it is $180. The shop also showed an excellent Bahus chair ($140.90 in muslin), just arrived from Norway. . . . From Piazza, 217 East 49th Street, there was a new Italian armchair, both comfortable and decorative, with an exaggeratedly large rush seat, a black-lacquer frame, and a back consisting of rush-covered horizontal slats. This is $38.50, and, like most of Piazza's Italian chairs, is of birch and is extremely light. . . . Among the inexpensive furnishings at Grand Central Palace were some commendable new pieces by Klaus Grabe, of 719 Lexington Avenue (58th); he turns out a practical "jointlock" series, which gets its name from the ingenious way the component parts are fitted together. The series includes a rectangular dining table with a walnut top and birch legs, at $58; a mahogany cabinet with sliding doors, at $170; and an agreeable armless chair, at $39.50.

The exhibition contained a number of room settings arranged by decorators, in which the frequent intrusion of a rich, or even flashy, note may or may not indicate a trend. Against lush backgrounds—not the least bit Victorian in feeling—of pale satins, gilt, and marble there sprouted such a profusion of bibelots as hasn't been admitted into polite living rooms since the end of the old Queen's reign. Not that the knickknacks on display were the same as those our grandmothers collected; now it's driftwood, *pietra dura*, Venetian glass figurines, Danish ceramics, and California statuettes instead of Dresden shepherdesses, silver photograph frames, and such. What it all signifies, you won't catch me hazarding even a guess. There were two living rooms, though, that were as far removed as possible from the overstuffed elegance of most of the exhibits. One, simple and eminently comfortable, was arranged by Dan Cooper, of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, and gave the impression of being lived in by a happy family, and the other was a more formal apartment, by Bertha Schaefer, of 32 East 57th Street. In the Cooper exhibit was a small desk that would fit nicely into almost any

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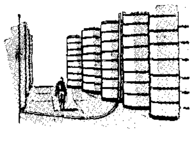

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scheme of decoration ($360, at Dunbar), and an unusually elegant barrel-shaped desk chair ($182, also at Dunbar), as well as a splendid hand-woven rug of oyster-white nylon, which can be ordered from America House, for $27 a square yard. The Schaefer room was notable for several fine pieces—among them an easy chair by Jens Risom, at $150—and the best indirect-lighting arrangement I have seen recently. The lighting was worked out by Richard Kelly, of 148½ East 40th Street. A bedroom by Arundell Clarke, 31½ East 65th Street, with not a stick of furniture in it except a headless and footless white bed raised just three inches off the floor, was, to my mind, the most distinguished exhibit of the lot. Whether or not that's the sort of room you want, it's hard to think of a more serene place to go to bed or wake up, or, for that matter, a room with more grace and authority; what the housemaid is going to say when she is asked to make up that bed, which is a scant nine inches high, mattress and all, is not my lookout. The bed, a large single one, is $300, and you'll have to provide your own mattress. Exquisite batiste curtains, in shades of blue and gray, covered one wall; they are available, through decorators, at the Clarke showrooms, for $9.75 a yard. The counterpane was of gray-blue Honan silk on which a Japanese-looking design in brilliant colors was appliquéd. It's a magnificent thing, and so it should be; it would cost you $750 to have it duplicated. —S. H.

•

At 10 a.m. today, the anchor will be carried out into Lake Ontario aboard a naval craft and consigned to the waters. The three chaplains will accompany it.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!

•

Stanley Clifford was in town Wednesday. He spent most of his time tearing down the old store and post office building. In a short time he had the roof off.—*Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News.*

Same old Stanley.

•

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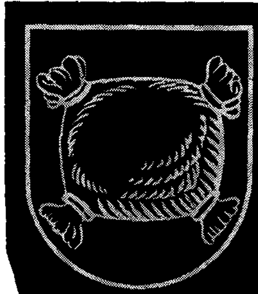

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"THROUGH THE TOUGHEST TANGLE, THE DEEPEST MAZE"

EARLY this month, I spent a weekend in the country with some friends whose son had recently been drafted. I slept in his room, on a Spartan bed, surrounded by guns, fishing tackle, cups celebrating his achievements in sports, and innumerable framed photographs. Around three the first morning, I awoke, and presently became absolutely certain that it would be several hours before I could get back to sleep. I turned on the light. On a bedside table were three books: "Quentin Durward," "The Green Hat," and "Handbook for Boys," the official manual of the Boy Scouts of America, 1936 edition. After brief reflection, I decided to take a chance on the Scout manual, and I must say (with reservations) that it was not unrewarding. At least there was nothing in it about atomic warfare or Senator McCarthy, and I came across a few facts I hadn't known before. One of them was that—up to 1936, anyway—this book had been America's best-seller, with the sole exception of the Bible, since the publication of its first edition, in 1910. Another thing I hadn't known was that in 1936 forty-nine per cent of the undergraduates at Harvard were ex-Scouts, and that, incredibly, Harvard topped Yale in students of this sort by eleven per cent. Indeed, Harvard was only fifteen per cent below Washington and Jefferson, the nation's highest-ranking college in terms of former Scouts.

These facts, coming to light early in the book, encouraged me to look further, and soon I discovered, in a section headed "Modern Good Turns," a list of suggestions for boys seeking opportunities to display the benevolence required of Scouts. The first suggestion is monolithic in its restraint and terseness. It is, "Put out forest fire." The rest are more routine, but two struck me as noteworthy: "Crank car for one-armed man" and "Help a paralyzed man fix his papers." The latter, however, may be a trifle hazy. What kind of papers? Newspapers? Legal documents? Immigration papers? We are not told. We get an adumbration here of what a Scout is in for, bearing out the words of the hymn at the beginning of the book, "Through the toughest tangle, the deepest maze . . ."

A more rewarding section is the one called "Patrol Emblems." Here the book spells out the noises emitted by the

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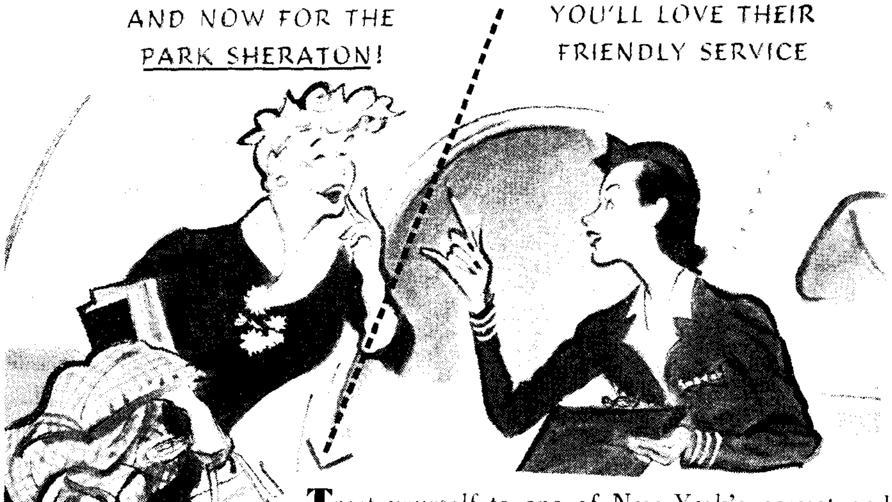
animals for which Scout patrols are named. I copied them down, and they are going to be very useful to me. I have a three-year-old daughter who has been to the zoo a couple of times and who keeps climbing into my bed in the mornings and asking how animals go. I knew, even before reading "Handbook for Boys," that a cat goes "Meeaow" but not that a hippopotamus goes "Brrrusssh." Peacocks go "Bee-oik," the book says; wild boars go "Broof-broof," and wood pigeons "Book-hoo-roo." Lions go "Eu-ugh," and tigers "Grrao." Moose go "Oh-ah, oh-ah, oh-ahhh." Pewits (inconsistently, unless it's a typographical error) go "Tewitt." A rhinoceros says "Mmgh-mmgh," in what is bafflingly described as a high-pitched grunt. The hyena goes "Oowah-oowah-wah"—a sound that the book says is a laugh but that I'd say is more like a football cheer. Raccoons are meditative, and say "Mmmm-mmm," pelicans say "Clap-clap-clap," bears say "Boorr," and jackals say "Wah-wah-wah-wah-wah." One animal I hope my daughter won't ask me to go like is the rattlesnake. The instructions are "rattle pebble in can." That would mean having a pebble handy, or getting one, and going and emptying a can. Too much trouble.

THE section on "Animal Tracking" contains a paragraph that I should think would stop any tyro Scout dead in his own tracks.

> Take the Whiffle Poof and experiment with trailing. Next you can try following your dog or anybody's dog. If you can follow a dog you can follow a wolf. If you can follow a wolf you can follow a fox, although as a rule a fox will try to lead you astray. If you can follow a cow you can follow a moose.

I looked up "Whiffle Poof" in the index and found that there is no other reference to it in the entire book. I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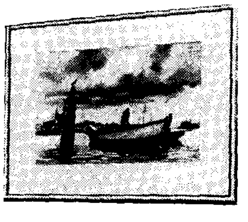

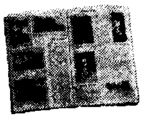

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thought at first that it might have something to do with "The Whiffenpoof Song," but I doubt it, in view of the fact that Yale has eleven per cent fewer Scouts than Harvard. So there the matter rests, as far as I am concerned, and, I suppose, as far as the Boy Scouts are concerned, too, unless they can find out somewhere else what a Whiffle Poof is.

Abandoning "Animal Tracking," I went on to "Indian Sign Language Signals," and here I ran into real trouble. To convey the word "little," you "hold right hand at height of shoulder, back to right, end of thumb pressing against inner surface of index, so that only the end of index is seen beyond the thumbnail." I tried working it out for a while, and then decided that the next time I wanted to convey the word "little" in sign language I'd just hold my hand, palm down, a couple of feet from the ground. "Dog" is even more bewildering. It goes, "Dog (meaning: wolf drawing tepee poles): Draw right hand across in front from left to right." Well, if you want to say "dog," why do you say "wolf drawing tepee poles," and how does drawing your right hand across in front convey a wolf, anyway? To make the sign for "laugh," I discovered, you "hold both hands partly closed, in front of both breasts, palms up, then move them up and down." The signal for "sick" is just as hard to visualize as any of the others: "Hold extended hands in front of body; wave them out and in, two or three times, to denote throbbing." "Bad" is "Right fist held near breast, throw out and down to right, opening hand while doing so." Now, suppose a Scout already worn out from extinguishing forest fires singlehanded, cranking cars for one-armed men, fixing papers for paralytics, and imitating animal noises had to convey "bad sick dog" through Indian signals. Well, I just don't think he could do it. I don't think he'd have the strength.

TOWARD the end, the book gets going on snakes. I'm sure the average Scout, unless he happens to be a student of herpetology, shares with many of the rest of us some picturesque misconceptions about snakes. He won't after he's read this paragraph. Practically every line of it was a blow to me, and I think the authors of the manual should take into consideration the state their readers are likely to be in by the time they've reached page 512.

Neither the Milk Snake nor any other species can suckle milk from cows [this

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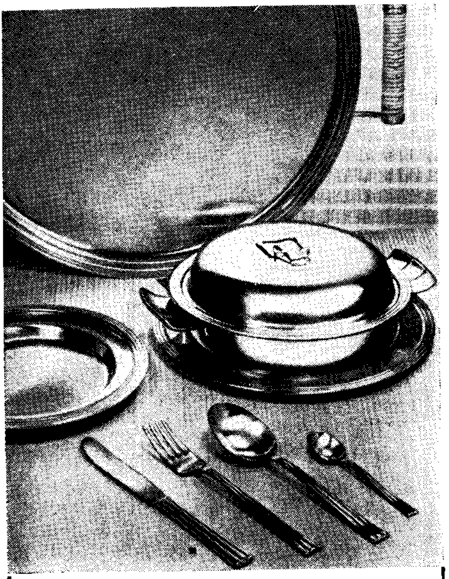

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passage says, with cold destructiveness]. There is no snake which can roll about in the form of a hoop. No species in the world has a stinger in his tail.... Snakes die whenever they are sufficiently injured and do not wait for sundown.... If one is cut in two the pieces are not able to grow together again. Snakes are not slimy, but dry to the touch, and they never chase people.

And so on. But at least the boy is given surcease and peace of mind if he turns back to page 509. Here he is told that he can raise a bull snake, "the most docile and gentle of all the large snakes in the country." That is, he can raise it if he can swallow the non sequitur that goes with the suggestion. It seems these snakes are called bull snakes because they have a "habit of hissing loudly when annoyed." I scarcely need to point out that bulls don't hiss, and that if this snake is so all-fired docile and gentle, it shouldn't derive its name from something it does only when it's annoyed. It isn't supposed to *get* annoyed.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

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The view is better from Greyhound
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You take the one that the starter
  chooses.
Elevators are full of pauses
Analogous to suspended clauses.
Elevators produce neurosis,
Claustrophobia, metempsychosis.
Elevators are hits and misses
Along the faces of precipices.

—DAVID MCCORD

•

QUESTION, addressed to Sandu Scott, Miss New York City:

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ANSWER: "I feel like Cinderella at the Ball. My life is so exciting I can hardly keep up the pace. Formerly, when I went into a restaurant, only the men looked. Now everybody does and whispers, 'There goes Miss New York City.' Before winning the title I spent hours searching for TV jobs as an actress or singer. Nowadays I am besieged with ogers."—*The News.*

Ogres, dear. Not ogers.

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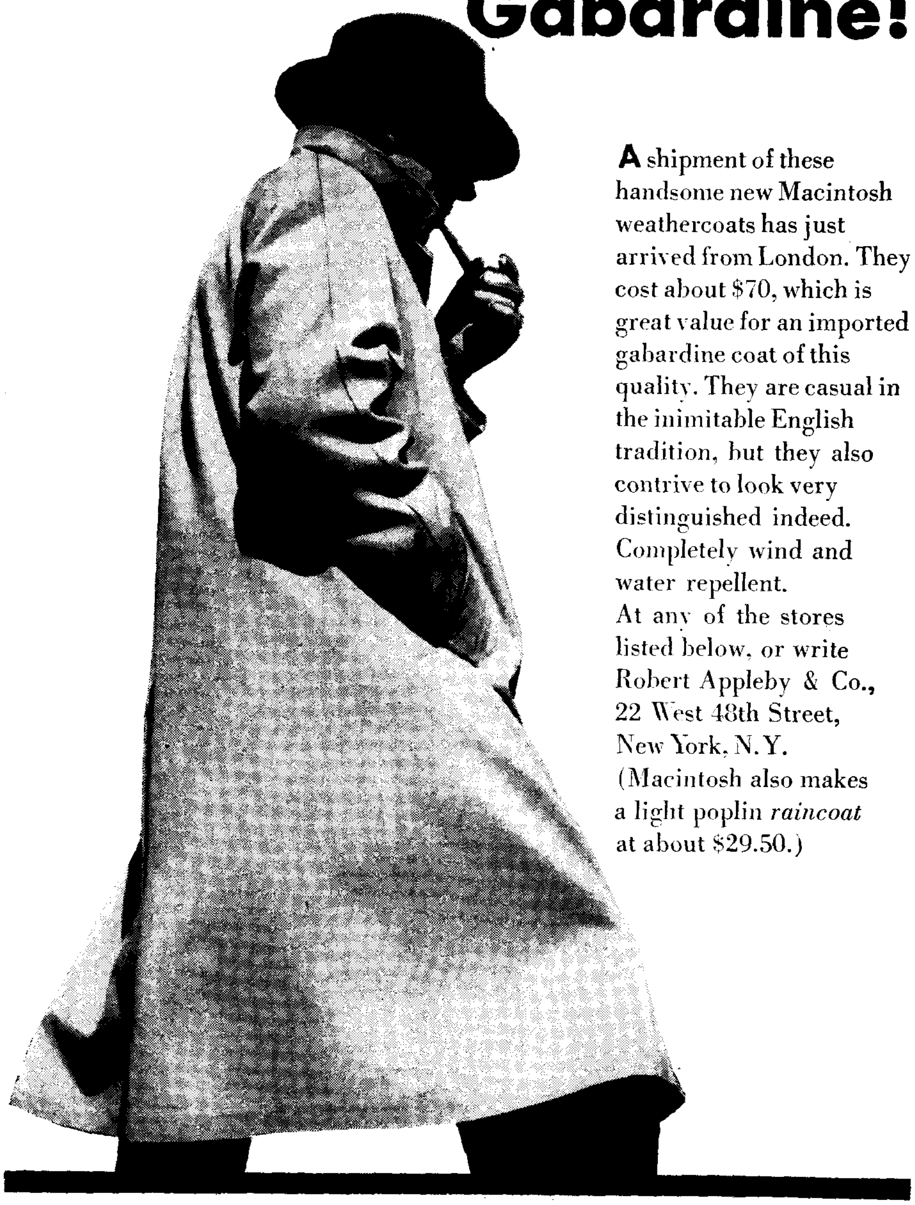

A shipment of these handsome new Macintosh weathercoats has just arrived from London. They cost about $70, which is great value for an imported gabardine coat of this quality. They are casual in the inimitable English tradition, but they also contrive to look very distinguished indeed. Completely wind and water repellent.
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(Macintosh also makes a light poplin *raincoat* at about $29.50.)

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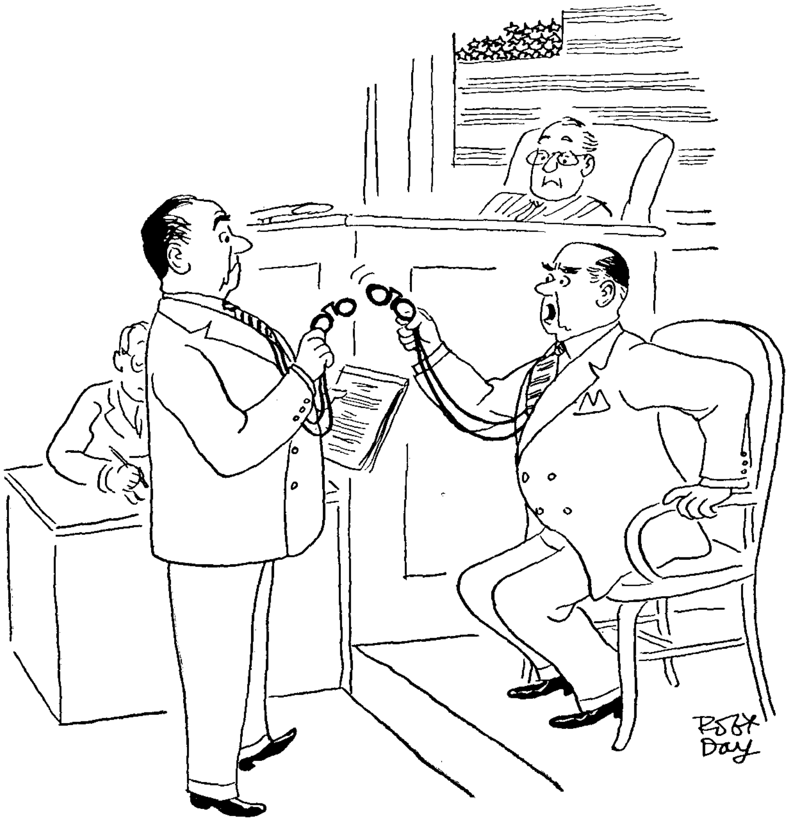
THE great, historic country houses of Britain, with their magnificent collections of pictures, furniture, and tapestries, their deer parks, their classic temples, and their gardens, are like a series of safe-deposit boxes in which is stowed away the fine craftsmanship commissioned by six centuries of wealthy patrons—the ruling classes of medieval, Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian England. To the present owners of such places, however, they are apt to seem more like handsome millstones tied firmly around the families' necks. Under the current levy of taxes in England, no one can keep much more than five thousand pounds a year, however much his gross income may be, and many of the great country houses can swallow up that sum yearly with ease, not in the perpetuation of an extravagant way of life but simply in having their frail old fabric, often weakened by neglect during the war years, patched up; in the provision of the ceaseless, trained attention their priceless contents need; in the maintenance of some heat in winter, so they won't deteriorate in the icy English damp; and in the waging of the constant battle to prevent the park and gardens from resembling the demesne of the Sleeping Beauty. To reënlist the small army of unseen (and low-paid) magicians who used to keep these enormous establishments floating effortlessly along would be beyond any owner's means today; moreover, the old, skilled crafts of carpentry, stonemasonry, and so on are not attracting recruits as they did in the old days, when sons often took over from their fathers as permanent estate workmen. In addition to such immense properties as Knole, Chatsworth, Blenheim, Haddon Hall, Compton, and Compton Wynyates, there are hundreds of smaller houses, architecturally perfect in their way, too, which a prosperous squirearchy left like memorials up and down the English countryside and which are coming into the market one by one. Their owners can't afford to live in them any longer, and often no one else can, either.

Many owners of famous places are struggling along on their own, in a variety of ways. Some of them go in for large-scale farming, using the house as an estate office, or convert part of their land to market gardening, or open their houses to the public, with a charge for admission. Occasionally, they receive assistance from the Georgian Group, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Country Landowners' Association, the Pilgrim Trust (which, in a recent report, stated that the loss of the historic English country houses would be "a disaster comparable only to that which the country suffered by the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the sixteenth century"), and the Saltire Society, all non-official organizations that have put forth expert advice, cash, or powerful pressure on the authorities and on the British public in an effort to save at least those buildings that are most worth saving, though deciding which come into that category is often a tricky business. Another, and more important, organization is the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, a private agency that has been battling along manfully for fifty-seven years and is the only group that has thrown a real lifeline to the floundering owners of stately homes. Its Country House Scheme enables an owner to make his house over to the Trust, provided he accompanies the deed with an endowment fund to pay for maintenance of the property. Both house and fund are then exempt from death duties, income tax, and surtax, since the Trust, which exists on subscriptions from the public and bequests from sympathizers, ranks legally as a charity. The donor and his heirs may go on living in the house, on condition that the public is allowed to see it at certain times. In fact, the National Trust thinks that a house without the family who have given the place its particular flavor through the centuries is apt to be a dead thing, no better than a museum, and that the public likes to feel it's visiting a home that has been that way for generations, even though the homeyness may now be confined to a few private rooms in one wing.

In 1939, the National Trust published a list of two hundred and fifty outstandingly beautiful or historic houses that were still privately owned. Today the number is less than half that. About sixty houses have come into the National Trust scheme so far. One reason there aren't more is that many owners hang on to their houses until it's too late. They keep digging down into capital—selling the estate timber, perhaps, or breaking up their art collections piece by piece—and then, when they are finally resigned to coming under the National Trust, they find that they can't raise the necessary accompanying endowment. The Trust owns such places as Cliveden, in Buckinghamshire (which Lord Astor gave in 1942), Blickling Hall, in Norfolk (left to the Trust in 1940 by the late Lord Lothian, who was one of the first people to predict what was coming), Lord Jersey's Osterley, in Middlesex, which is one of Robert Adam's masterpieces, and Polesden Lacey, near Dorking, where King George and Queen Elizabeth, then



Duke and Duchess of York, spent a part of their honeymoon. Of course, there are even more places, equally famous, that the Trust doesn't own, among them Longleat, one of the most celebrated houses in England, which I visited not long ago.

LONGLEAT, in Wiltshire, is the seat of the sixth Marquess of Bath, who opened it to the public three years ago and is doing a brisk business in admission fees. One guidebook to the region calls it "the Treasure House of the West," and it is full of exceptionally beautiful and interesting things. The only way in which it differs from most of the other privately owned great country houses is that the owners, Lord and Lady Bath, no longer live in even a corner of it but have moved to a more easily manageable house close by. As I happened to be staying with friends in the vicinity, I thought I would drive over and take a look at Longleat. I rang up Lady Bath and asked if I could have a talk with her while I was there, and she suggested that I come over on Sunday afternoon, when both she and Lord Bath would be up at the big house.

Wiltshire is a county where miles of wheat fields, in every shade of yellow, from palest lemon to, at this time of year, deep toast, roll up to steep downs topped with Roman and Celtic earthworks. It is country that gives an impression of profound antiquity. The villages, dotted thinly along the narrow lanes, are like mushroom clumps of round thatched roofs, and they have wonderful names—Maiden Bradley, Marston Bigott, Upton Noble, Monkton Deverill. The enormous beeches and oaks in these parts have a curiously heavy, sculptural quality, as though they had no connection with plant life but were chiselled out of some solid dark-green substance that might bruise any bird who happened to fly into it.

As I drove out of Warminster, the neighboring town to Longleat, on that bright autumn Sunday, there were a good many cars on the road, loaded up with family parties and their picnic baskets and their dogs, who lolled out the windows with flapping ears. Two or three cars and a large blue tourist bus (the British call them coaches) turned in ahead of me at the Longleat entrance gates, a couple of miles from the town. I followed this little procession down a long drive bordered with rhododendrons, past notices asking the public to enjoy but not pick the flowers, and a sign, pointing up a side road, that read, cryptically, "Heaven's Gate—No

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Coaches.” (I learned afterward that this was not a curt, anti-democratic traffic directive from Saint Peter but a warning that the road to a favorite beauty spot on the estate was not suitable for heavy vehicles.) The drive, winding to the right, dipped between woods, and shortly afterward, the vast, turreted gray bulk of the house, beside a sheet of water, came into view, looking much as it must have looked at first glimpse to Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, the Stuart Duke of Monmouth, and George III, other visitors to Longleat—who, come to think of it, must have arrived in coaches, too.

The blue coach stopped at the foot of the mansion's curving flight of front steps to let out its passengers, and then went on to join about a dozen other coaches drawn up on the grass a short way off. The car lot was at the rear of the house, approached through a classical block of stables. I left my car there, and as I walked back, I saw more automobiles and another bus, a red one this time, streaming across the park toward the house. There were quantities of people all over the place—lying on the grass with fat, sunburned babies on their stomachs and handkerchiefs over their faces, or eating ice-cream cones or sucking bottles of lemonade through straws, or walking around the house, every now and then pausing to tilt their heads back, in the drinking-hen attitude of tourists the world over, and stare up at Longleat's immense façade. There was some sort of little café at the side of the house, and people kept coming out of it carrying trays of tea, which they plumped down onto small tables on the rough grass surrounding the terrace.

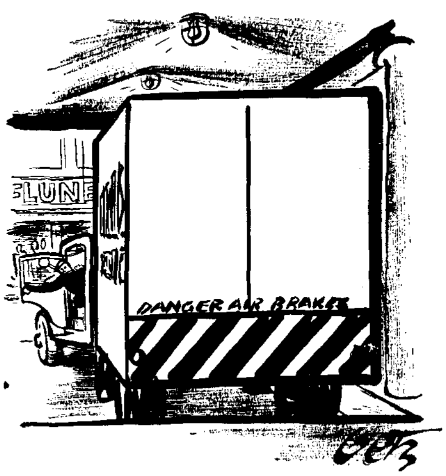
It was an unusually warm afternoon, and the passengers who were clambering out of the newly arrived red bus all looked the color of its coachwork, glistening and freshly boiled, like a dish of prawns. There were numbers of fat women in flowered dresses and slender young things in shorts, a sprinkling of worn-faced men in large caps, open-necked shirts, and baggy-kneed trousers hitched at half-mast, and a lot of children, who immediately began to jiggle and holler, as though let out of a wearisome captivity that had lasted several years. Everyone seemed very jolly. The coach drove off, and the crowd poured up the steps, where there was already considerable confusion. A group of people were coming out of the house, having just been shown through it, and another group had lined up at a rope barrier right inside the door, waiting to go in. More people were milling around two very tall figures, a man and a woman, standing beside a little stall near the entrance, where postcards of Longleat were on sale.

“See that tall bloke? That's the Markiss of Bath,” a man near me said to a small boy. “Know why his nose is like that, a bit flat, see? Well, because of all his ancestors wearing those helmet things that let down like a little trapdoor over their noses, see?” The boy looked with interest at this handsome Norman feature. Lord Bath, who is in his middle forties, had draped his coat over a nearby balustrade and, in a white shirt and an elegantly constructed pair of dark-green trousers, was disposing of a pile of small buff-colored books he had under one arm. “Like a guide to Longleat, sir?” he said breezily to the father of the small boy. “Half a crown—written by my wife, and she'll sign it if you like. That's her over there without a hat on.”

Lady Bath, who is extremely pretty and was wearing a green cotton dress, with a velvet bow tying back her hair, was already signing books for a queue of shyly beaming visitors, dispensing the radiant impression of everything's being for the best in the best of all possible worlds. A Peke and a miniature Welsh collie were pottering about among the crowd around her, sniffing at the strange ankles without enthusiasm. “No, no, I simply *love* doing it,” she was assuring a shockheaded man whose book she was signing. “Only, my writing *will* get larger and larger and spiderier and spiderier as the afternoon goes on.”

“We've been cleaned out of small change,” Lord Bath said, coming over to her. “Can you change half-a-crown for the lady there who wants the mixed set of colored cards?”

Lady Bath fumbled in her bag and passed over a handful of silver, saying,



"You'd better put it all in the kitty, Henry." She turned back to sign another book, and said, in answer to a question I didn't catch, "No, we don't live here any more, I'm afraid. But I hope that Alexander—that's my eldest son—may be able to live in a bit of it one day."

AFTER I had introduced myself to the Baths, they suggested that we go inside the house, where it was quieter, and have a chat. Lord Bath parked the guidebooks on a table behind which a girl was sitting and counting out change from a bowl, and led the way through the hall, followed by the dogs. A new queue was starting to form behind the barrier, while the group that had just been let past was standing looking up at the minstrels' gallery, the high stone mantelpiece, and some enormous paintings of hunting scenes. A woman guide was telling them that the hall was still exactly as it was when Longleat was built by Sir John Thynne, the Marquess of Bath's ancestor, who started the work in 1567 and finished it twelve years later. As we turned left at the foot of the great staircase, which was hung with portraits, the voices of other guides, also conducting parties through the house, floated down from above. Lord Bath opened the door of a small room, evidently used for storage. The furniture was stacked up, and there were large piles of the Longleat guidebooks on the floor.

"This was my father's bedroom during the war," Lord Bath said. "The Royal School for Officers' Daughters came here from Bath in 1940, and my father kept only this room and a study next door for himself. The School was still here in 1946, when he died." Lady Bath said that a large American hospital had been housed in huts in the park while the war was on. "I worked there as librarian," she said. "It was the greatest fun."

"To tell the truth," her husband said, lighting a cigarette and sitting down on the edge of a table, "I'm not sorry to have a short breather. Extraordinary how tiring it is, standing about like that. I look in at the house every day, but we usually only come along to sell the guidebooks, and so on, over the weekends, when, of course, we get the biggest crowds. You're not seeing it on a very crowded day—I don't suppose we'll have more than about fifteen hundred people through today. On good days, we get anything up to three thousand. We get coaches from Bristol, Weymouth, and Cardiff. No coaches

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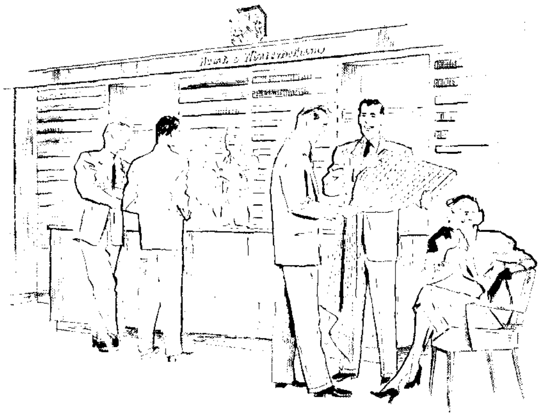

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from Bath—I don't know why. Too highbrow for coaches, Bath, shouldn't be surprised. The coaches are the things we like to see best, needless to say, but at this time of the year they prefer to run trips to the confounded sea. I can't help wishing that old Sir John Thynne hadn't built Longleat within quite such easy reach of the sea. Of course, he wasn't to know. They get bigger crowds than we do at Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's place in Derbyshire, I believe, but then Devonshire's lucky—no sea for miles round."

Lady Bath said that Longleat had clocked in fifty thousand visitors this year since the season opened, at Easter. The admission fee is two shillings and sixpence, with a reduced charge for large parties. "We throw in free parking for that," Lord Bath said, looking more cheerful. "*Some* of the big houses don't. Also a playground with slides and swings and so forth for the younger children, who don't want to trail round the house. That's very popular. Although we're officially open from Easter to October, anyone can see the house at any time during the winter if they ring up and say they're coming. We're out to make Longleat as popular as possible. Daphne's guidebook, for instance." He picked up one of the little buff volumes and handed it to me. On the cover was a drawing of Sir John Thynne, wearing a fur-trimmed velvet robe and holding a pair of calipers as he brooded over a plan of the house. "She's done it really awfully well—it's full of information, but people enjoy reading it." He added encouragingly to the author, "A man out there was just saying that the guidebook over at Wilton, the Pembrokes' place, isn't *half* as good."

"We've sold about fifty-five thousand copies," Lady Bath said. "I've written another, which is also on sale outside. It's called 'Before the Sunset Fades'—the sunset for the great country houses like Longleat, that is. It's just a few reminiscences, told me by old servants, of how Longleat used to be run fifty years ago, when there was an indoor staff of forty-three—about the big shooting parties and the servants' balls and all the complicated social life that went on belowstairs. Cecil Beaton did some most attractive illustrations for it, but people seem to go more for the guidebook."

"When I was a boy here, Longleat was still being run in more or less the old style," Lord Bath said thoughtfully, "but they had shut up the largest rooms even then; the saloon and the big drawing room were always in holland dust sheets, so far as I can remember. There are about a hundred rooms in the house, you know. Think of heating them today! Awfully antiquated central-heating system, too—it simply devours fuel. We've tried burning wood, for we have to have a bit of heating going in winter to protect the furniture and paintings. The place costs about five thousand pounds a year to keep up as a going business. That's without anyone living here, but with a couple of night watchmen, a permanent librarian—we've got one of the most famous libraries in Europe, and an aunt has just left me *her* library, so it's all got to be recatalogued—and four gardeners to keep the gardens trim. Repairs on a house like Longleat eat up money all the time; as soon as you've finished at one end, you've got to start again at the other. After the war, when it was clear that I'd never be able to afford to live here, I thought of turning it into a super-hotel—shooting and hunting laid on, and all that sort of thing. Even if we had got the necessary permits for the work, the expense of converting it made it impractical. There are only six bathrooms in the house, for instance. So we decided to open the main rooms to the public and have the house looking just as it did in 1914, when its great days really ended. My sisters and I went round the place placing all the furniture as it had been back then—I was only a child at the time, and they remembered better than I did. Even so, they had to scratch their heads a bit to remember exactly where this screen and that writing table and all the rest of the things went. The stuff had been stacked up while the girls' school was here in the war, and quite a lot had to be repaired. Beastly expensive *that* was, too."

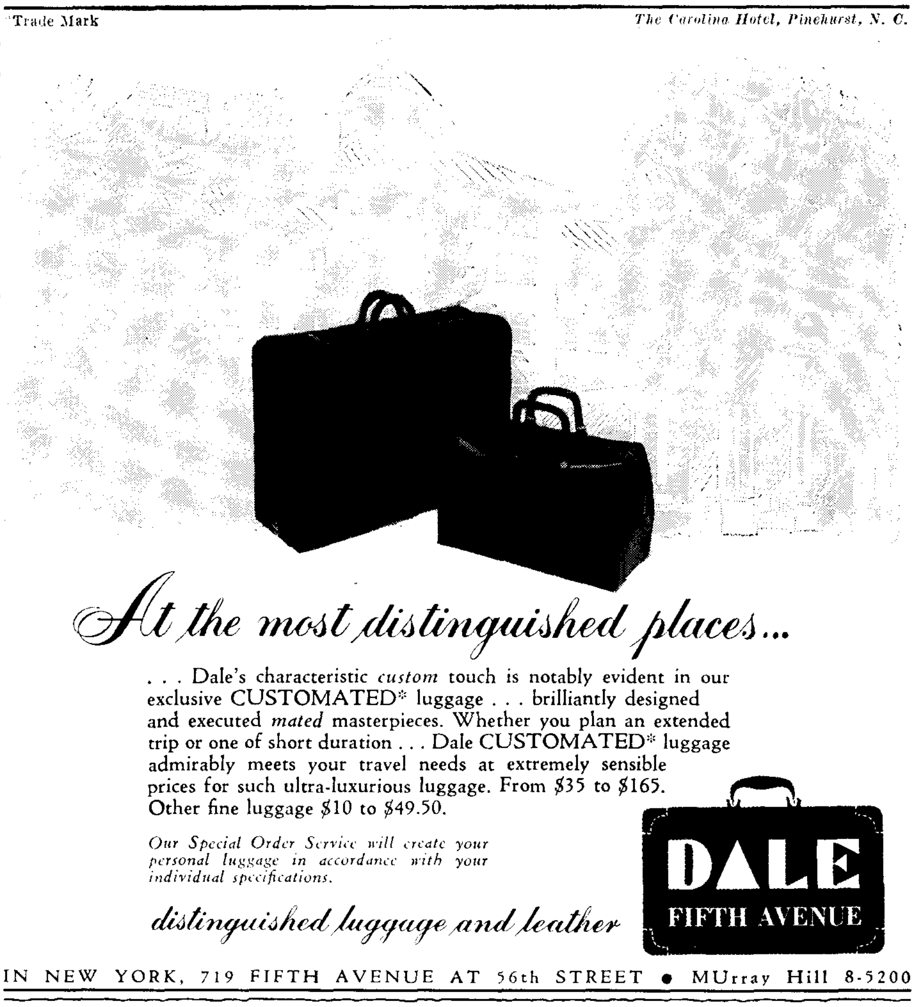
The determination of Lord Bath to keep Longleat looking as though his family were still in residence coincides with a decision reached last year by the Gowers Committee, a Royal Commission headed by Sir Ernest Gowers, which was appointed by Sir Stafford Cripps in 1948 to make a report on the plight of the great English country houses. The seven members of the Committee (which included one woman, the wife of Sir John Anderson, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer), after tramping through miles of vast, chilly rooms and wildly sprouting gardens, and interviewing dozens of harassed owners, came to the conclusion, like the National Trust, that a house's best friend is its owner. The conversion of some architectural masterpiece into a school, a youth hostel, or something of the kind, the Committee reported, was usually too expensive, too difficult, and too destructive of the very thing that should be preserved: "an association of beauty, of art, and of nature—the achievement, often, of centuries of effort—which is irreplaceable and has seldom, if ever, been equalled in the history of civilization."

I mentioned the Gowers Committee's report to Lady Bath, and she said she agreed that it was most important for a house on view to look lived in. To that end, she said, she used to put out Longleat stationery on the writing tables, but had to stop because souvenir hunters removed it. "I've had letters written to me on Longleat paper from people who wanted to tell me how much they enjoyed their visit," she said. "We've got lots of family photographs scattered around, because we think that helps the atmosphere, too—we *hate* the idea of its being just a dead museum. No one has ever helped themselves to a photograph."

"There was the visitors' book, though," Lord Bath said. "I used to leave it on a table in a hall, open at the page signed by the King and Queen when they stayed here, as Duke and Duchess of York—thought it might be rather interesting to people. I'm damned if someone didn't whip out a pen one day, when the guide's back was turned, and sign his name bang under the Queen's signature. We managed to get it out all right with ink eradicator, but since then we've kept the book in a glass case."

PICKING up a stack of guidebooks, Lord Bath suggested that I go around the house with Lady Bath while he went back to the entrance to see how things were getting on

Garrett Price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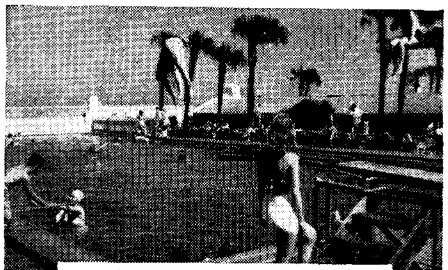
there. As we left the room, he said, "You know, it's a funny thing—you'd think that with a Labour Government and so on, people coming here would feel that it's a jolly good thing houses like Longleat *are* empty, or that they ought to be homes for tired miners or something. You'd be surprised how many people come up afterwards and say how much they've enjoyed it, and that it's too bad we can't live here any more. Not much chance of that, I'm afraid, but it's very good of them. Only one man, out of all the thousands who've seen it, has been abusive—said right out that it was a poor half crown's worth—and he'd *definitely* been on a pub crawl anyway. Hallo, looks as though there's another couple of coaches in."

He went off, followed at a fussy, mincing trot by the little Welsh collie. Lady Bath picked up the Peke and said we'd catch up with a tour that had already started through the house. "We've got six regular guides," she said, "and six more we can call in if things get hectic. I used to take parties around, and so did my daughter—she's married now. At first, before we quite got organized, we often used to get a bit mixed and tell the public some rather odd things about the family—all those dates are so awful."

We walked down a wide corridor hung on one side with superb portraits and banked on the other with jardinières of mauve and white pyramid campanulas. "We're *very* particular about the flowers," Lady Bath said. "They make it still look like a home, we think. A woman in the neighborhood comes in and does them for us." She stopped in front of a portrait of a dark-haired beauty wearing the rich satins of the Charles I period and carrying a lute. "This is the naughty one—Lady Isabella Thynne, who was a very gay member of the court, acted in Milton's masque of 'Comus,' and was described in 'John Inglesant' as being 'dressed to resemble angels in loose and very inadequate attire.' Doesn't she look fun? I wish she were one of our ghosts. We're supposed to have two. One is the wife of Thomas Thynne, the second Viscount Weymouth. Her husband is said to have killed her lover in a duel in a passage at the top of the house. When central heating was being put into Longleat, during Henry's father's time, they found the body of a man buried in the cellars. They thought it might have been the lover. He was wearing jack boots, but the boots crumbled away directly he was brought into the air. My father-in-law had him buried quietly in the village churchyard.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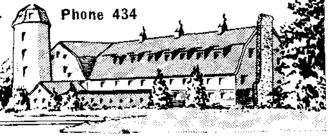


Our other ghost is the famous Bishop Ken, who made his home at Longleat for twenty years after he refused to swear an oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary. He's said to come back and try on his shroud in his bedroom, which is off the big Bishop Ken's Library upstairs. Poor Fanny Burney was put in his room to sleep when she stayed at Longleat, and I think she found it a bit spooky. I wrote the two books about Longleat up there, without a soul in the house, and only one lamp in that huge, echoing library. I must say that I used to hear all sorts of odd sounds on winter evenings when it was time to put out the lamp and go."

We were by then walking through a couple of libraries, first a small one and then a long room that Lady Bath said was called the Red Library and had been much used by the family as a sitting room. We could hear a guide's voice on ahead. The party had just reached the dining room, where the guide, a young woman in a gray suit, was telling the visitors about the portraits. She smiled at Lady Bath and went on with her talk. The crowd was listening attentively, but most of the people seemed to be staring at the table, which was certainly a stunning sight. It was laid for a dinner of twenty-four, with snowy damask, gold and silver plate, masses of sweet peas, and menu cards inscribed, in a flowing, delicate hand, "*Dîner du 15 Septembre*," and setting forth the courses, from *Consommé Madrilène* to *Biscotins Chester*.

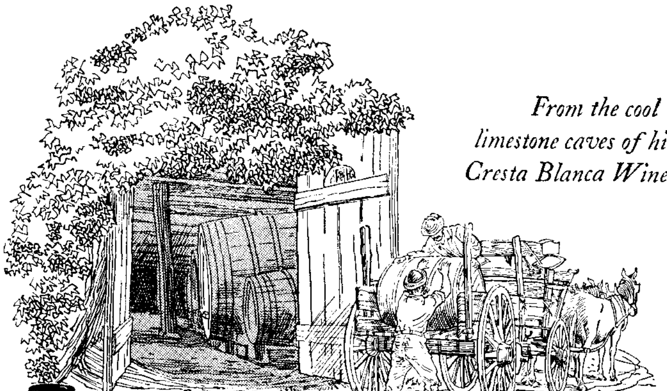
"Those are old menus," Lady Bath murmured to me. "I wonder if Chester means that the *biscotins* were flavored with Chester cheese, or whether it was the name of the Longleat chef at the time. We've only lately started showing the table laid like this, and Henry worries a bit about a possible holdup and someone's making off with the gold plate. It would be a rather difficult thing to do, though."

The party of visitors appeared to be far from entertaining any such ideas. It was a cheerful holiday crowd, clutching children and cameras, and gazing at the table with amused astonishment, as though it were an exhibit of life on another planet—as, indeed, it almost was.

"Those were the days," said a lively young woman, with a loud giggle.

"For some," snapped her escort, a young man with a flaming, peeling nose.

The guide now asked us to troop upstairs, and we proceeded slowly through a series of immense ceremonial rooms, where the Italianate carved ceilings, the



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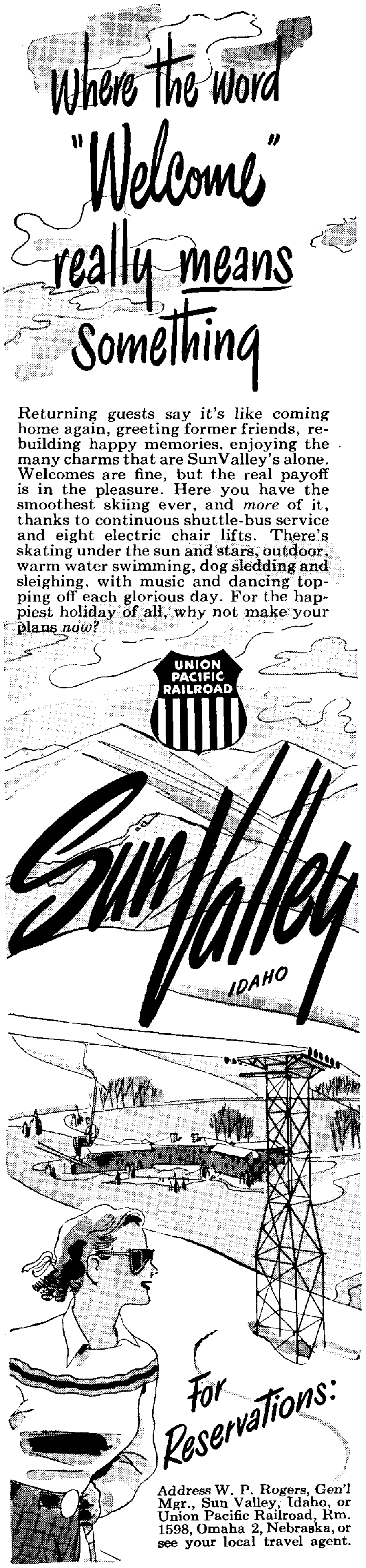
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moldings of the huge walnut double doors, and the frames of the pictures blazed with gilt. Every now and then, the party stopped while the guide related the history of a particular room, and we tourists gaped dutifully at the high walls, covered with magnificent Spanish leather or Genoese velvet, and the enormous windows, framing Longleat's trees and water and blue distances, like a gallery of gentle landscapes. I noticed that everyone was especially fascinated by the buhl writing tables here and there, with their litter of Edwardian bric-a-brac and their heart-shaped silver photograph frames holding pictures of little Bath boys in sailor hats and little Bath girls in angelic frizzed bangs—maybe because they reduced all this splendor to the cozy level of dashing off a few postcards.

"That grate would burn about a ton of coal a day," said the young man with the peeling nose, staring at a fireplace accusingly.

"What's the odds, so long as there's plenty of people to lug the coal scuttles along?" chirped his companion, who seemed to be getting into the Longleat spirit nicely.

Lady Bath touched my arm and suggested that we leave the party and have a look at some dresses that had belonged to a former Marchioness of Bath and were on display in another part of the house.

"Fifteen charladies come in from the village to clean and polish," she said as we turned and twisted in and out of galleries and corridors, "but even so it's hard work to keep it looking as beautiful as it always used to be." We found another party of visitors, under another guide, inspecting the Victorian dresses, and yet another guide could be heard orating somewhere in the distance, so that the tremendous house seemed like a hollow hive, humming with voices. Lady Bath told me that the collection of clothes had been made by the fourth Marchioness of Bath, who lived at Longleat from 1861 to 1915 and had had the idea of putting away her favorite toilette every year. There were six or seven enchanting bustled, wasp-waisted dresses, with wisps of Paris bonnets to match. "She used to wear house caps and change them according to the season," Lady Bath said. "Violets in spring, cornflowers and poppies in summer, and a sprig of holly and a nodding robin or something in winter. Those are the robes Henry and I wore at the Coronation. They're terribly hot."

"Feel that velvet," a stout woman said to a friend, taking up a fold of one

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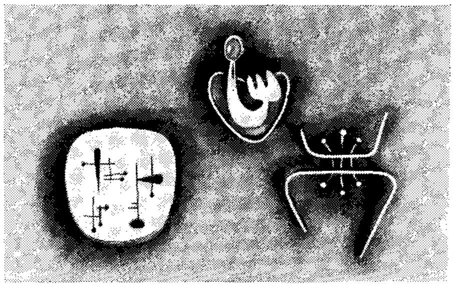

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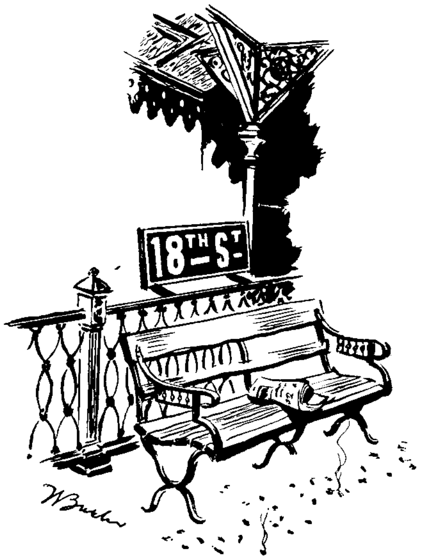
of the dresses. "You wouldn't get *that* now."

A little boy tugged at the stout woman's arm and said, "I seen a *mouse*hole, Mum."

"Be quiet, you naughty boy, or you'll go straight back to the coach," she said.

LADY BATH and I went downstairs, passing a bright-yellow state carriage that was on view in the hall; it had been last used to carry the fifth Marquess of Bath to King George V's coronation, in 1911. The coachman's coat, a stone-colored affair with six tiered capes and crested silver buttons, was displayed near it, together with the mustard-yellow liveries that were once worn by the Longleat footmen. "I just *long* to have that caped coat," Lady Bath said. "It would be *so* smart for winter." We went out the front door, where Lord Bath's tall figure was surrounded by a mob of newly arrived tourists, and walked around to the gardens at the left of the house. They were small formal gardens, with box-edged beds and stone paths leading up to an eighteenth-century orangery. Lady Bath said that they had been laid out by Capability Brown, the eighteenth-century landscape gardener whose work can be seen on so many large English country estates. There were lots of people strolling about, snapping each other against the orangery with Brownie cameras, or posing in groups, with arms interlaced and expressions of strained merriment. Shrieks of laughter came from one of the lawns, where a crowd of children were having a fine time on the slides and swings Lord Bath had mentioned.

It was getting on toward evening, and the light on Longleat's gray walls



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was particularly lovely. I stopped to look up at the classical stone figures that stand along the parapet of the façade and make heroic gestures toward the distant hills.

"One of them fell down once when my father-in-law was alive, and just missed killing someone," Lady Bath said. "They've been riveted to the roof very firmly ever since."

"Myrtle! *Myr*tle! Come away from those peacocks this minute!" called a harassed mother behind us.

"I don't think we'll ever be able to live here again," Lady Bath said. "That is, Henry and I won't. My son is in the Army now—he's nineteen—and we do hope to turn some of the downstairs rooms into a flat for him sometime. You know, Longleat is a house that gets you tremendously. We love it, and we long to go back." She added hopefully, "After all, it was empty once before, in the eighteenth century. The member of the family who had it then was eccentric and went to live in the village, and the house was deserted for thirty years."

I said goodbye, and presently was part of the procession of cars crawling toward the exit gate. When I could draw over to the side of the road and look back for a last glimpse, Longleat's towers had disappeared among the early-fall greenery, as though the English countryside were a gently murmuring green sea into which the fantastic great house had sunk like a stone.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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Arthur L. Burrows, president of the Chamber of Commerce, will swell the city's population at a phenominal rate.
—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

That should be an "e," not an "i." And look here, Burrows . . .

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There was enough information to find out he started on the stage in 1912 after attending the American Academy of Drastic Arts.—*Salt Lake City Deseret News.*

Which are they? Adagio dancing and color photography?

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PALISADES, N.Y.,
OCTOBER 4, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

ANDY LOGAN's Profile of Valentino Sarra has refreshed my memory of a brief collaboration between Mr. Sarra and myself in the interests of the unorthodox in commercial photography. In the late spring of 1946, when I was in New York after a tour of duty abroad as a foreign correspondent for Time, Inc., I was visited in my office in the Time & Life Building by a representative of the advertising firm of Geyer, Newell & Ganger, and persuaded to submit my photographed person to public scrutiny as a Calvert whiskey Man of Distinction. I say "persuaded" in the sense that the trout is persuaded by the fly; in my case, the bait was an offer to release the advertisement coincidentally with the publication of a book I was writing. While I was considering whether or not to rise to the lure, my visitor flicked it away. His glance, which had already made several quick runs up and down me, from shoes to necktie, darted about my small office, taking in the peeling maps, the littered desk, the butt-strewn linoleum, and the broken Venetian blind, and his mind doubtless classified me, in the terminology of the Time & Life Building, as a "one-window man." He stood up and said, "Would it be all right if I submit you as a candidate? You see, the sponsor takes a great interest in this campaign, and so we have to submit five or six test photographs every month. We'll get you fixed up with a good black-and-white, and my guess is you'll make it." He gave me another up-and-down look and added, "There's always a lot of actors trying to get in." At this challenge to my vanity, I said "All right," and I was hooked.

About ten days later, I presented myself at Mr. Sarra's studio on East Fifty-sixth Street and was looked up and down by a handsome receptionist, who said "Man of Distinction? Hmm . . ." and sent for a boy. The boy looked me up and down and took me upstairs, where I was looked up and down by Sarra's assistant (I forget whether it was Mr. Johnson or Mr. Fletcher) and photographed holding a glass of water in my right hand. "The sponsor likes to see the fingers," explained Mr. Johnson (or Fletcher), "but you don't get whiskey on the trial run." The picture taken of me that day, a copy of which was delivered by the agency man to my secre-

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Q—*Why do people say "Careful, don't waste a drop?"*

A—Because the flavour of Old Smuggler is too precious to be wasted—and because it is so popular you may find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Q—*Why is it called Old Smuggler?*

A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

Q—*Why is it Scotch with a history?*

A—Because it was established in 1835 and perpetuates a colorful era in Scottish history. Ask for Old Smuggler the next time and read the complete story on the back label on every bottle.

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Blended Scotch Whisky—86 proof

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ESTABLISHED 1835
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THE GAELIC WHISKY
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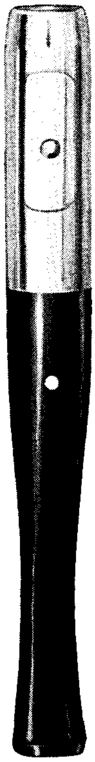

This is no ordinary cigarette holder. It is an amazingly efficient instrument for filtering cigarette smoke—*any brand of cigarette*. You can actually *see* the harmful irritants it removes from the smoke.

If you suffer from smokers' cough, sinus trouble or have any other reason to cut down on nicotine and cigarette tars, *start using Denicotea today!*

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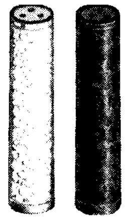

Before use: *Crystal filter is pure white*

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Aluminum ejector model, **2.50**

Longer model, gold tone ejector, **3.50**

dunhill

DE·NICOTEA FILTER HOLDER

tary, Miss MacKenzie, and by her delivered to me, was all that any honesty, if not vanity, in my nature could have desired. The right side of my face, which was once bashed in by the steering wheel of an automobile, was in sharp outline, and this gave my entire countenance a cast that was not so much sinister as surly. My shoulders sagged forward, making two folds in my coat that should not have been there. A handkerchief had been pushed so deep into my breast pocket that nothing showed but a gape at the opening. One trouser leg was twisted around one knee. The cuffs of my shirt had ridden up into the sleeves of my coat, and from these sleeves protruded two bare and bony wrists. While I was examining the picture, Miss MacKenzie looked over my shoulder. "The agency man says it's not so bad," she said. "He thinks the fingers are nice."

Several weeks went by, during which I tried to forget the whole business and was forcibly reminded of it only once, by seeing Miss MacKenzie and a friend of hers having lunch with the man from Geyer, Newell & Ganger. Then, one summer morning, Miss MacKenzie came into my office and said, with less than her usual calm, "They want to know when they can take you in color. Suppose I tell them Thursday; you look better in the middle of the week." She deliberately gave me the up-and-down and remarked as she went out, "I knew you'd make it."

That evening, I confessed everything to my wife. She was silent for a couple of minutes before she said, "Well, it might help to sell your book."

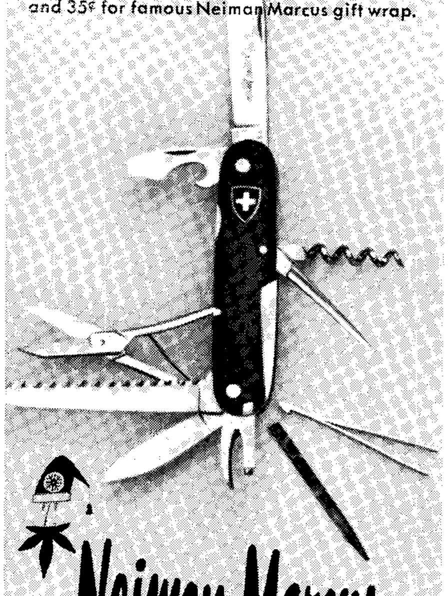
"I haven't even finished the book yet," I said, thinking that she was being irrelevant.

"You'd better finish it," said my wife.

At three o'clock the next Thursday afternoon, freshly clipped and manicured, I again climbed the stairs to Sarra's studio, having devoted a good deal of care to my costume, with more thought to how it would show up on chromatic film than what it would feel like in the midsummer heat. All in all, I consisted of a tweed jacket with a pattern I would have once called racehorse plaid, gray flannel trousers, a heavy blue shirt, an orange woollen tie, orange woollen socks, and tan pigskin shoes. My handkerchief had consumed no less than five minutes of my time, and I had resolved to remember my cuffs. As it turned out, that was not necessary.

There were ten or twelve people in the big third-and-fourth-floor studio, of whom four took leading parts in the proceedings. Mr. Johnson-or-Fletcher presented me to Mr. Sarra, offered us

Swiss officer's knife—our own import stainless steel in a red plastic handle, large and small cutting blades, bottle and can openers, corkscrew, punch, scissors, tweezers and toothpick concealed in one end. $10. Add 35¢ postage on mail orders and 35¢ for famous Neiman-Marcus gift wrap.



Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

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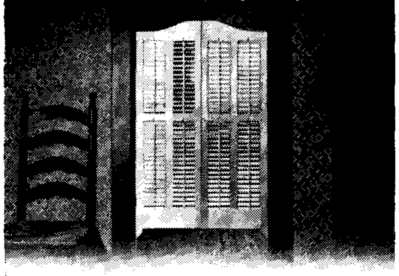

Authentic copies of old "Barbary Coast" saloon doors for your rumpus room, bar, den, butler's pantry, or powder room. Kiln dried sugar pine. 46 inches high. Fits any standard door opening from 28 inches to 36 inches wide. Complete with double acting hinges, ready to hang. Unfinished...$35.00. Stained Antique Pine or painted Sugar White...$45.00. Shipping charges collect (15 lbs.). Send width of opening and finish desired.

Enclose 25c for beautiful Movable Shutter door and window brochure. *Please no C.O.D.'s*

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Calvert-and-water from a tray, and kept our glasses filled throughout the ordeal. Sarra himself, whose accent and bounce were so accurately conveyed by Miss Logan, indicated through his use of both that he and I were in league to have fun. The advertising agency had sent a man I had never seen before, who set himself up as something of a perfectionist. And there was a young man of very great height, made greater by long and upstanding wavy hair, who at first appeared to have nothing to do but look me up and down. The others, except for a young woman who kept coming in, looking worried, and going out, seemed to be property men.

Sarra led me to a corner of the studio that was furnished with a long table, an office chair with arms, a wooden settee, and a teleprinter machine. On one wall was a large map of Europe, and on the other were framed photographs of the Eiffel Tower and the Taj Mahal, one beneath the other. "How you like?" asked Sarra. I said I liked all right, but mentioned that I had never been to India as a foreign correspondent.

Sarra bounced back a couple of steps, stared at the pictures for a minute, and said, "Sure—we change them so the other one's on top and won't show what it is. Hey!" he called to a property man. "Put top picture here and bottom picture—exactly—*here*." Turning back to me, he said, "I promise you you won't know what it is." He walked away, and Mr. Johnson-or-Fletcher took his place by my side.

"We thought we'd put colored pins in the map everywhere your magazine's got correspondents," he said. "To give it color, you know."

A second property man began executing this commission.

"Not Warsaw," I said.

Fletcher-or-Johnson looked distressed.

"All right," I said, "Warsaw."

Sarra came back and pointed to the map. "Take it down. Get a bigger one. And see it's got lots of blue."

It took about twenty minutes for this to be done to Sarra's satisfaction. While the work was going on, I sampled my Calvert and found that it increased my tendency to sweat. Sarra kept rattling the ice in his glass, but he did not drink from it. At last he said, "O.K.," then, "I don't like that machine."

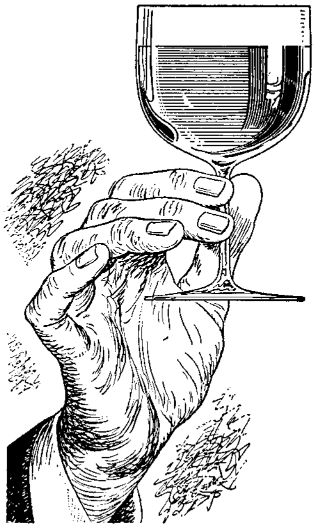
"The sponsor wants it in," said the agency man.

"You like it?" Sarra asked me.

"No."

"I keep it in corner," he whispered to me. "Blurred."

The agency man looked suspicious



For those interested in
Dinner Wines
of distinctive character

During recent years, connoisseurs have been admiring the remarkable *varietal wines* of California . . . noting not only their delightfully individual personalities, but the way they have been increasing both in numbers and in availability.

These premium wines start with distinguished lineage. As indicated on their bottle labels, they are parented by grape varieties famed the world over for exceptional wines. Their individuality however, is a reflection of those qualities which are bestowed upon the grape vines by California's wine-loving soil and climate.

Handled with discriminating care, these fine grapes have here yielded wines of unusually pleasing taste and graceful balance. The guide-notes below may help you discover some rare pleasures for your palate.

California Rosé Wines

are typically mild in body and pink in color, with characteristic lively, fruity taste. Made from *Grenache, Grignolino* or *Gamay* grapes (and often bearing those grape names), the Rosés of California are gay as a summer party — versatile wines that, served chilled, will add to the taste pleasure of most every food.

For experienced wine-lovers the Rosés offer interesting subtleties of flavor and bouquet. For everyone, they provide glorious new experiences in the beauties of wine.

California Burgundies

like Burgundies the world over, vary as individuals according to their heritage. Some of California's finest are to be found labeled with the great Burgundy grape names, *Pinot Noir* and *Red Pinot*. Both find a perfect home on California's sunny hillsides and return their gratitude in generous, velvety wines of aristocratic bouquet and an elegant, delectable taste.

California Sauternes

too, exhibit the personal traits of their grape parents. Many are derived of the *Semillon*, and some bear the grape name on their label. Grown here in moderately warm districts, the Semillon grape produces both dry and semi-sweet wines of delightfully rich flavor and aromatic excellence.

Another honored Sauterne is the *Sauvignon Blanc*, which takes to the gravelly soil of California's sunny, sheltered valleys. Its wine is full-bodied, rich, spicy and fragrant — a perfect companion to subtle-flavored main course dishes.

California's Pink Champagne

ranks as one of the State's finest sparkling wines. Made from carefully chosen wine grapes, this fresh-tasting, fruity and gayly effervescent wine is one to honor and delight the most discerning of your guests.

The wine growers of California take pride and pleasure in offering their many *varietal wines*. Exploring those mentioned here, you will find, is an enticing invitation to venture further into the discovery of still more of the fine wines of California.
Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

Any office can have a Postage Meter

In fact, anybody who mails letters, no matter how few or how seldom, can use the DM. It's a desk model postage meter, little larger than your telephone.

But it *prints* postage like any big meter . . . the right stamp for any kind of mail, right on the envelope. With a dated postmark, and your own small advertisement if you like . . . Even handles parcel post. And has a moistener for sealing envelope flaps.

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Ask the nearest PB office to show you the postage meter you need . . . or send the coupon.

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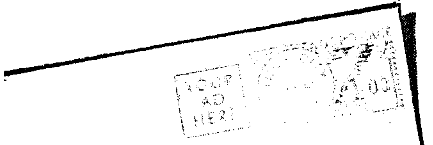

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
1615 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Please send free booklet on the DM.
Name __________
Firm __________
Address __________

and murmured, "The sponsor . . ."

"Now!" said Sarra, bounding backward. "I gotta get variety in these. Let's try it you sitting on the table." I sat on the table, and one of the property men pushed the settee under my feet. "How's it feel?" Sarra asked.

I said I didn't know where to hold the glass.

"Try holding it in front of you."

I tried it, but I still felt awkward.

The agency man said, "You ought to sit straighter. The sponsor likes the shoulders square."

"Lights," said Sarra.

Hot white lights went on all around me, including a spotlight on the glass. I felt sweat coming out on my forehead and took another swallow of Calvert. Johnson-Fletcher filled my glass to the required level with Calvert-and-water, then stood back and stared at the glass. "Too pale," he said, and added another splash of Calvert.

"Look," said the agency man. "Can't you sit up straighter? The sponsor likes them chesty."

"Let him get comfortable," said Sarra.

I tried to look both chesty and comfortable, and the tall young man with the wavy hair began doing things to my clothes. He smoothed the collar of my jacket, straightened the creases of my trousers, adjusted my tie, and, finally, with the nails of his thumb and forefinger, shot my cuffs. Johnson-Fletcher stepped to one side of the camera and held up an imaginary bird, Sarra made some remark designed to unfreeze my face, and silence fell on the studio. The shutter snapped.

I let my shoulders sag while the plate was being changed, then puffed out my chest again. The wavy-haired young man once more smoothed me down, remarking as he did so, "This must give you great satisfaction, at the very apex of your career." I could not think of any answer to that.

After four or five exposures, Sarra picked up his drink from the end of the table on which I was sitting. From the amount he swallowed, I knew he was worried. "Just get comfortable," he said. "We forget it a minute and take it easy." I leaned forward with both elbows on my knees, and my two hands came to rest around the glass. Sarra let out a yelp and jumped toward the camera. "Hold it!" he yelled. "That's it!" The cuff-shooter came forward and stiffened me up a little, but not enough to spoil anything. Sarra snapped the camera. "That's good," he said. "Unorthodox," muttered the agency man.

After that, to please the agency man,

please be sure the Rum Old Fashioneds are made with...

Jamaica Rum

JAMAICA OLD FASHIONED

Rum, the traditional summer drink, is best enjoyed when Jamaica Rum is the base. Then your drink is always delicious and satisfying because the rum, whether full-bodied or light-bodied, is always of the finest quality, distilled by the Jamaican method used since 1661. Always be sure "Jamaica" is used.

3 or 4 dashes Angostura, 1 lump sugar or tsp. syrup, 1 or 2 ice cubes, a twist of lemon peel or lemon slice, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Splash of soda, stir.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

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We are prepared to clean, reline, repair, and restore to the best possible condition your cherished oil paintings. Studio on our premises. Our expert, John F. Venuti, will cheerfully give estimates without obligation on your part.

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Your Choice in ALBANY, N. Y.
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DeWitt Clinton

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PARKING LOT & GARAGE ADJACENT

They all speak well of it

John J. Hyland, Manager

Sarra took several shots of me sitting in a chair in the conventional Calvert pose. The agency man, satisfied, poured himself another drink. Sarra shook hands with me, said "Glad to've met you," and rushed away. Fletcher-Johnson took me to the head of the stairs and said, "I guess you can find your way out." The receptionist didn't even look me up and down as I passed her desk. I went back to my office, took off my coat and tie, and tried to pretend to Miss MacKenzie that nothing unusual had happened.

I finished my book in September, and it was scheduled for publication in April. I asked Miss MacKenzie to give the date to her friend in Geyer, Newell & Ganger and to remind him that he owed me a case of whiskey and three hundred dollars for my favorite charity. I don't think all this had anything to do with a decision I made about that time to ask for a transfer back to the Paris office of *Time* and *Life*, but I do remember going to the trouble of finding out that the Man of Distinction series did not run in the international editions of those magazines.

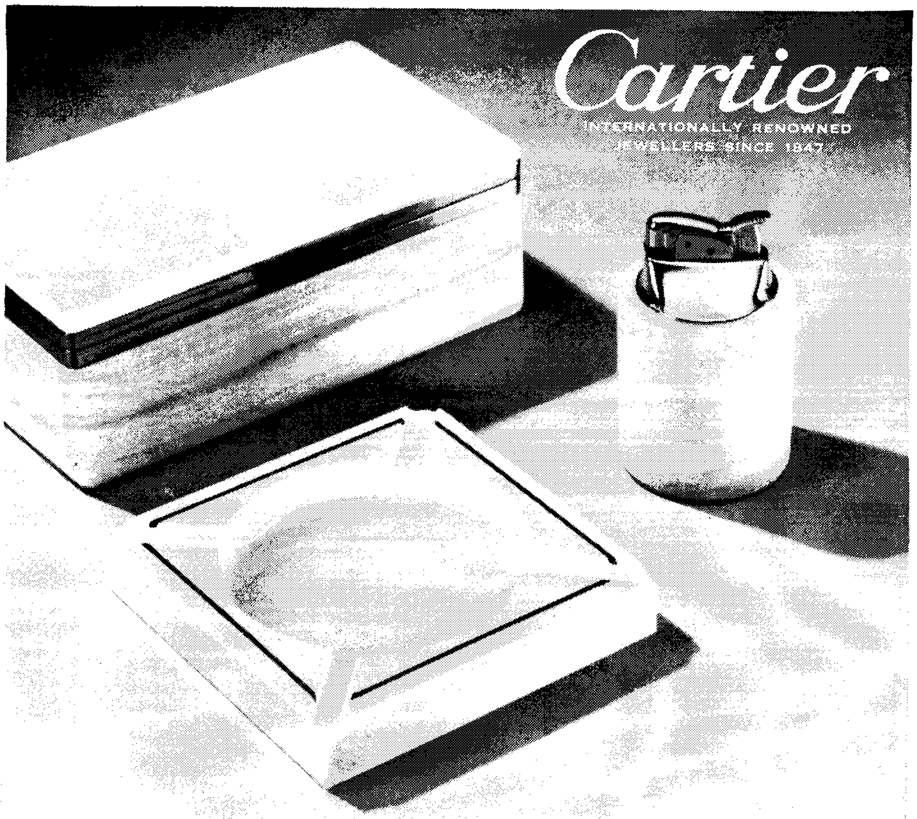
A couple of days after Miss MacKenzie's call to the advertising agency, the wheels began to turn. They did not, however, turn in any way I had anticipated. One morning at my desk, I received an interoffice telephone call from Mr. Howard Black, a *Time* vice-president in charge of advertising. "About that ad you're in," he said. "I don't know if you're aware that it's against the company's policy for anybody working here to endorse a product." I said no, I hadn't known that. "Do you mind if I get you out of it—get the picture back?" he asked. "Not at all," I said. "Good," he said, and hung up.

Just before my wife and I sailed for France in November, a friend of mine who works on *Time*—a man who is in and out of Black's office a good deal—gave a small dinner for us. After dinner, he presented my wife with a large, flat, rectangular package and asked her to unwrap it. Of course, it was the picture. Everybody present, except myself, said it was a fine one. I was pleased to see that the Taj Mahal did not show, that the teleprinter was blurred, and that both my hands grasped the glass quite naturally. I also observed that on the white cardboard mat framing the portrait several notations had been scribbled in pencil. One said "Scar on chin?" and another "Take green out of hair." A third was simply "Wertenbaker—killed."

Very truly yours,
CHARLES WERTENBAKER

(*Advertisement*)

The occasion calls for *the only translucent finish that gives you that flawless sheer look.* SHEER BEAUTY *make-up products by Lenthéric.*
Face Powder—Powder Pac—Foundation—Rouges—Mascara.



White Onyx Smoking Accessories—from Cartier
— cigarette box, gilt edge, $46; table lighter, gilt top, $12.50;
ash tray, malachite inlay, $14. . . Prices include Federal Tax.
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because they're our justly famous hand-crafted waxed Gay Deceivers*, so completely natural and glowing they rival Nature's loveliest blossoms.

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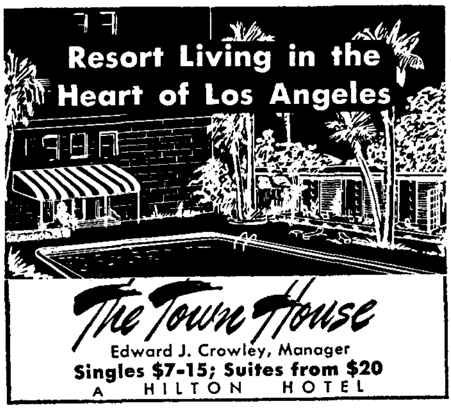
Resort Living in the Heart of Los Angeles

The Town House

Edward J. Crowley, Manager

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A HILTON HOTEL

FOOTBALL

Round One

WHAT was probably the first game of the playoff for the season's championship in these parts was staged last Saturday in Philadelphia, where, to the vast astonishment of a great many people, including this observer, Princeton staggered home one touchdown ahead of Pennsylvania (13–7, that is). The second game of the playoff should be next weekend, when Cornell drops in at Princeton, assuming that there's anything left of the Princeton team by then. The third, and final, game should be late next month, when Cornell drops in at Philadelphia.

To the onlooker, safely remote from the fray, Saturday's big match was as pretty a battle of brawn and brains as has been put on in years. Princeton, whose reserve strength this year is much sparser than Penn's, obviously figured that it would have to get off to such a long lead before its regulars tired that Penn couldn't catch up. And Penn undoubtedly figured that the best idea was to bottle up the swift and versatile Princeton attack until those regulars tired, and then swarm over them. Early in the game, a clever quick kick by Penn sailed over the heads of the Princeton backfield and put the weekend guests in an extremely awkward tactical position. It wasn't until the second quarter that Princeton, realizing that time was fleeting by and that no lead at all was being built up, decided to risk some passes. Penn was as ready for them as it had been for Princeton's running attack, and stormed in on Kazmaier, who was throwing them, sometimes spilling him on his eye before he could get the ball away and sometimes knocking it down inches after it had left his hands. Now and then, though, a Kazmaier pass reached Princeton fingers, and at last a spread-eagle dive over the Penn line by McNeil, Kazmaier's sturdiest running mate, put Princeton in the lead, 6–0. It was 7–0 when Newell, whose field goal and points after touchdown had enabled Princeton to nose out Navy the week before, kicked this point after touchdown, too, but an official noticed McPhee, a Princeton end, holding a Penn man in an illegal grasp, so Newell had to kick again, from thirty-five yards out; he missed, and the score went back to 6–0.

Only five plays later, though, Newell intercepted a Penn pass and ran the ball into Penn territory. A Penn man intercepted the ball right back on the next play—another Kazmaier pass—and then dropped it, and five plays after that Kazmaier whipped a bullet pass at McPhee, who, after simultaneously juggling the ball and sidestepping a Penn tormentor, made up for his earlier peccadillo by scoring Princeton's second touchdown. There, as it turned out, went the ball game, but no one, least of all Penn, was prepared to believe it.

If Princeton tactics had the upper hand in the first half, Penn tactics had the upper hand in the second half, as the Princeton regulars began to crumble. Princeton's brilliant trio of ends was quickly reduced to one-man strength. First, Lyons limped out of the game with a leg injury; then Emery followed him. McPhee stuck it out longer, but finally he, too, had to be removed, though he was able to return later on. Meanwhile, Newell, whose interception had led to the winning touchdown, had broken an ankle. If it hadn't been that Adams, Penn's most accurate passer and one of its best running backs, got himself badly bunged up, too, about the same time, the victory might well have gone to his team.

As it was, even without Adams, Penn nearly made it. Varaitis, one of the twenty young gladiators who came up to the Penn varsity this fall from last season's excellent freshman squad, started jabbing through the Princeton line, once carrying the ball five times in a row. Then an elegant pass caught Princeton flatfooted and produced a touchdown. Penn, though, could never again get a really trenchant offensive going.

This department is not fond of narrating plots in detail, but then this department doesn't often see games in which two powerful offensives are so nearly matched by two powerful defensives. Nothing like the Penn-Princeton game was going on anywhere else around here last Saturday. Cornell, the best of the rest, had only the hapless Harvard team to deal with (Cornell 42, Harvard 6), and the other games were of rather mild interest, except for Yale's difficulties with Columbia's efficient little offensive backfield (Columbia 14, Yale 0) and Army's difficulties with a not especially miraculous Dartmouth team (Dartmouth 28, Army 14). Whatever else could be said of this brand of football, it could not be accused of overemphasis. —J. W. L.

Restful...
U.S. KOYLON

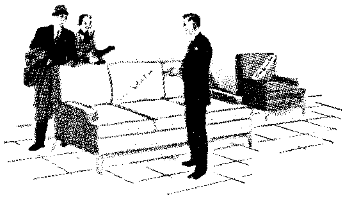
*T*he U. S. Koylon Foam Mattress has awakened America to a new—a different—a more restful sleep, to restorative, healthful rest.

You rest more, you turn less. U. S. Koylon Foam gently yields to body pressure. It is engineered and controlled to an *exact* resiliency. You are gently cradled from head to toe. The buoyant support of U. S. Koylon is literally unnoticeable; it permits free blood circulation.

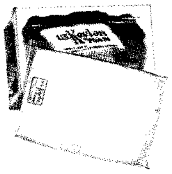
There is only one U. S. Koylon Foam. The companion Foundation is engineered to give you, to the very ounce, exact compression. Fifteen years of research developed this *controlled* rigidity. Together with the mattress, here is the greatest sleep luxury—U. S. Koylon. Look for the exclusive cloud ticking, at finest stores. Prices you can afford.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

U.S. Koylon® FOAM



You'll want furniture with U. S. Koylon Cushioning, too. It fluffs and ventilates itself, protects upholstery fabrics because of U. S. Koylon's resiliency.



Self-fluffing U. S. Koylon Pillows bring perfect cradling comfort to head and shoulders. They adjust to every move you make. Cool, odorless, dust-free.

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ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

"They always serve the finest drinks"
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
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AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL: *"There is nothing better in the market"*

To honor the guest whose friendship you cherish, always serve *America's Guest Whisky*, famous bonded Old Forester. As fine in quality, as elegant in flavor as it was in 1870—the year the first Old Forester was created to set a standard for all Kentucky whiskies.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

MUSICAL EVENTS

All Right, Why?

BEGINNING a new season at Carnegie Hall one evening last week, the Philharmonic-Symphony Society loped through its forty-nine-hundred-and-sixty-sixth concert, an event of no great importance but one that served to introduce to this country, for better or worse, a short opera by Ferruccio Busoni entitled "Arlecchino." The work, which was written during the First World War, was presented in concert form with a small cast of singers, some in costume and some in conventional evening dress. Before giving you a rundown on "Arlecchino," which I probably shouldn't attempt at all, because I'm far from clear in my mind about it, I'll mention a few facts concerning Busoni that may prove helpful. First, he was best known during his life (he died in 1924) for his excellence as a concert pianist, and next best for his arrangements of other people's music—Bach's, for example. Second, of his four operatic works, none has impressed the public very much. The present cropping up of "Arlecchino" can be explained by the fact that Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, was a pupil and friend of Busoni's and therefore might be expected to have a greater appreciation of his music, and a greater interest in it, than most people. This kind of friendship can sometimes bring to light important compositions, but I don't think it did in this case. As far as the music goes, "Arlecchino" is a grab bag—a piquant reflection, very well orchestrated, on a host of musical styles that Busoni was on easy terms with but didn't show much enthusiasm for. Mitropoulos was on equally easy terms with "Arlecchino," so orchestrally the concert was a success.

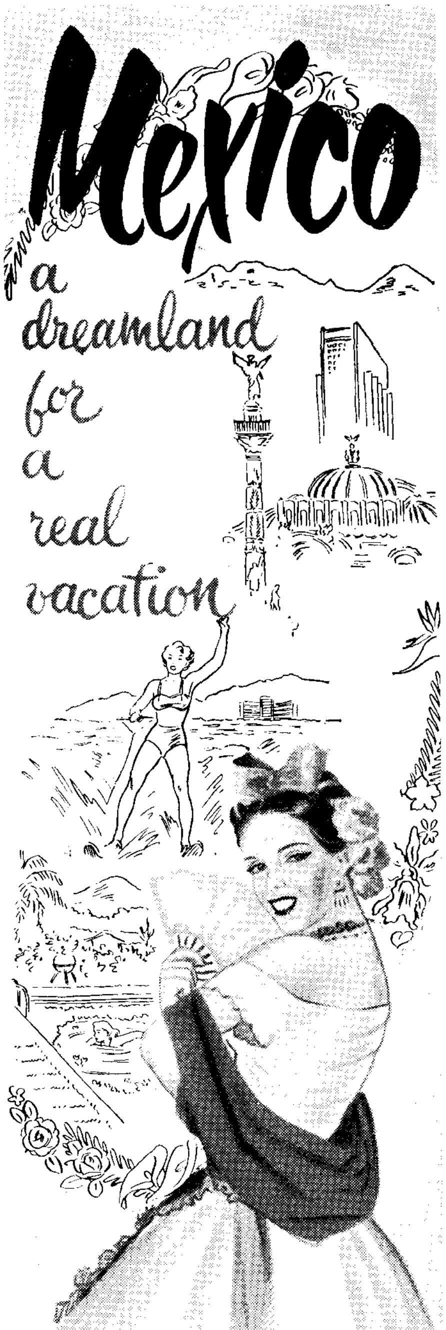
Now we come to the story, which was presented in an English translation. Forget about the English; most singers have enough trouble trying to sing well, let alone to convey the words distinctly, or the sense they make. Only John Brownlee, who, in the leading role of Harlequin, had just a speaking part, could really be understood, and that may have been his misfortune, for his lines, intended to be amusing, were extremely dull. Brownlee was dressed exactly the way he is got up for the Metropolitan Opera production of "Fledermaus"—in formal evening attire, including a top hat and a cape lined with white silk—and he played a similar role, that of an urbane master of ceremonies who is also involved in the action. In four movements, "Arlecchino" presents Harlequin in four situations. In the first, he is trying to seduce the wife of a tailor; then he is furthering this design by sending the tailor away to help fight off some imaginary invaders; next, he thwarts the efforts of a troubadour to win *his* wife; and, finally, he scores with the tailor's wife. Busoni, who also wrote the libretto, attempted to work up some bitter laughter at soldiers, doctors, tradesmen, and men of the cloth, and at women in general. Unhappily, his humor falls flat. Busoni had no knack for telling a story.

Mitropoulos didn't either, the other night. He had the cast act out the piece by pretending they were entering a house (indicated by some gray drapery strung against the back wall), or going to a tavern, or leaving for battle, when all they were actually doing was walking back and forth across a stage occupied mostly by seventy-nine members of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The singers' names don't matter; they were all up against it in every respect.

This, then, was "Arlecchino," a work best summed up by the Italian critic Guido Pannain—whose acquaintance I made only last week, in the program notes. Pannain, writing about Busoni in 1932, calls this "a masterly score," which, he adds a little later, "bursts into laughter like a comic tenor." He goes on to say, digging deep, "It is not the tragic humor of the old romantic nor the scoffing cynicism of the modern jester, but the smile of a serious person, a thoughtful, reflected laughter, the metaphysical joy, which, at the very moment felt, is interrupted by the eternal question— Why?"

The orchestra played a couple of Mozart works during the first half of the program, but since the solo horn hit so many bloopers during the principal one that I thought everybody onstage would die of embarrassment before "Arlecchino" came around, I'd just as soon skip it.

THE New York City Opera Company restored "Rigoletto" to the repertory last week at the City Center, and the best thing about the performance was the entrancing coloratura



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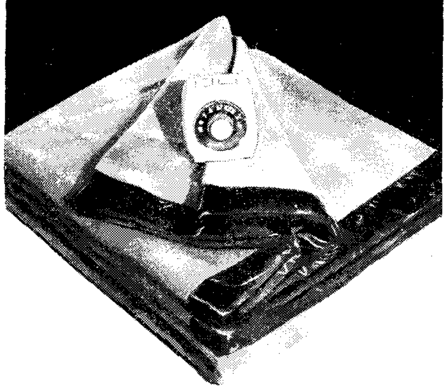

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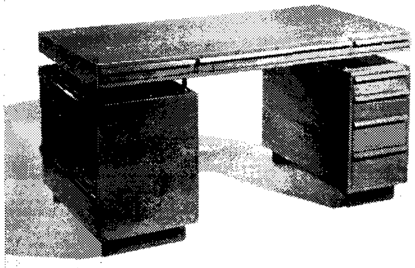

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singing of Graciela Rivera, who played Gilda. She, too, had been away from the company for several seasons—singing in Italy, Portugal, and England, according to the program. I don't remember what she sounded like before, but I can tell you that last Friday she had this part down pat and, to my mind, walked off with the vocal honors. She made "Caro nome" sound like a dream, and that piece usually annoys me almost as much as "Celeste Aïda," another smash hit of Verdi's. The role was a big job for a girl as petite as Miss Rivera, who also has a rather small voice. She was, furthermore, faced with some male singers who threw their weight about, both vocally and physically. Miss Rivera, however, used her voice beautifully, and in the final act—when the "Quartet" gets noisy and later, with the orchestra working up Verdi's storm effects while Gilda is alone on the stage—it was astonishing how that finespun voice of hers cut through all the sound around it. In addition, without demonstrating any notable skill as an actress, she did show tremendous poise, focussing attention upon herself. It was fun having "Rigoletto" back, tightly staged by José Ruben, but the only fine singing I heard that night was contributed by Miss Rivera. Lawrence Winters, in the title role, obviously had a cold, and halfway through each act it caught up with him and dried out his voice. David Poleri played the Duke boldly but without any special distinction. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

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George Washington never wrote his name in full, but always signed it G. Washington.—*Lima (Ohio) News.*

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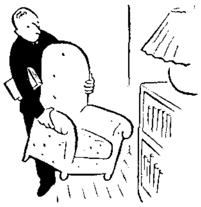
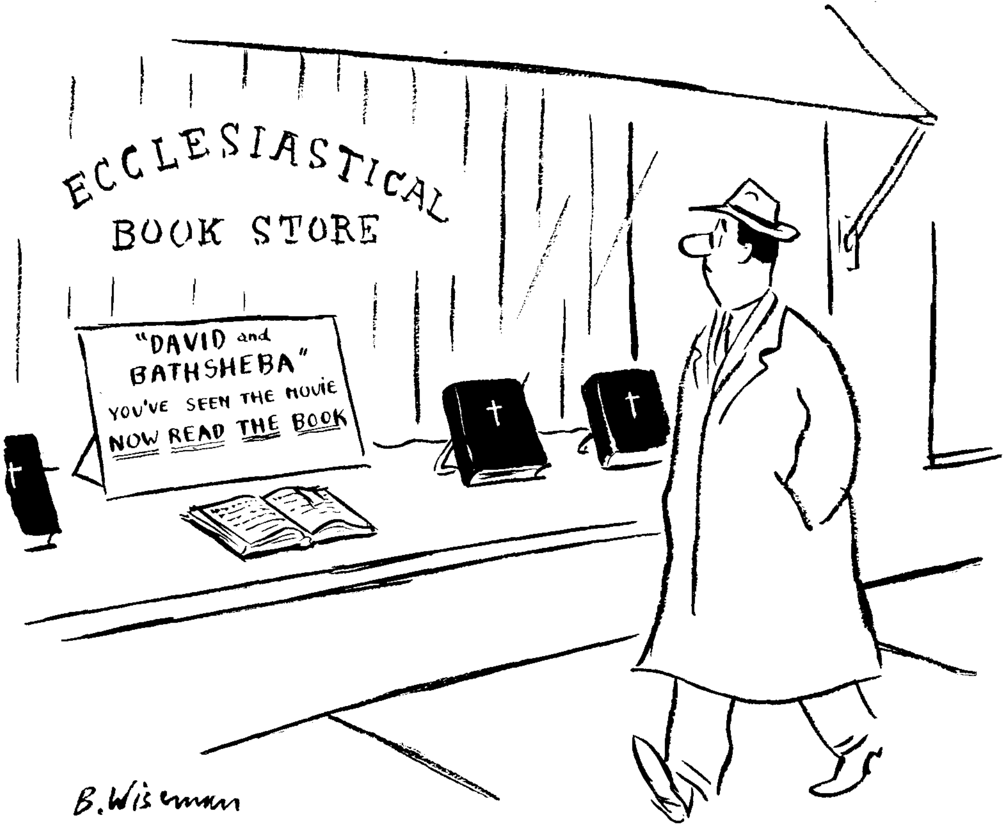


THE first installment of "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt" (Harvard) is an event of considerable interest, which may do something to restore the prestige of a somewhat staled reputation. The first two volumes of a series that is eventually to run to eight have as subtitle "The Years of Preparation" and cover the period from 1868, when Roosevelt was ten years old, through the Presidential campaign of 1900, when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with William McKinley. T. R. was a prodigious correspondent, and the letters in the whole series will represent a selection of "only about ten thousand" from an "estimated hundred thousand that are available." It has been complained by one reviewer that even this tithe is too many, but it is probably appropriate and inevitable that Roosevelt should be taken in a bulk that corresponds to his enormous energy and the crowding day-by-day business, both personal and official, that he so much enjoyed transacting. The result is, in any case, for one who looks back on the later Roosevelt of 1909-19—unwillingly retired from politics, dissatisfied, blaring, and boring—to revive one's respect for the early T. R. and make one feel that, in our recent perspective, he has been rather unfairly eclipsed by Wilson and Franklin D.

Before going on to this subject, however, a word or two ought to be said about the edition itself. It is one of those modern jobs that are the products of collaboration. The title page announces that the letters have been "selected and edited by Elting E. Morison," with John M. Blum as Associate Editor and John J. Buckley as Copy Editor, but Mr. Morison's introduction makes it plain that a number of other persons have also made contributions, and the impression is that nobody has adequately checked on or coördinated the work of the various editors. The touch of misplaced coyness in Mr. Morison's introduction suggests an uneasy awareness of this.

The worst feature, perhaps, is the index. Any incomplete index is a nuisance, and this is one of the most incomplete that the reviewer has ever encountered. If you should look up Henry James in this listing, you would not find any reference to a letter of the early eighties in which Roosevelt mentions his first meeting with him at the St. Botolph's Club in Boston; and if you should look up Frank H. Cushing, the anthropologist, a very important man in his field, you would find no reference at all, though Roosevelt twice mentions meeting him. The family of Eleanor Roosevelt come off particularly badly both in the index and in a large chart that undertakes to show the family relationships. There is no mention in either of these of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's two brothers (she appears in the chart as an only child), though they are mentioned more than once in the text, and the second reference to her in the index is listed by the number of the letter in the series instead of, according to the system adopted, by the number of the page on which it occurs. The circumstances as well as the date of the death of Mrs. Roosevelt's father, Theodore's brother Elliott, though there are several letters about it, are left unexplained in the notes.

These notes are characterized, in general, by a similar incompleteness, combined with an irritating garrulity. Mr. Morison disclaims any effort to elucidate such well-known names as Mark Twain or Grover Cleveland (though it might be a good idea to have the latter's terms of office indicated). He says that it is more to the point to throw light on such forgotten topics as Little Egypt and Cahenslyism, but, though he includes a brief mention of this latter subject in a note on Cardinal Gibbons, he does not tell us who Cahensly was or how the movement originated. The notes on literary subjects are full of irrelevant information and gratuitous criticism that is often rather badly expressed. We are told, for example, that Charles A. Dana was an editor of "perverse independence," that Agnes Repplier was "a familiar essayist of rare charm and insight," that John Fox, Jr., married Fritzi Scheff, that the novels of Marion Crawford were distinguished by "a high romance and a kind of baroque glitter," and that the literary activities of Arlo Bates were "all in the genteel and benign tradition." Along with these ineptitudes and this waste of space, one finds a neglect of allusions that really need to be explained. What, for example, is the article by Roosevelt mentioned on page 572? What is the article by Adams (and which Adams?) mentioned on 289? What is the poem of Kipling's on which Roosevelt comments on 909? Nobody's dates are listed, so it is never possible to tell how old anybody is. The chronology of the "principal events" in Roosevelt's life, which includes neither his trips to



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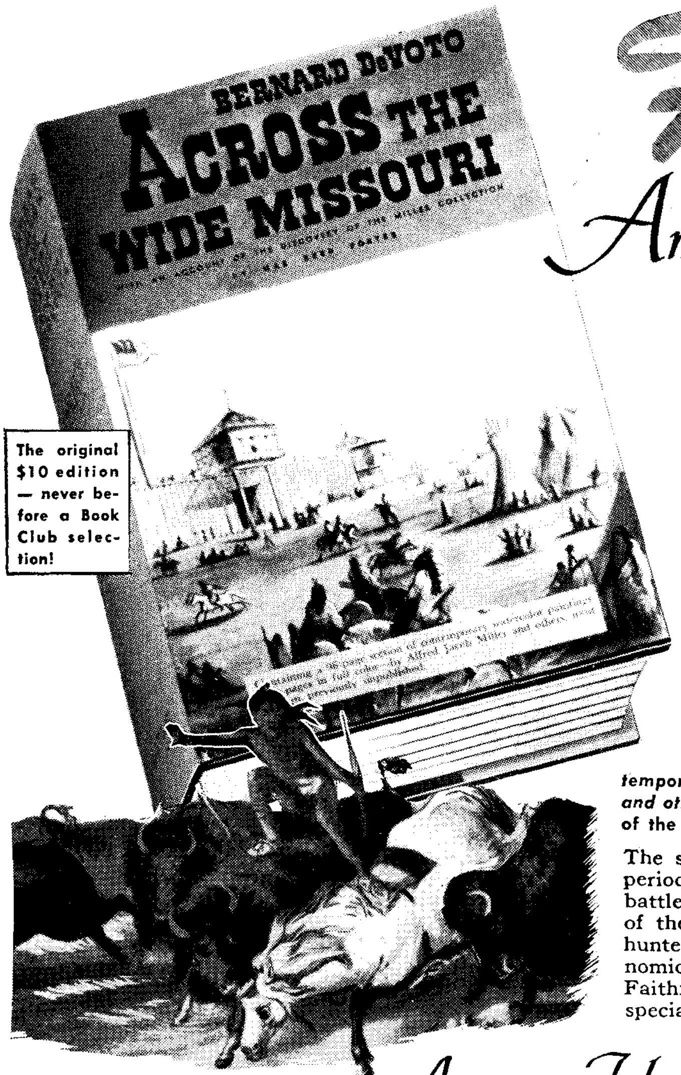
Europe, his early schooling, nor the births of his children, is, up to his governorship, of an inadequacy that is hardly believable.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, as these letters show, was fortunate in his early surroundings and the situation to which he was born. The first sections of the correspondence take us into a well-to-do family of the New York of the seventies and eighties, where the adored mother and father and sisters and brother, sheltered by the cozy shrubbery of a house at Sagamore Hill, embraced by its ample piazza, seem multiplied ad infinitum in the world beyond Oyster Bay by innumerable cousins and uncles and aunts. The children are taken abroad, climb Vesuvius and see Karnak in their teens, and at home they learn to ride their ponies, collect ornithological specimens, and celebrate the Fourth of July with much popping of firecrackers. "I do not think there is a fellow in College," Theodore writes to his father from Harvard at the age of eighteen, "who has a family that love him as much as you all do me, and I am *sure* that there is no one who has a Father who is also his best and most intimate friend, as you are mine." "It seems perfectly wonderful," he writes at the same time to his mother, "in looking back over my eighteen years of existence, to see how I have literally never spent an unhappy day, unless by my own fault!" And a year and a half later, at the time of his father's death, he addresses his sister Corinne: "My own, darling, sweet, little treasure of a Pussie . . . I do hope you and Muffie are enjoying yourselves. Dear little one, you can hardly know what an inestimable blessing to a fellow it is to have such a home as I have. Even now that our dear father has been taken away, it is such great and unmixed pleasure to look forward to a visit home." To his mother: "I have just been looking over a letter of my dear Father's in which he wrote me 'Take care of your morals first, your health next, and finally your studies.' I do not think I ever *could* do anything wrong while I have his letters." And this early picture seems to merge into that of the son's own household, still at Sagamore Hill, but populated with six children instead of four, where he loves to play bear with them when they are little and read them "Hereward the Wake" when they are older, where he takes them for sails on the Sound, encourages them to camp out at night, and is delighted when they name their pets after distinguished Roosevelt ancestors and heroes of the Spanish-American War.

In this matrix, an ideal is conceived of the role of the United States in the world at the end of the nineteenth century and of the role of Theodore Roosevelt as a citizen of the United States. It is the definition of this ideal in relation to pressures and events that makes this first installment of letters interesting. The slogans of the later Roosevelt—the big stick and the strenuous life, malefactors of great wealth, race suicide, and all the rest of it—were to become such journalistic clichés, as the caricaturists' teeth and glasses were to make a cliché of T. R. himself, that it may come as a surprise to find that Roosevelt first met his age as a serious and thoughtful young man who formulated and was ready to fight for a personal philosophy of life. How this age presented itself to him, what he had to contend against, he has stated in his "Autobiography":

> In the reaction after the colossal struggle of the Civil War our strongest and most capable men had thrown their whole energy into business, into money-making, into the development, and above all the exploitation and exhaustion at the most rapid rate possible, of our natural resources—mines, forests, soil, and rivers. These men were not weak men, but they permitted themselves to grow shortsighted and selfish; and while many of them down at the bottom possessed the fundamental virtues, including the fighting virtues, others were purely of the glorified huckster or glorified pawnbroker type—which when developed to the exclusion of everything else makes about as poor a national type as the world has seen. This unadulterated huckster or pawnbroker type is rarely keenly sympathetic in matters of social and industrial justice, and is usually physically timid and likes to cover an unworthy fear of the most just war under high-sounding names.

The elder Theodore Roosevelt, whom the son so much admired, had himself been a businessman, a banker, and a glass importer, but, product of a Dutch burgher family long resident in New York, he had interested himself in civic causes and been among the founders of the Metropolitan Museum and the Natural History Museum. In the son, a high sense of noblesse oblige was obviously developed early. At Harvard, he shows a sharp class-consciousness that would hardly at the present time be stated in so bald a way: when writing to his sister that he ranks nineteenth in a class of two hundred and thirty, he says, "Only one gentleman stands ahead of me." He made a point of teaching Sunday school at college—which he found uncongenial work—and he was already studying natural history with something of scientific method. He corrected his



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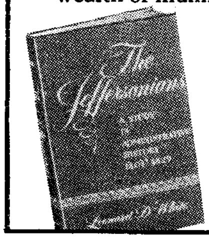

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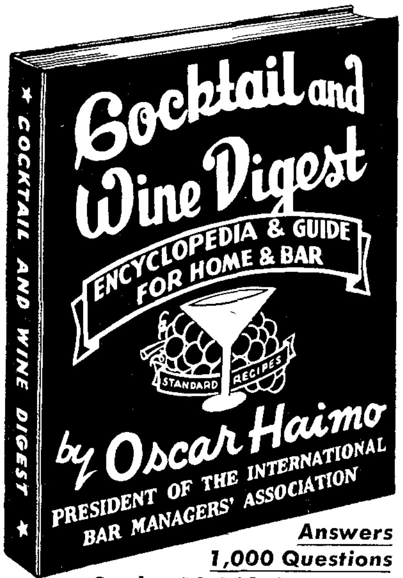
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physical frailty by resolutely, at the cost of some battering, taking lessons in boxing and wrestling. In a letter to E. S. Martin, the editor of *Life*, written in 1900, he was to explain, in connection with this training, that "In most countries the 'Bourgeoisie'—the moral, respectable, commercial, middle class—is looked upon with a certain contempt which is justified by their timidity and unwarlikeness. But the minute a middle class produces men like Hawkins and Frobisher on the seas, or men such as the average Union soldier in the civil war, it acquires the hearty respect of others, which it merits." In the meantime, he had written to his sister and her husband in 1889, at the time when he was Civil Service Commissioner, "I feel it incumbent on me to try to amount to something, either in politics or literature, because I have deliberately given up the hope of going into a money-making business."

He had further corrected the Manhattan burgher by a dose of the hard-living West. "You would be amused to see me," he writes Henry Cabot Lodge in the summer of 1884, when starting out for the Big Horn Mountains, "in my broad sombrero hat, fringed and beaded buckskin shirt, horse hide chaparajos or riding trousers, and cowhide boots, with braided bridle and silver spurs. I have always liked 'horse and rifle,' and being, like yourself, 'ein echter Amerikaner,' prefer that description of sport which needs a buckskin shirt to that whose votaries adopt the red coat. A buffalo is nobler game than an anise-seed bag, the Anglomaniacs to the contrary notwithstanding." He went to live, after his first wife's death, when he was still in his middle twenties, on a ranch he had bought in Dakota, and tried his nerve against cougars and grizzlies, grappled resolutely with roundups and forest fires, walked up squarely to the insults and ridicule of homicidal saloons, and retaliated for the inroads of horse thieves. The opposite of a "gentleman" in New York or Boston was a "mucker" or a "mick." A cowpuncher was something quite different, a free man whom a gentleman Easterner could hardly even call an equal because one had to prove one's equality to *him*. This experience was extremely important to Roosevelt's whole career. It was one of the influences that went to determine his democratic conception of what it meant to be an American, and it enabled him to bring to the Presidency a first-hand sense of the West that no President before him had had.

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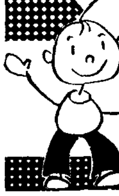

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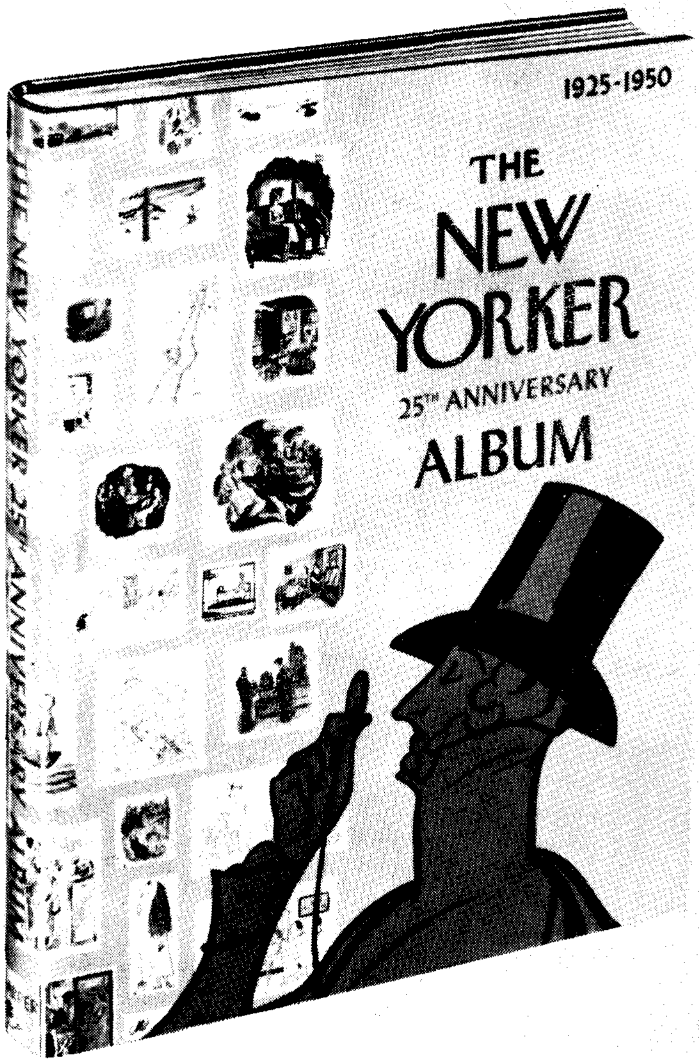

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that had come crowding in since the Civil War and the ostentatious spending they encouraged, the young Roosevelt was patronizing or contemptuous. "The Leiter wedding," he writes, "went off in fine style, and really in very good taste." The Roosevelts had "never liked" the Bradley Martins and declined an invitation to their pretentious ball of 1897. "We were immensely amused," he later notes when he and his wife meet the Martins somewhere, "by the intense seriousness with which they regard themselves and their ball." But he announces that, as Police Commissioner, he will "have to protect it by as many police as if it were a strike," and declares that the outcry against it has almost made him "retract" his refusal to go. "Do you see," he writes Lodge in 1887, "how the Newport cads have taken up the Duke of Marlborough?" Later, in 1895, when a marriage has been arranged between the Duke and Consuelo Vanderbilt, he exclaims to the same correspondent that "The exhibition of snobbery in regard to the Duke of Marlborough this fall has been loathsome." (None of the names in the above quotations is to be found in the defective index, and a footnote erroneously explains, in connection with the first Marlborough reference in a letter of 1887, that the Duke was then "about to marry Consuelo Vanderbilt"—at a time when she was ten years old!) On Americans such as Henry James and William Waldorf Astor, who went to live permanently in England, he imposed a kind of excommunication, denouncing the novels of the former and declining to meet the latter on the occasion of a return to the States. "I hope you will be presented at court," he writes to his sister Anna. "In your position you ought to be." But adds immediately, "What snobs the Hays are! They have no business to bring out their daughter abroad. If you see Gussie Jay give him a hint that if he educates his children abroad he will lose all chance of being returned to our diplomatic service, and ought to lose it." In the case of a correspondent to the London *Times*, he expresses himself with something like fury: "He is more British than the British. He is the kind of man who makes me a ferocious jingo." In the next letter—to Henry Cabot Lodge, on March 13, 1896—the word "Americanism" first occurs.

WHAT did Roosevelt mean by this term? By the end of the First World War, it had become a mere cant word of politicians brandished vaguely to create the impression that one's opponent was an undesirable foreigner or corrupted by foreign ideas. But Roosevelt had given it a meaning; it was a concept he had had to invent as an antidote to those tendencies in the national life that he found himself sworn to resist.

Americanism implied an ideal of disinterested public service for the benefit of the American community, and an approach to this community that differed from the "alien"-baiting tactics of the later exploiters of the term in insisting on a complete impartiality, a rigorous abstention from prejudice, in dealing with race, color, nationality, religion, or social status. These letters are full of expressions that complement the passages quoted above. "There is really a touch of comedy," he writes to Carl Schurz in 1895, when he was New York Police Commissioner, "about attacking me as an 'illiberal,' 'nativist,' and 'know nothing;' I have not got a drop of that kind of blood in me; it is alien to my whole nature. I do not care a rap. Taking the matter of promotions and reductions inside this force, the two last reductions I made were of native Americans who were Republicans, as the local politicians took care to inform me; and to fill their places, and to fill three other vacancies, I promoted five men, all of them, I believe, born in this country, but four of them of Irish and one of German parentage. The four Irish I believe were Catholics. My own only two personal appointments, my secretary and messenger, are both Catholics of Irish parentage." "As you know," he wrote Maria Longworth Storer, "I always treat Catholics and Protestants exactly alike, as I do Jew or Gentile, as I do the man of native American, German, Irish, or any other kind of parentage. Any discrimination for or against a man because of his creed or nativity strikes me as infamy." It is impossible to go through this correspondence of Roosevelt's early official life without becoming convinced that he pretty consistently lived up to this principle—though one notes that, in 1899, when Carl Schurz happens to differ from him politically, he refers to him invidiously as "that prattling foreigner."

We see him, also, as Civil Service Commissioner and as Police Commis-

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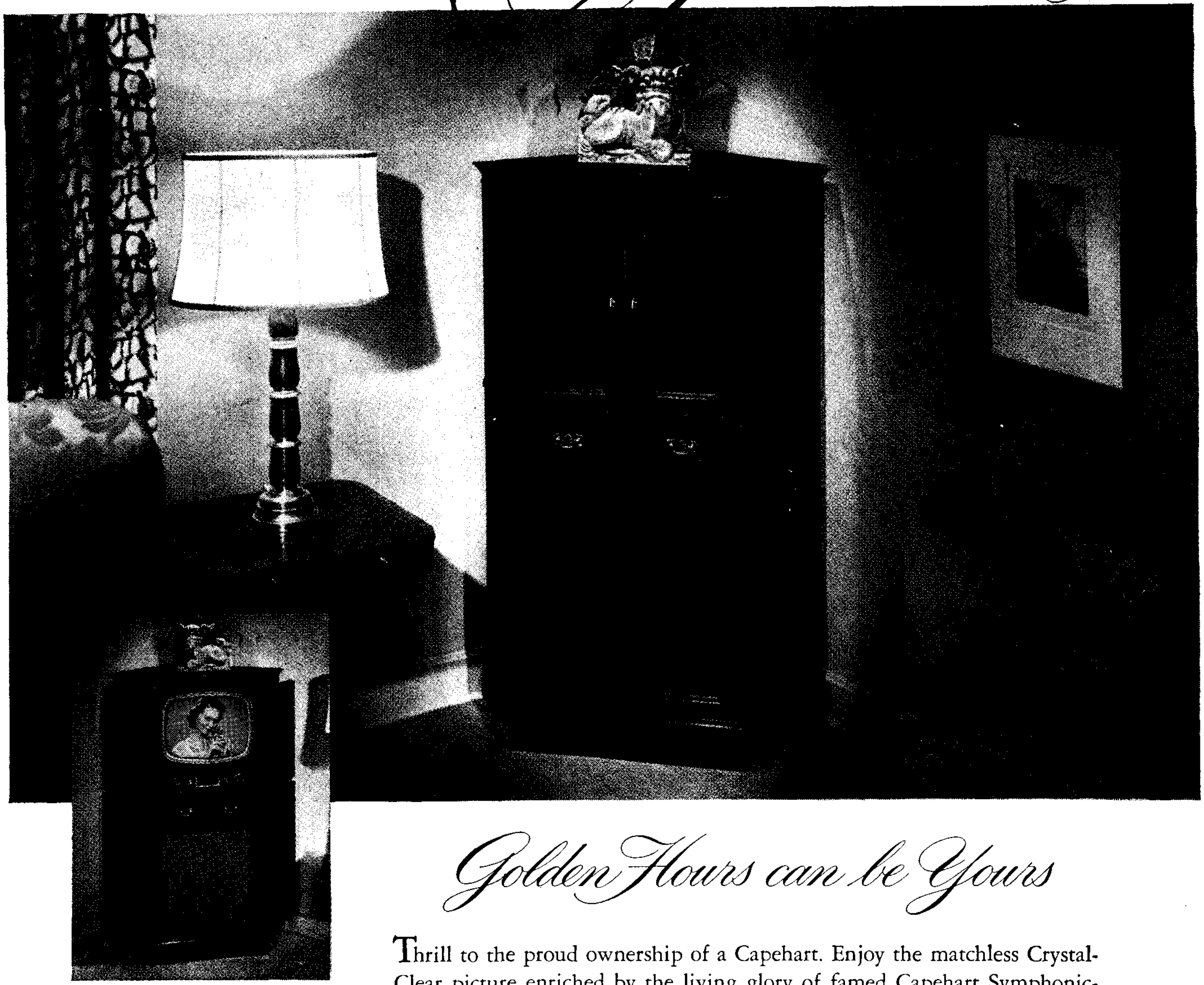

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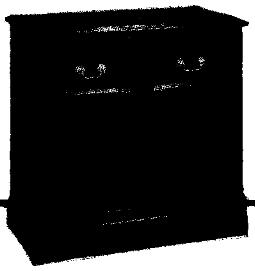

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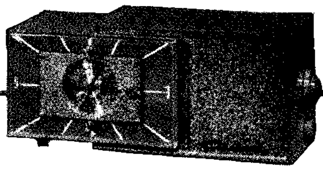

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sioner of New York, doing his best, at the cost of much obstinate resistance to private pressure and public abuse, to remove public service from politics. His conception of himself was that of a benevolent dispenser of justice who rewarded merit and punished wrongdoing. His insistence on human worth and his method of dealing man to man were quite natural to him and not a pose, because handling people of different kinds—whipping them in a fight, making them like him, making them do what he wanted—was a sport that he enjoyed like big-game hunting. The record of his adventures in the state legislature—getting the hang of the Irish politicians, honest and dishonest; acquiring as his closest ally a storekeeper from an Adirondacks crossroads; and in one case defending a bill against "one or two members of the committee who were pretty rough characters" by flourishing the leg of a broken chair—makes quite exhilarating reading.

The vicissitudes of Roosevelt's relations with Tom Platt, the Republican boss of New York, come out in these letters in a striking way. "Platt's influence is simply poisonous," he writes in September, 1895, at the time he is Police Commissioner. "I cannot go in with him; no honest man of sincerity can." The next March he has been obliged, in order to attain a certain objective, "to go in with the Platt men. . . . It was of course the only thing to do; but it was very disagreeable having to do it." But, in the days of his governorship, he did his best to get along with Platt and to minimize the shock of those policies of which he knew Platt would disapprove by regularly writing or seeing him—he even comes to close his letters with "warm regards to Mrs. Platt." But this formally friendly tone blows up in 1900 with a memorable declaration of independence:

> You say that we must nominate some Republican who "will carry out the wishes of the organization," and add that "I have not yet made up my mind who that man is." Of one thing I am certain: that, to have it publicly known that the candidate, whoever he may be, "will carry out the wishes of the organization" would insure his defeat. . . . It is not the business of a governor to "carry out the wishes of the organization" unless these wishes coincide with the good of the party and of the state.

Roosevelt's breakfasts with Platt, which took place quite openly at the latter's hotel and got to be a kind of institution, were reprobated by those whom Roosevelt, writing in his "Autobiography," characterized as "solemn reformers of the tom-fool variety." One

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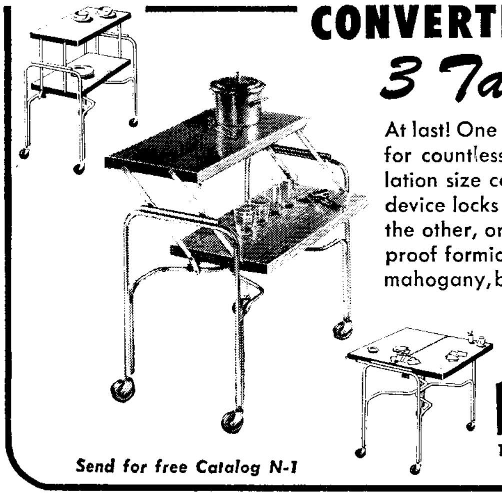

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finds in these letters, also, a whole series of retaliatory blasts against editors like Godkin and Villard, who were intransigent in their war against bossism, and Republicans like Carl Schurz and John Jay Chapman, who, disgusted with Republican corruption, ran an independent Good Government ticket. These attacks are all too often devoid alike of taste and of justice, yet it is impossible, reading these letters, not to sympathize to some extent with Roosevelt in his doctrine of "practical politics," his insistence that the uncompromising kind of reformer, who refuses to yield anything to expediency, can never put through his reforms; that politics is a matter of adapting oneself to all sorts of people and situations, a game in which one may score but only by accepting the rules and recognizing one's opponents, rather than a moral crusade in which one's own stainless standard must mow the enemy down. Roosevelt's attitude here was akin to his attitude toward expatriates: it was priggish and craven, he thought, to deplore conditions in the United States yet at the same time to raise one's eyebrows at anybody who rumpled his waistcoat by plunging into the plebeian melee. In the United States of that era, one sees, among the noble spirits, so many embittered critics, so many neurotic cranks, that it is cheerful to look on at the spectacle of a well-educated and public-spirited man, not merely attempting to formulate an ideal of Americanism that will discredit the pawnbroker and the huckster but punching it out on their own ground with the sordid political boss, the arrogant millionaire, the bought senator, the exploiter of tenements, the Spanish War profiteer—all those types from whom so many of his stratum shrank, with whom they refused to contend.

AMERICANISM in foreign affairs had also its definite meaning. The expressions of bellicosity in these letters may antagonize, but they will not surprise anybody who remembers T. R.'s fulminations against the peace policy of Woodrow Wilson. "Frankly," he writes in 1889 to Cecil Spring Rice, "I don't know that I should be sorry to see a bit of a spar with Germany; the burning of New York and a few other seacoast cities would be a good object lesson on the need of an adequate system of coast defences," and, in 1895 to Henry Cabot Lodge, at the time of our dispute with England over the boundary of Venezuela, "Let the fight come if it must; I don't care whether our seacoast cities are bombarded or not; we would take Canada." His interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine was carried to extreme lengths: "I believe," he writes in 1893, "in ultimately driving every European power off of this continent." But what is unfamiliar and more impressive is the first Roosevelt's grasp of world affairs and the scope of his historical imagination, especially as shown in the series of letters to Cecil Spring Rice. I doubt whether either Woodrow Wilson, for whom the history of Europe seems to have figured, like the chronicles of the Bible, as a remote source of moral instances, or Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose comprehensive knowledge of land and sea seems to have been mainly cartographical, would have been capable of such a survey of Europe, America, and Russia, past and present and future, as Theodore sends Spring Rice on August 13, 1897. The unexpected feature of these letters is the absence of jingo rant and the lack of cocksureness of the long-range views.

There is a similar curious contrast between the extreme manifestations of Roosevelt's egoism and his moderate estimate of himself in his soberer moments of self-appraisal. Of his governorship, one finds him boasting to Cecil Spring Rice, "My own business goes on fairly. At any rate, for this year I have had an absolutely honest administration from top to bottom in this State, and an absolutely efficient one, too." And his confidence in his abilities, his exultant satisfaction in his own achievements, completely takes the bit in its teeth at the time of his letters from the Spanish War, in which he really does make it appear that his storming of San Juan Hill (or what he believed to have been such) was virtually the whole of the Cuban campaign. The relentlessly prolonged correspondence with Henry Cabot Lodge and other allies in Washington in his subsequent (unsuccessful) attempt to obtain the Medal of Honor are embarrassing and exasperating. Yet he writes to Andrew D. White, "Do you know, I have come to the conclusion that I have mighty little originality of my own. What I do is to try to get ideas from men whom I regard as experts along certain lines, and then to try to work out those ideas." Just as, in his "Autobiography," one of the most impressive passages is that in which he explains that the "successes" he has "won" are not of the kind due to genius but the products of "hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance," and in which he goes on to tell how, in spite of a natural timidity, he had trained himself, by discipline and practice, to face his first self-imposed dangers of bad horses, Western gunmen, and large, ferocious animals.

Of the demagogue of the later years, the rabid and self-righteous Roosevelt, who diverted attention from his questionable acts by brutal denunciations; of the red-faced and beefy ex-President whom one saw during the First World War pounding his left palm with his right fist and bombarding his hearers with dogmatic opinions, delivered in a high-pitched voice, that no question or objection could touch; of the self-produced mask of the public man, excreted in public debate to protect and fortify himself, to frighten and reassure others—of this crude ventriloquial oracle, there are already some signs in these letters. He early gave in to the habit of accusing his opponents and critics of "dishonesty" and "deliberate falsehood." He must often, from the start of his career, have had to deal with outrageous examples of both, but it was one of his less amiable traits (somewhat redeemed by the fact that he seems to have been, though a truculent, a not really ill-natured man) that he never gave his critics the benefit of assuming good faith on their part, of admitting that they might be mistaken. "I therefore denounce its statements," he writes in 1891 of an article in the Delphi *Journal* (the editors of the correspondence do not tell us where it was published) that may well have deserved his indignation, "as mere wanton and malicious falsehoods, which its editor knew to be wanton and malicious falsehoods at the time they were written." But we find him a year later declaring that an article in the *Nation* is "so foolish, so malignant, so deliberately mendacious, and so exultant that it fairly made me writhe to think of the incalculable harm to decency that scoundrelly paper, edited by its scoundrelly chief, Godkin, has done." By 1899, Republicans like Senator Hoar, who happened to differ from Roosevelt on the subject of annexing the Philippines, were "little better than traitors." And treason is now added to his stock accusations. By 1900, we find him writing, apropos of the election of 1900, when McKinley ran against Bryan, "I cannot express the anger and contemptuous indignation with which I regard the cultivated men from Schurz and Godkin down to the smaller vermin like Jack Chapman and Erving Winslow who at this great crisis show themselves traitors to their country." But

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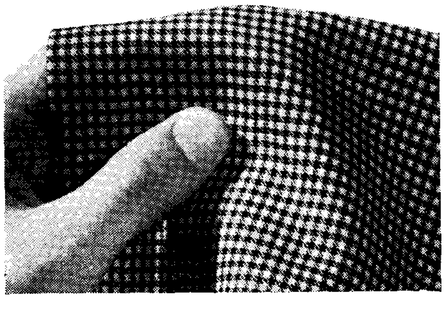

these aspects of Roosevelt's character may be left for consideration till the later installments of the letters appear. In the meantime, the general impression left by the Roosevelt of 1868-1900 is attractive and even inspiring.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Old Reliable, by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday). A lighthearted and also lightheaded novel about Hollywood, in which an antique movie star, a dubious butler, a genial alcoholic, and some old and young writers vie with each other for possession of a diary that may or may not contain scandalous information. Mr. Wodehouse's writing is, as ever, brave and breezy, but it seems to rely more heavily than it used to on the reader's willingness to laugh promptly and often.

The Celebrity, by Laura Z. Hobson (Simon & Schuster). Through Gregory Johns, a novelist, and Thornton Johns, his brother and also his agent, Mrs. Hobson studies the effect of sudden success on two different kinds of men. The actual hero of the book is success, its symptoms and its action. The two men under trial are real and thoughtfully drawn, but so scrupulously ordinary that they are not interesting to read about, and since each one has a completely suitable wife, there are no irrevocable emotional disagreements to snarl the quite neat plot.

Street Music, by Theodora Keogh (Farrar, Straus & Young). Linnet, a twenty-one-year-old New Yorker, and Félice, an eleven-year-old Paris street child, are the heroines of this book. The hero is a Frenchman named Claude, who is married to Linnet and who is attracted to Félice because she reminds him of his childhood and youth, which were spent in various rebellious and revolutionary ways. Linnet wins in the end, more because Claude is at heart a defeated man who craves safety than because she is his wife. Mrs. Keogh, whose book has the virtue of being short and unwordy, has produced a bright impression rather than a novel. She writes freely and very seriously, with an air of false candor that sometimes makes her sound like a little girl who has appropriated the conversation and opinions of her elders.

The Enchanting Witch, by M. J. Farrell (Crowell). The people in

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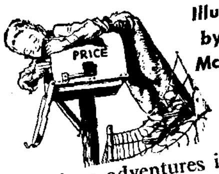

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this book live in a castle in southern Ireland, but they bear no special marks of nationality—indeed, no marks of distinction at all, being merely a collection of nicely dressed moderns whose language is English. Their existence at the castle centers around its owner, a forty-seven-year-old widow named Angel, who is beautiful and tyrannical. Mrs. Farrell writes about the defeat of this lady in lively language that is sometimes original and sometimes only self-conscious, and displays a power of observation that is much too good for her nondescript men and women.

THE UTMOST ISLAND, by Henry Myers (Crown). One of those sincere, sonorous, half-whimsical retellings of an old saga—Icelandic, in this case—in which the writer's desire to mirror his own personality or point of view while trying to imagine how the ancients must have told it makes for a lot of tangled emotions and very long sentences. In this story, a sea king marries the wrong woman, mistaking her for his ideal, the goddess Freya; is betrayed by her and by a priest, who steal his son and his kingdom; finds a new and perfect love far away, only to have her murdered by a man he has enslaved; and, finally, returns home to reclaim his son and have revenge, although, of course, it's too late, because he has no heart for any of it any more. Everything is highly symbolic and well arranged and carefully written, but it's hardly the kind of book that will give anybody much pleasure, being too simple for children and too laden with complacent rue for grownups. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October.

THE MARCABOTH WOMEN, by Viña Delmar (Harcourt, Brace). There are five Marcaboth women, one of them the mother-in-law of all the others. This creates a situation that the Literary Guild has accredited by making the book its November selection.

GENERAL

LIFE IN AMERICA, by Marshall B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin). The purpose of this truly far-reaching work is to provide a survey, pictorial and written, of America's cultural, social, and economic history from Columbus's discovery to the present, and in view of the magnitude of the undertaking, it's small wonder that the text is forced to avoid both the detailed and the discursive in favor

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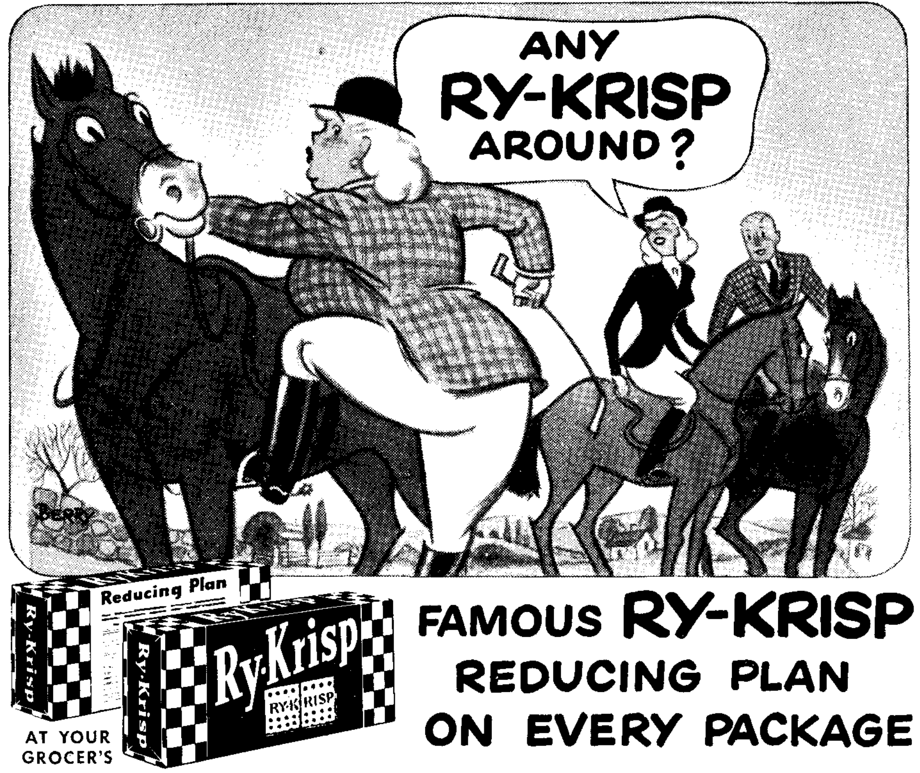

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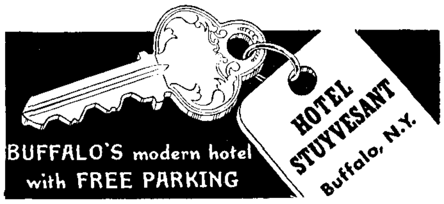

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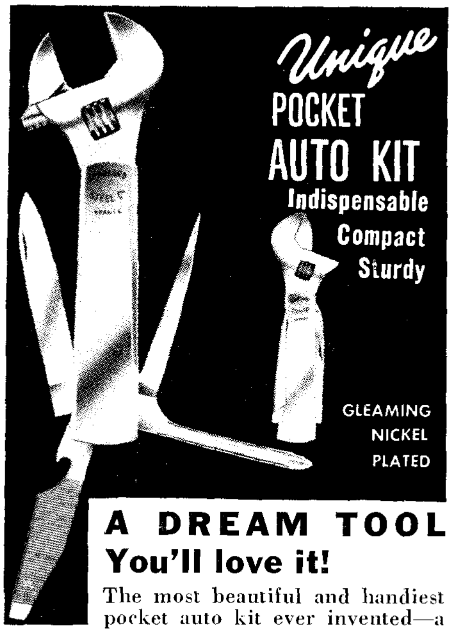

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of a sort of hop-skip-and-jump recital of the main developments in our history. When all's said and done, however, it is not the text but the illustrations that make up the chief value of the book, and these, selected from an immense store of sources, number over twelve hundred and range from old maps and woodcuts to modern photographs. They constitute a running commentary of a variety and richness that have rarely been achieved before.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS (Random House). In what may go down in history as the most pell-mell self-portrait ever sketched, Dr. Williams rushes us from his childhood in Rutherford, New Jersey, through school and college, then back to Rutherford for nearly fifty years of the simultaneous practice of medicine and poetry. Long an important and engaging figure in the world of letters, he appears to have a gift for feeling things not so much deeply as incessantly, and his thinking, like that of his friend Pound, has a nineteenth-century-rationalist crankiness about it that is sometimes charming, sometimes downright exasperating. The result is a warm but thin book, in which passages of considerable beauty, especially in the section devoted to his childhood, are followed by great, spongy slabs of what seem to be excerpts from old notebooks and diaries. We are left with a sense of having met breathlessly, between house calls, a lovable, inveterately youthful man, less innocent than he claims and, for all his surface sweetness, as bitterly disappointed as he was bitterly ambitious.

OUT OF BONDAGE, by Elizabeth Bentley (Devin-Adair). The broad outlines of Miss Bentley's career as a snoop, or courier, for the Soviet underground have been available for some time to a good-sized audience, and this memoir rounds out the record with a number of provocative details, mostly personal, which the author has apparently been saving up against the day when her public should begin to show signs of getting jaded. Writing in a fashion that suggests she may have had almost as grievous a tussle with Freshman English at Vassar as she had later with her New England conscience, Miss Bentley relates how she was impelled by what she describes as an unusually strong streak of idealism to join a Communist cell; how a keen and incisive fellow named

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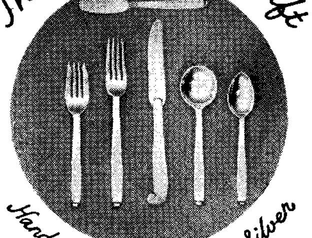

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Yasha solidified her loyalties and trained her in the technique of dodging in and out of subways and ladies' rooms, her briefcase bulging with classified data; how she talked right back to Party big shots who tried, for reasons not made entirely clear, to cross up the friends she had become devoted to; and how, at last, her idealism led her, much to her regret, to turn in to the authorities a complete dossier on these friends and on other acquaintances she had made during her ten-year stretch of duty. All in all, a very interesting job of not quite total recall.

IMMIGRANT'S RETURN, by Angelo Pellegrini (Macmillan). The author of this memoir, a West Coast college professor of Italian birth, revisited his native country in 1949 on a Guggenheim fellowship, with the intention of writing a book on the cultural merits of Italy and their impact on him. Disconcertingly, his prevailing emotion at the end of his three-month stay was one of disenchantment, a reaction he analyzes here in the light of his early memories of Italy, of his youth in a small town near Seattle, and of his college career at the University of Washington. These recollections, along with a rather hasty account of his Italian sojourn, really add up to two books, neither of which he intended at the outset to write but both of which are a good deal livelier than his original idea, despite some very distracting interruptions in the narrative when the author puts himself in the third person, and despite a good deal of rhetorical comment on what Mr. Pellegrini terms "creative Americanism" but has a hard time defining.

THE REJECTED LOVERS, by William Steig (Knopf). Another of Mr. Steig's pictorial excursions into the half-world of quandary and frustration, this one concerned with the trouble a fellow can get into by falling in love. Its drawings demonstrate the curious forms the sickness may take, from baying at the moon to skulking around after imaginary rivals with a dagger in the fist. Accompanying quotations, mostly from the fancier classics, either rub the point in or, in some instances, obscure it.

NOTE: "The New Yorker Twenty-fifth Anniversary Album" has been published by Harper. This volume, to put it calmly, is a collection of about a thousand cartoons, caricatures, and other drawings, winnowed from all

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THE GUY WHO SAID there's a place for everything must have forgotten your elbows when you sit between two fat persons at a movie . . . An Iowa insurance firm is now putting out automobile accident insurance at greatly reduced rates for nondrinkers . . . Bedding manufacturers can't explain it, but there's been quite a trend toward hard mattresses in recent months . . . Gall bladder sufferers should be exceedingly careful about tight belts or girdles. Interference with the free flow of bile may lead to a lot of distress and trouble . . . This week's earnest little nature note: If you ever venture into the vampire bat country, keep your socks on. The vampire is only a few inches long, but he'll attack human beings, and most frequently he goes after the great toe. Figured you should know that . . . Washington physicians report that never in history has there been such an outbreak of upset stomachs, nervous disorders and ulcer symptoms, as in recent months in our nation's capital . . . Sign of our times: In a Chicago snack bar the hamburgers are delivered to the customers by means of a model electric train.

★

THESE ARE EXCITING DAYS on the gridiron . . . and that means in more than 615,000 Upper Midwest homes, pigskin fans are happily scanning their football "bible"—the famous Peach sports section of the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune. Our sports writers and photographers are traveling more than 60,000 miles this fall—and using chartered planes and our own special telephoto equipment—to give Sunday Tribune readers what one of America's top college coaches calls "the best sports coverage in the country!" And that is just one more reason why the best-read, best-liked newspapers of the Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 615,000).

★

THINKING GEOGRAPHICALLY always confuses me. Do you picture Miami west of Pittsburgh or Havana southwest of Miami? I don't either, but they are . . . Curious how the word "auto" is seen frequently in print, but is rarely heard in conversation . . . That black line in shrimp always worries me. Someday I'm going to investigate it . . . You chubby ones may want to keep Elmer Wheeler's calory method in mind when considering the caloric content of alcoholic beverages. For every "proof" you add a calory. If it's 100-proof bourbon you're hoisting, your intake is 100 calories . . . The old gag about sleeping in the bathtub now has a practical application. Recently patented is a rig which converts your bathtub into a bed. A couple of drippy faucets could turn out to be quite a nuisance, couldn't they? . . . Accident report from Iowa: "Two persons suffered wrenched backs in a rear end collision about midnight Saturday."

★

WHAT A CLIPPING SERVICE J. Edgar Hoover, FBI head, must maintain. Never has it failed when his name is mentioned even in a far-off column, two or three days later a thank-you note arrives from the guy himself. An item that he might be intrigued with an offer of $100,000 a year to enter private business brought this immediate reply: "I could not let the opportunity pass without expressing my sincere appreciation for your very kind remarks. I feel, however, that my job is in the FBI, particularly in these very trying times and critical days, and the thought farthest from my mind would be to leave my post as director of the bureau.—J. Edgar Hoover" . . . If the baby-sitter problem has been getting you down, take a quick gander at the system used in Chicago. There the standard fee is 50 cents an hour from 6 to midnight and 60 cents an hour before 6 and after midnight. You shell out carfare, too. But in order to get a reliable girl, you have to join a service. It costs you $5 to join, and you get but a dozen calls for that fee. Use them up and you have to shell out another fiver to keep on the list.

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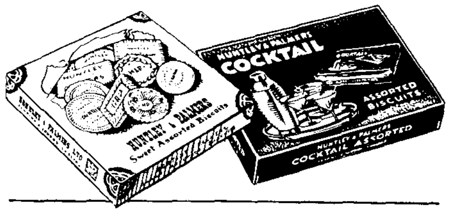

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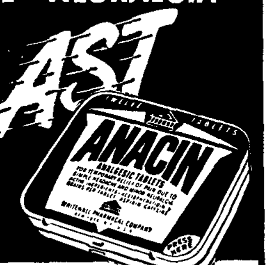

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the drawings of one kind or another printed in this magazine from its inception in 1925 through 1950—a total that an amateur statistician around the office dismayingly estimates at thirty thousand.

VERSE

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS (Macmillan). The first edition of the "Collected Poems," published in 1933, ended with the volume "The Winding Stair," of the same year. The present edition includes, in addition, all the poetry, plus some songs from plays, written by the great Anglo-Irishman between 1934 and 1939, the year of his death. Since Yeats did not calm down, in the conventional way, in old age, but kept on expressing his prejudices and predilections vigorously to the end, his last poems are filled with shock and surprise. A broadsheet coarseness alternates with his more "lofty" style, but in spite of this and of certain moments that verge on the theatrical, the final impression is of a self-fulfilled artist and a magnanimous man.

THE MUSES' LIBRARY: SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN CLARE, edited by Geoffrey Grigson (Harvard). Clare has had admirers since his vision of the English countryside attracted the attention of the Romantics in 1820. Recently, Mr. Grigson has occupied himself with saving Clare's later poems, "written in madness," from oblivion. He presents a group of them, along with lengthy selections from the earlier works that prove Clare was capable of sustained expression. A bibliography, glossary, and portrait are included.

KEY POETS: 1-10 (Alan Swallow). Charmingly designed chapbooks, printed in England, whose aim is to break down "the barriers between poet and audience" and give "poetry a chance to rediscover itself as activity." The titles include "Poor Men's Music," by Edith Sitwell; "The True Confession of George Barker;" "The God in the Cave," by Randall Swingler; and "Forgive Me, Sire," by Norman Cameron. There are flashes of originality in all ten.

•

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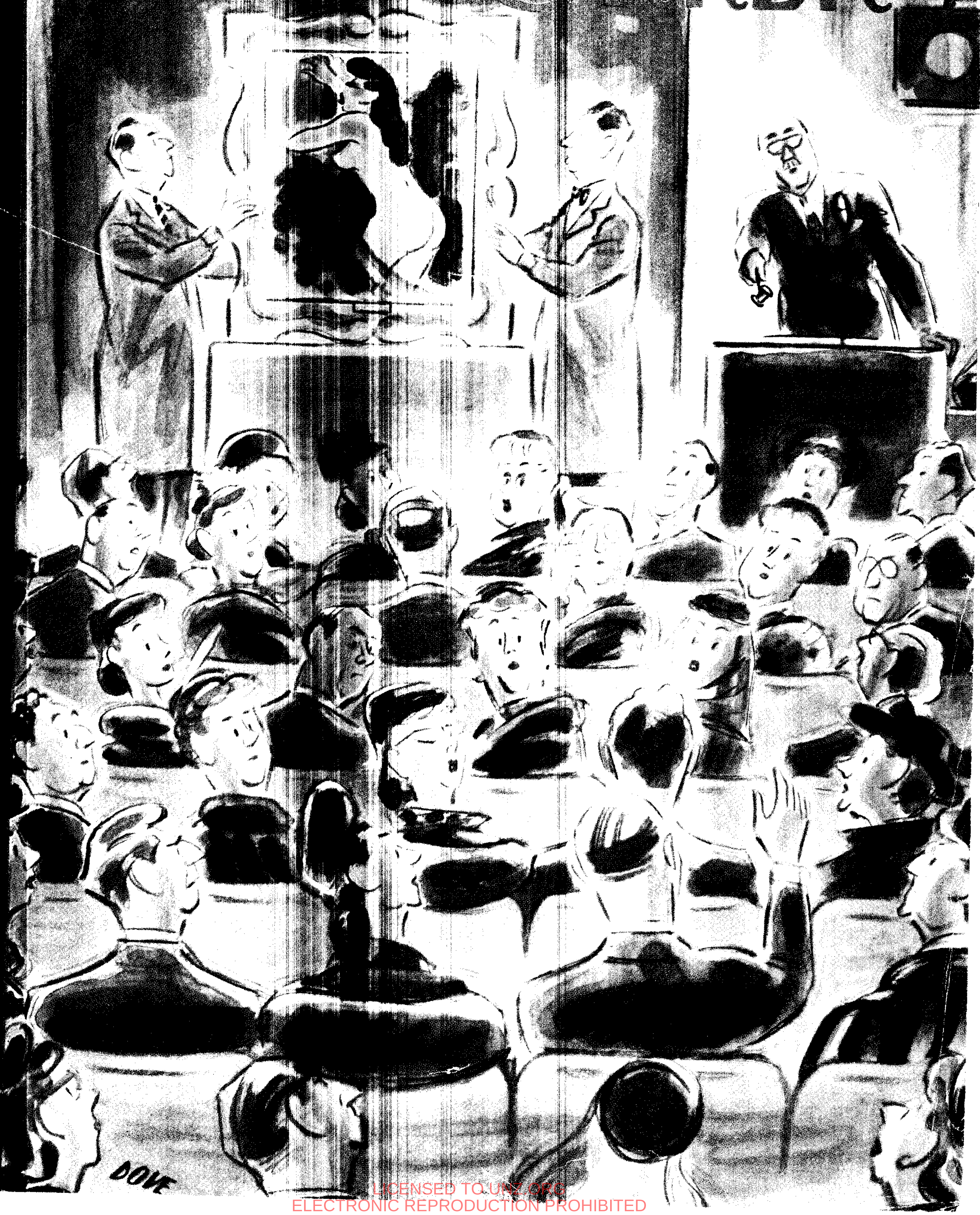

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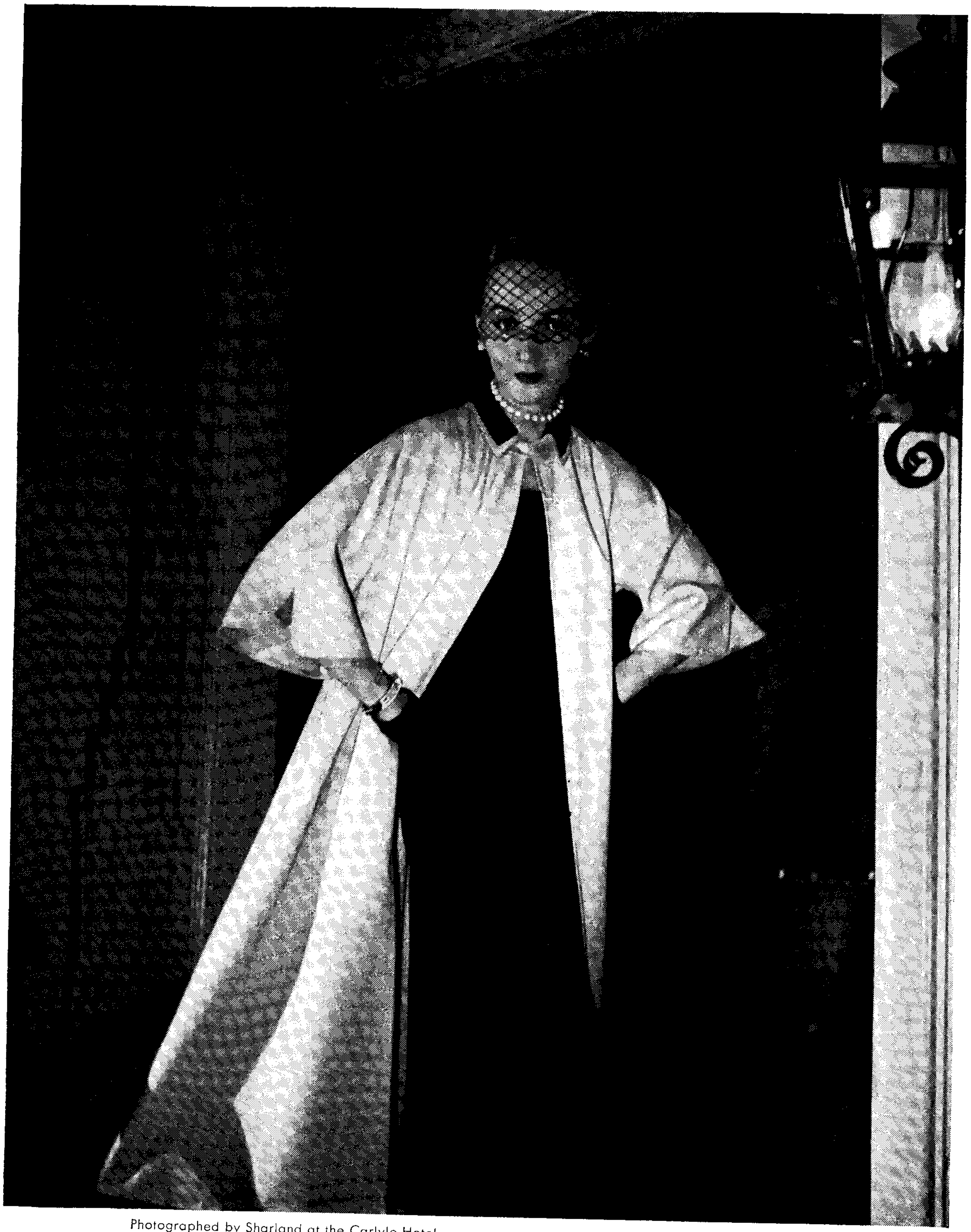

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AFFAIRS OF STATE—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 7.)

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a *remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer* makes an enchanting sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BLACK CHIFFON—An English hit that causes one to wonder if acting is all London wants. The acting is fine. Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, Richard Gale, and others. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 13.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—Clifford Odets' play about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments. Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are splendid in the leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays* at 2:40.)

KING LEAR—Louis Calhern in a handsome and elaborate production of one of Shakespeare's most difficult tragedies. Among those surrounding the mad monarch are Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch. John Houseman handled the direction, Ralph Alswang designed the scenery, and there is some incidental music by Marc Blitzstein. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, *in Christopher Fry's interesting,* if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. Among the others are Eliot Makeham, George Howe, Penelope Munday, and Richard Burton. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées* Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW YORK CITY THEATRE COMPANY—Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," with Edna Best and John Archer, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "The Royal Family" by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, with Ruth Hussey, J. Edward Bromberg, Ethel Griffies, Peggy Ann Garner, and John Emery, will open on Wednesday, Jan. 10, and will run *through* Sunday, Jan. 21. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some arresting incidental music. A first-rate job, though the play itself may call for a *somewhat indulgent attitude.* (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

RING ROUND THE MOON—Gilbert Miller has given a superlative production to this slight but very attractive comedy, which was translated from Jean Anouilh's French original by Christopher Fry. Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott play important parts in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEASON IN THE SUN—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on on the Limited has been brilliantly revived by A.N.T.A. in a subscription engagement, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:45. *For information about subscriptions and* tickets, call LU 2-0880. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Moves on Monday, Jan. 8, to the Fulton, 46th St., W., CI 6-6380, for a nonsubscription run. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' *adaptation of* her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda in the lead. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 6.)

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Arthur Miller's adaptation of the Ibsen play. Produced by Lars Nordenson and directed by Robert Lewis. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SECOND THRESHOLD—A play completed by Philip Barry just before his death, and revised by Robert E. Sherwood. The cast is headed by Clive Brook and Margaret Phillips. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BLESS YOU ALL—Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Jules Munshin in a revue that is funny about half the time, which is probably par for the course. Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, Helen Tamiris handled the choreography, and John C. Wilson is the director. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CALL ME MADAM—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally disappointing book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—This triumphant comedy, *adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories,* at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, George S. Kaufman is the director, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; Agnes de Mille, who staged the production; and Charlotte Greenwood, who, with David Burns, provides most of what comedy there is. (Century,

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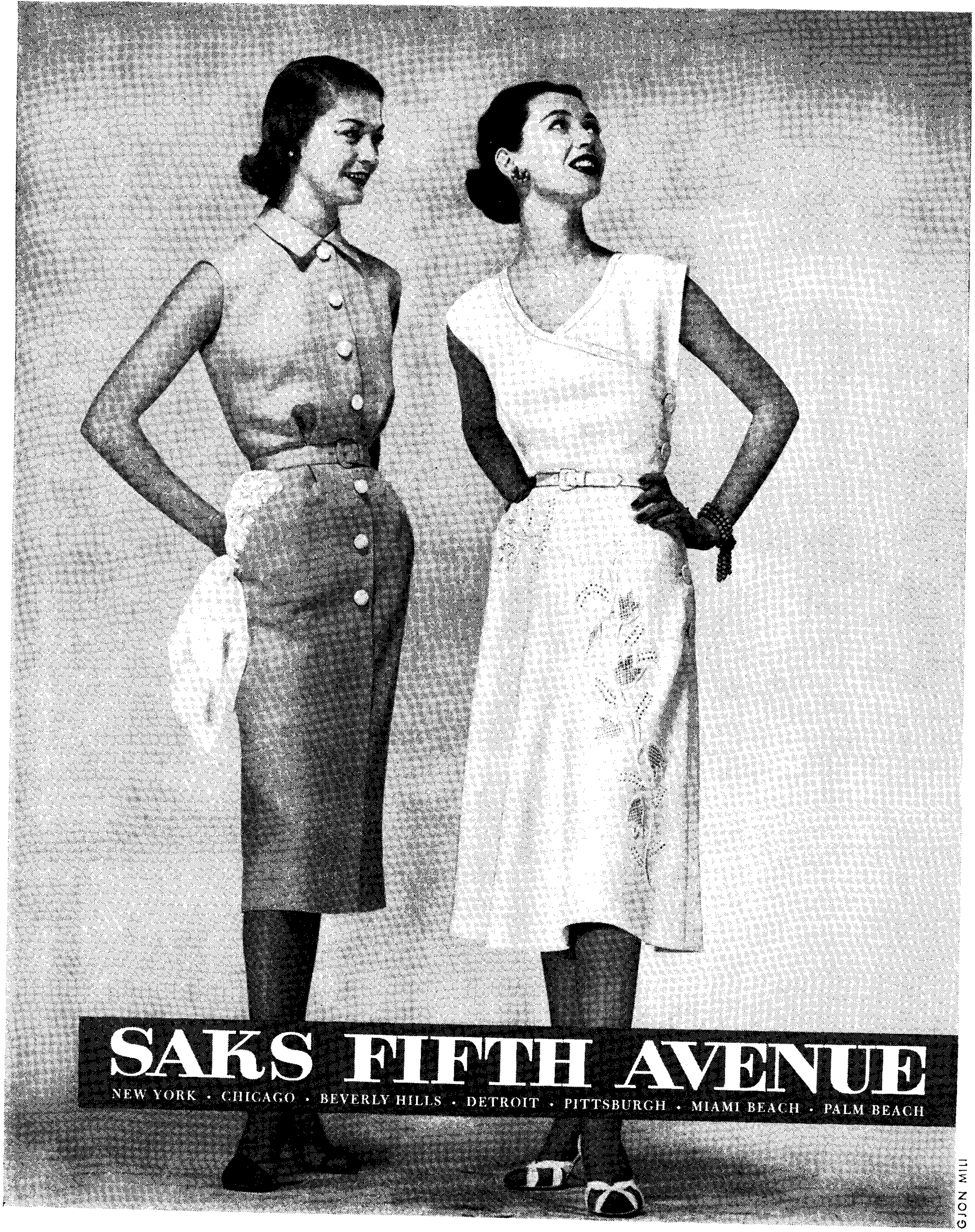
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 46, Jan. 6, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

LINEN SIGNED WITH EMBROIDERY: Elfreda's feminizing embroidery (mark of '51) on the freshness of linen. Left: crusted pocket, chiffon scarf. All black; grey or aqua with white, 10 to 18. Right: tulips on green, aqua, white, pink, royal, 10 to 16. 69.95 each. Dress Collections.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GJON MILI

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA—A play by Federico García Lorca, with an all-female cast, headed by Katina Paxinou. The fourth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. Opens Sunday, Jan. 7, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 20. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

DARKNESS AT NOON—Claude Rains in a play by Sidney Kingsley, adapted from the novel by Arthur Koestler. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Mr. Kingsley. Opens Saturday, Jan. 13. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

BALLET THEATRE—One performance only: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the soothing ministrations of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra (to be replaced by Mischa Raginsky's on Monday, Jan. 8) appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing anywhere.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—One of the hanging gardens of Babylon, now in the hands of Gogi, an expert at life-after-dark, and Ted Straeter, an expert at luxurious dance music. Gogi's faithful band of dreamy violinists is also on tap. Monday nights are recess; Friday nights are black tie. s.v.p.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band drown out most of the chitchat, which is probably a good idea.

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NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a mannerly and sedate ice show at dinner and supper. Alice Farrar, a fine figure of a skater, will arrest the average male attention. Carol Lynne's maneuvers are pretty agile, too. Dance music by Ray Robbins' orchestra. Peter Kent's band helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony and Sally De Marco do their well-bred nipups at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), and Robert Maxwell coaxes splendid sounds—some brash, some lyric—from his harp. The scene is the Cotillion Room. On Tuesday, Jan. 9, a new show, topped by Denise Darcel, a celebrated exponent of *vive la différence.* Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings, too.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, there's a standard Persian Room production: Kyle MacDonnell, pretty as an A picture, singing, and the Beatrice Kraft dancers slithering Orientally. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands turn out jolly dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and sumptuous bower, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. . . . ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo, now its oldest inhabitant, holds court at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jane Morgan, a blond Circe lately returned from Paris, rambles through her bilingual repertory of songs, some of them old, some of them thought up for her by a tongue-in-check ballad-maker called Bud Redding. She operates in the Maisonette, which also has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. On Tuesday, Jan. 9, Julie Wilson, a well-upholstered nightingale, will take over from Miss Morgan. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, has dinner and supper dance music by a detail of Lester Lanin's musicians and a clutch of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing to Frankie Carle's orchestra in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A tinselly copy of the television show of the same name. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing and Suzy Mulligan pipes a few chanteys.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Florence Desmond, perhaps the most adept mockingbird of our time, rips off her parodies, and Teresa Brewer sings gustily. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band dish up the dance music.

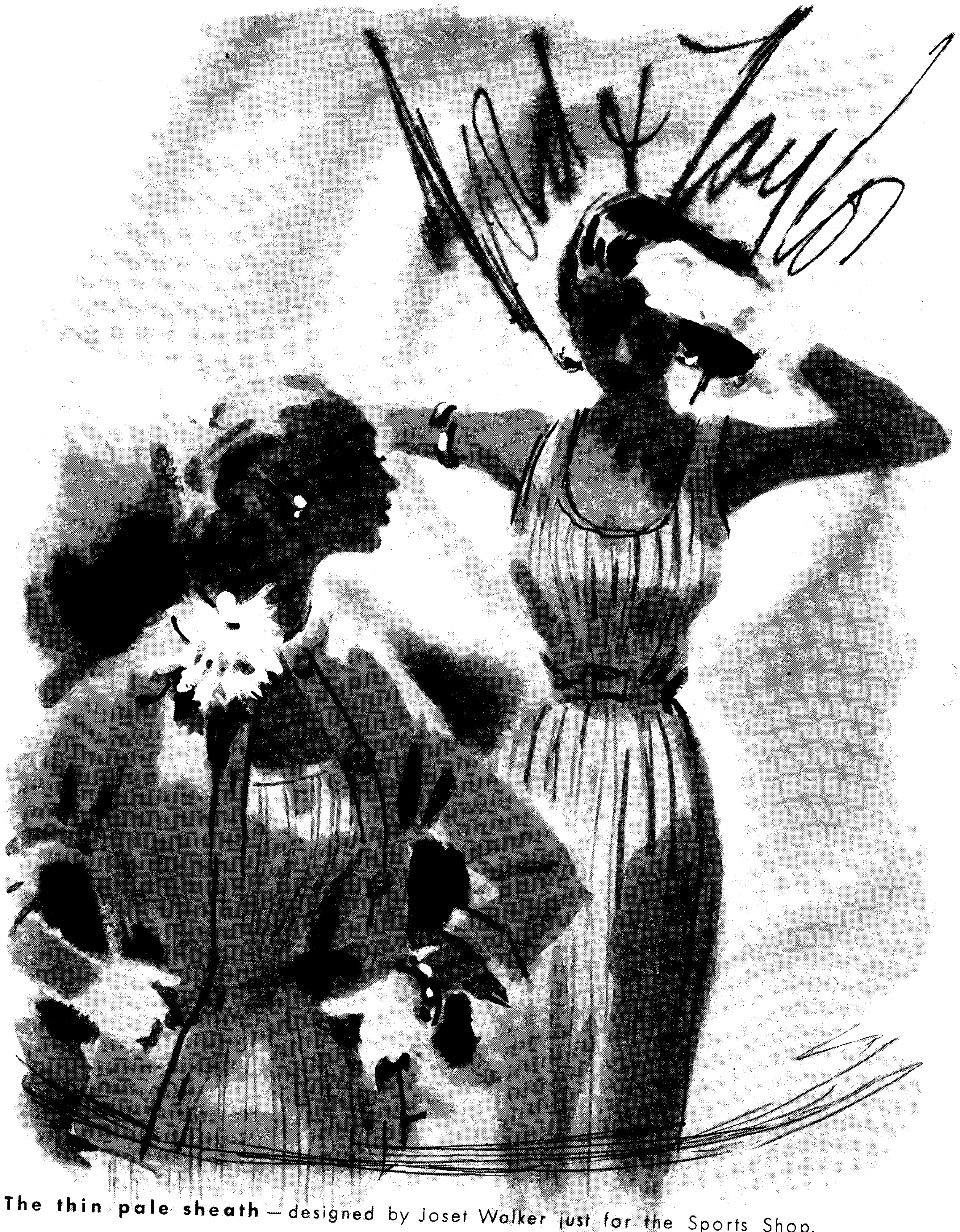
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Nelle Fisher and Jerry Ross gambol and the Continentals harmonize at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay of the music department. On Sundays, no show, and Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra functions for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until two. Closed Sundays.

NOTE: The Rainbow Room, considerably roomier than the Gobi Desert, is open for cocktails and listening music, the latter by Ford Harrison's trio. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800, and the hours are from four-thirty to nine every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is holding dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano every evening but Sunday, when visiting artists take over. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial throwback to the social habits of the Noble Experiment. Except Mondays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Nancy Reed is at the piano, at dinner and supper. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A clubby hideaway, where everyone knows everyone else and seems delighted by the wonder of it all. *Piano and violin after nine-thirty.* Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins, a persuasive and easygoing young blade, presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly upon his audience from cocktail time through supper. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Portia Nelson sings some of the town's most appealing *Nachtmusik* after the theatre to Bart Howard's piano. Jim Mahoney's piano embellishes the dinner hour. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the jet-propelled school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session with his guitar and a fair supply of byplay. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): In this thickly wooded forest, Danny Thomas, a pretty great man, does his comedy of manners about mostly mannerless types. Dancing. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500): Another Billy Rose show, full as ever of synthetic nostalgia and very real ladies' gams. A considerable amount of energy is supplied by Joe Howard, W. C. Handy, the Saxon Sisters, and Billy Banks. Noble Sissle is involved with the dance music. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Period piece melodrama of no great moment, plus (luckily) Paul Killiam's impish commentary on senile movies. Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, purveyors of burlesque ballads, help, too. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josephine Premice, a rather lively trade wind from the West Indies. Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are almost as noisy as the customers. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pearl Bailey, that stormy petrel, is on the loose here, closely followed by Paula Drake and Wally Cox, who have considerable laughing matter up their sleeves, too. The Page Cavanagh Trio and Stuart Ross provide the music, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a parade of eminent pianists—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at cocktails and dinner, and, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack after the theatre. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school of high comedy offers Ronny Graham, the noted brain surgeon, presenting his diary of an average day inside an average mind; Bibi Osterwald, musing out loud about a girl's problems; and the Three Riffs, barking their complex foolishnesses. Hugh Shannon contributes some robust, true-blue blues. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio, a whole school of modern music in themselves, help out. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet, a unique event in any season, does his strange folk ballads in his strange and elegant manner, and Royce Wallace turns her voice loose on some hipster ballads. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, explaining succinctly why certain types have just got to go; Erik Rhodes, a performer fairly new to night life, singing wholeheartedly. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is young-amateur night. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder and other modernist composers, is in her parlor upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar, where Spivy, when she's in the mood, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): This hearthstone has two happy crickets—Laurie Brewis, who plays piano from nine-thirty on, and Jo Hurt, who starts bouncing her wayward ballads about after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, host of this Moorish palace, sings, and so does Norene Tate. She and Reginald Bean also do double piano. Alice Ghostley fools around with the comic songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey, a barely domesticated female panther, whispers some lush-life lyrics.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, swinging from the floor with his trumpet. He is valiantly supported by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo work, a pretty demonstration of fifty-finger piano exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is sounding off here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood—all definitely from Dixie. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Dizzy Gillespie's sextet and Lester Young's quintet wander from one key to another with sometimes unpoetic license. On Thursday, Jan. 11, Dinah Washington will join them. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rocking-the-boat parties are still going on. On Jan. 5, Wild Bill Davison, Buster Bailey, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, and James P. Johnson will look in. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, serving up (*on Jan. 5*) Big Sid Catlett, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, and Munn Ware. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURE AND CUBISM—Early paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Severini, and others, plus a handsome selection of African sculptures of the sort that influenced these artists so strongly. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Jan. 15.)

FORREST BESS—Small oils, highly stylized and with a deliberately naïve approach, in a promising first New York showing. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

A CENTURY OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD—Some charming old paintings, as well as a number of prints, posters, early timetables, and other memorabilia. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 13.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his constructions, made from boxes, bits of broken glass, maps, trapezes, and other oddments. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

SALVADOR DALI—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Sculptures by the Italian modernist, in his familiar, attenuated style, supplemented by a set of new paintings and drawings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

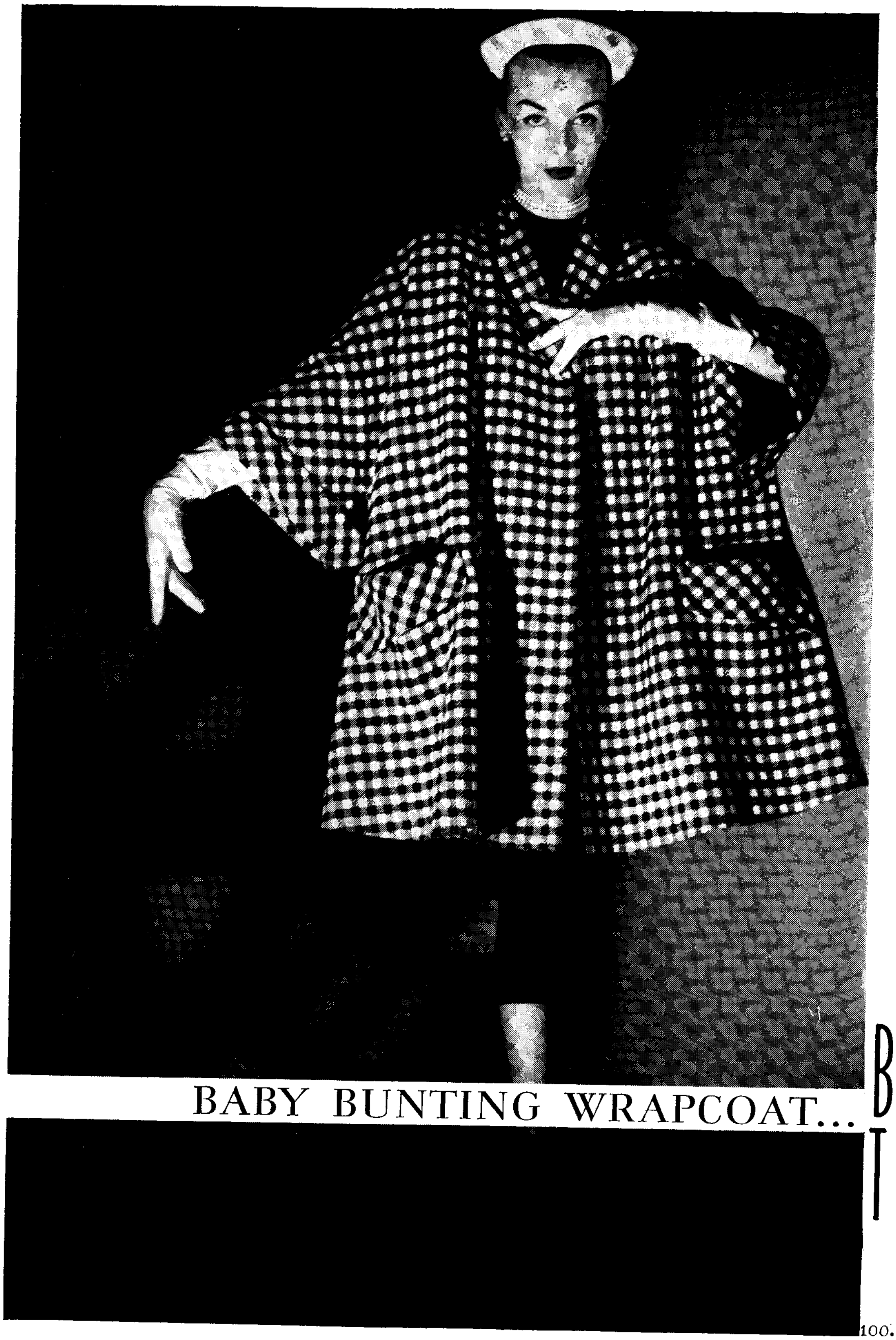
GENE GRANT—Paintings, mostly of Paris, done with a graceful bow in Utrillo's direction. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 6.)

GROUP SHOW—New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

JOHN MARIN—Oils and water colors painted in 1950, chiefly of the Maine seacoast and mountains. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 27.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Small paintings, most of them within the price range of the beginning collector, by Léger, Villon, Gromaire, and other contemporaries; through Jan. 13. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, and others; through Jan. 31.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Work by candidates for the Institute's 1951 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Milton Hebald,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Edward Chavez, and Aaron Bohrod. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

SCULPTURE—A large and well-selected collection, tracing the progression from Rodin to such later men as Lehmbruck, Calder, and Henry Moore. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

HEDDA STERNE—New paintings, abstract in style and executed in this artist's curiously feminine, fanciful manner. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Luigi Lucioni; through Jan. 20. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Martin Friedman; through Jan. 20. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Harold Baumbach. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 19. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Pavel Tchelitchew drawings; through Jan. 27. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show of 1913 works; through Feb. 3. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Adolph Gottlieb; through Jan. 22. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: John von Wicht; through Jan. 20. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Mario Carreño; through Jan. 27. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 40 E. 68th St.: Group show of American and European moderns. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 24. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings; through Feb. 10.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts and wood engravings, dated from 1670 to 1950; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ About fifty prints and drawings by Goya; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 20.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of close to seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial showing of ninety-four paintings and other works, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; starting Jan. 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Eugene Con-

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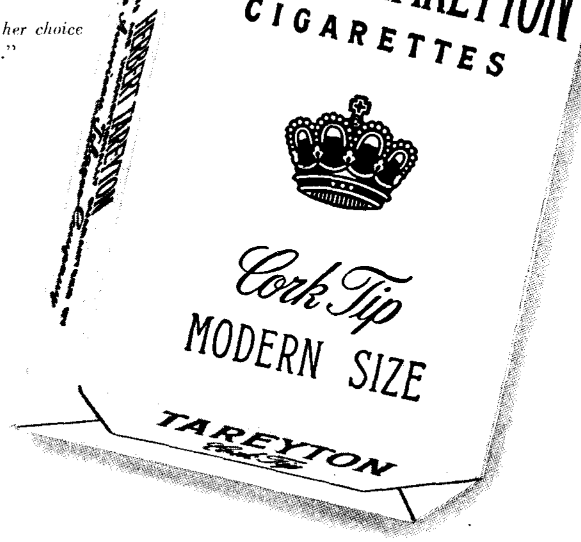

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ley. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Risë Stevens, Fritz Krenn, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Eleanor Steber, Paolo Silveri, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Jussi Bjoerling, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Hugh Thompson, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Risë Stevens, Erna Berger, and Fritz Krenn. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Astrid Varnay, Jean Madeira, Hans Hotter, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Eugene Conley. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin); Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:45 (with Guiomar Novaes, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 12, at 2:30 (no soloists).

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting: Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.

RECITALS

ISRAEL BAKER AND YALTAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

ERICA MORINI—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

VIRGINIA DAVIS—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

ANAHID AJEMIAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Benar Heifetz, cello, and the Budapest String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5:30.)

NEW MUSIC STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

MAURICE EISENBERG—Cello. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

BENNO RABINOF—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

ELENA NIKOLAIDI—Contralto. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

MICHAEL ROSENKER—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:40. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

EUGENE ISTOMIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

BERNARDO SEGÁLL—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

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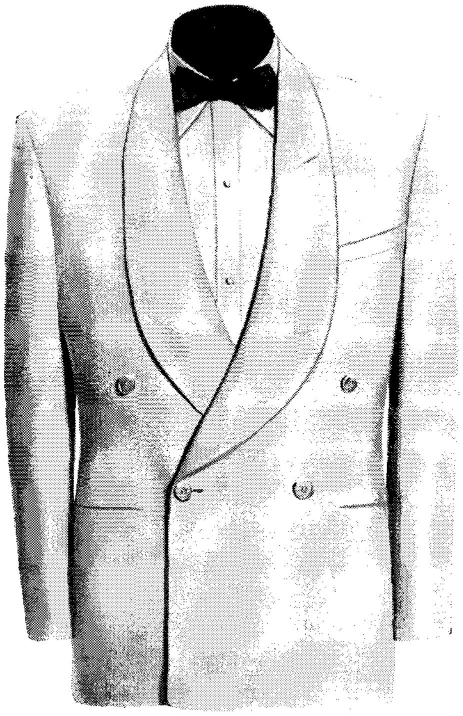

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 9, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Patrice Munsel, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Robert Merrill and Todd Duncan, baritones; Cesare Siepi, bass; the Philharmonic Piano Quartet; George Balanchine and a group from the New York City Ballet Company; Imogene Coca, comedienne; and others. A benefit for the American Guild of Musical Artists. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 5: Ike Williams vs. Jose Gatica, lightweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12: Ezzard Charles vs. Lee Oma, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 4: N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina, and L.I.U. vs. Bowling Green.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6: C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, and St. John's vs. Syracuse.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 9: L.I.U. vs. St. Louis, and N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11: St. John's vs. Bradley, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Boston College. (Games begin at 8.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Syracuse. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) ... ¶ Knicks vs. Baltimore. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St., MU 4-6170; advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:45.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 7: Rangers vs. Chicago.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 6.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Skating—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

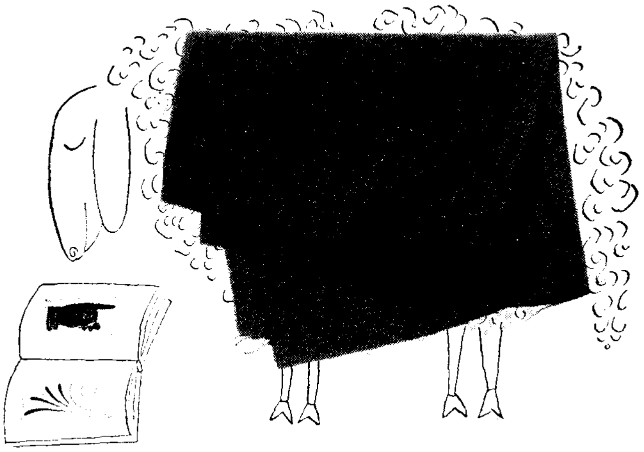
FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Susan Starr, eight-year-old pianist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 11.)

Plays—By the **children's world theatre:** "The Three Bears." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call OR 3-8755.) ... **clare tree major children's theatre:** "King of the Golden River." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) ... **"y" children's theatre:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:40; Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3; and Monday, Jan. 8, at 4.) ... **hans mann children's fairy tale theatre:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.) ... **junior theatre:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturdays at 2:15.)

Marionettes—The **wallace puppets:** "The Forgetful Forest." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 11.) ... **sue hastings marionettes:** "Snow

Miron



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3.)

Movies—"Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus." For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Most committees and branches of the United Nations are more or less marking time. Prospective visitors are advised to consult their newspapers or to call either the United Nations itself (FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253) or the Information Center for the United Nations (JU 2-0233) before making plans to go to Lake Success.

National Motor Boat Show—The forty-first annual display of cruisers, sailboats, outboards, inboards, dinghies, marine hardware, and other boating gear. Among the innovations in this year's show will be two plastic cruisers and a hundred-foot model marina (a sort of boat-servicing basin), in which about twenty small craft will float. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Friday, Jan. 12, from 7 to 11, and weekdays thereafter, from 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 20.)

Toys of Other Days—A dappled rocking horse, a dancing Jenny Lind, dolls, jumping jacks, horse-drawn fire engines and stagecoaches, and other playthings, dating back to the eighteenth century, most of them from the collection of Mrs. Katharine Prentis Murphy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through April 30.)

Manuscripts and Letters—A display of the literary handiwork of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, among them William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

Mementos of the New York Theatre—Costumes worn by Ethel Barrymore, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Otis Skinner, and others; statuettes of George Arliss and Sarah Bernhardt; and posters, photographs, properties, and other items having to do with the theatre. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 31.)

Hayden Planetarium—The January show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with flying saucers, stars that change color, and other celestial phenomena. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Gothic and Renaissance art, including sculptures, paintings, silver, and furniture, from the estate of the late Gregor Aharon and from other sources. (Thursday, Jan. 4, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ English and French furniture, paintings of sporting scenes and other subjects, a Beauvais tapestry after Boucher, and porcelains and other decorations, owned by William Goadby Loew. (Exhibition Thursday, Jan. 4, from 10 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ American historical autographs by George Washington, John Adams, Patrick Henry, the Marquis de Lafayette, and others, collected in the early nineteenth century by Julia M. Dickinson Tayloe, together with autograph letters by Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Charles Lamb, and others, from various sources. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 4-6, and Monday, Jan. 8, from 10 to 5; auction, Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 1:45.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and, by and large, highly satisfactory, though perhaps overlong. Among the participants: Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1950 Award. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 7-8.)

Bitter Rice—A violent Italian account of the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—An adaptation of Garson Kanin's play concerning a junkman's mistress who learns about democracy and gives the old man the gate because he's a Fascist. Judy Holliday repeats the hilarious performance she gave in this comedy when it was on Broadway. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—A wheezy adaptation of the old Rostand drama, enthusiastically, if footlessly, enacted by a large cast, headed by José Ferrer. The picture is faithful to all the hokum, from rakehell swordplay to poetic gags about the hero's nose, but by this time none of it seems very interesting. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Harvey—James Stewart is the pal of the invisible rabbit who stands six feet four. A movie that is almost as pleasant as the original stage play. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Jackpot—The perils, chiefly represented by the U.S. Treasury Department, of winning first prize in one of those monstrous radio give-away shows. A very funny picture, with James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, James Gleason, Barbara Hale, and Fred Clark. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Jan. 10.)

King Solomon's Mines—Through Africa on a trail first blazed by H. Rider Haggard back in 1886, and as rousing a trip as you would want to make. Besides natives, birds, beasts, and scenery, the film features Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Jan. 9.)

Last Holiday—Alec Guinness as an agricultural-implement salesman who discovers that he hasn't long to live and decides to spend his last days in a plush seaside hotel, where he soon becomes a figure of consequence. Written by J. B. Priestley, the film is not too original in plot, but it's a cheery item. Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh are among those assisting Mr. Guinness. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 9.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles snorting his way through an uproarious interpretation of the Shakespearean tragedy. Always absurd but usually lively. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mister 880—The story of an old counterfeiter who never attempts anything more impressive in his line than deplorably clumsy one-dollar bills. Edmund Gwenn is excellent as the diverting, though scoundrelly, ancient. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 5-7. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Jan. 7-9.)

The Mudlark—A picture having to do with a poverty-stricken lad who visits Victoria at Windsor Castle and cures the Queen of the megrims that have afflicted her since noble Albert passed away. Irene Dunne makes a very stiff Victoria, but Andrew Ray is delightful as the boy. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Orpheus—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, this has its antic moments. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Seven Days to Noon—The mad-scientist theme. This time, the distracted expert is loose in London with a sort of minuscule atomic bomb and is planning to blow up most of the city if the government doesn't agree to stop making the weapon. A British picture, worth seeing if only because it shows how efficiently a modern metropolis could be reduced to deathly silence by one well-equipped man. With Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Trio—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Originally, when the bill opened, a combination of three short films, now a combination of two. The survivors are a pair of first-rate French comedies, directed by Renoir and Pagnol; the casualty, also excellent, is a sombre Italian study, directed by Rossellini, which was banned as blasphemous by the New York City Commissioner of Licenses. "Ways of Love" won the New York Film Critics' Award as the best foreign film of 1950 when Rossellini's work was still part of the trio. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 4.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, and Roland Young. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 7, showings at 3: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 8, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Mr. Trull Finds Out" (1940), with music by Gian-Carlo Menotti; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Jan. 10: "Pagan Love Song," Esther Williams, Howard Keel.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Vendetta," Faith Domergue.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 10 (tentative): "Kim," Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 9: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn, Ruth Hussey.
From Jan. 10: "Branded," Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE MUDLARK.

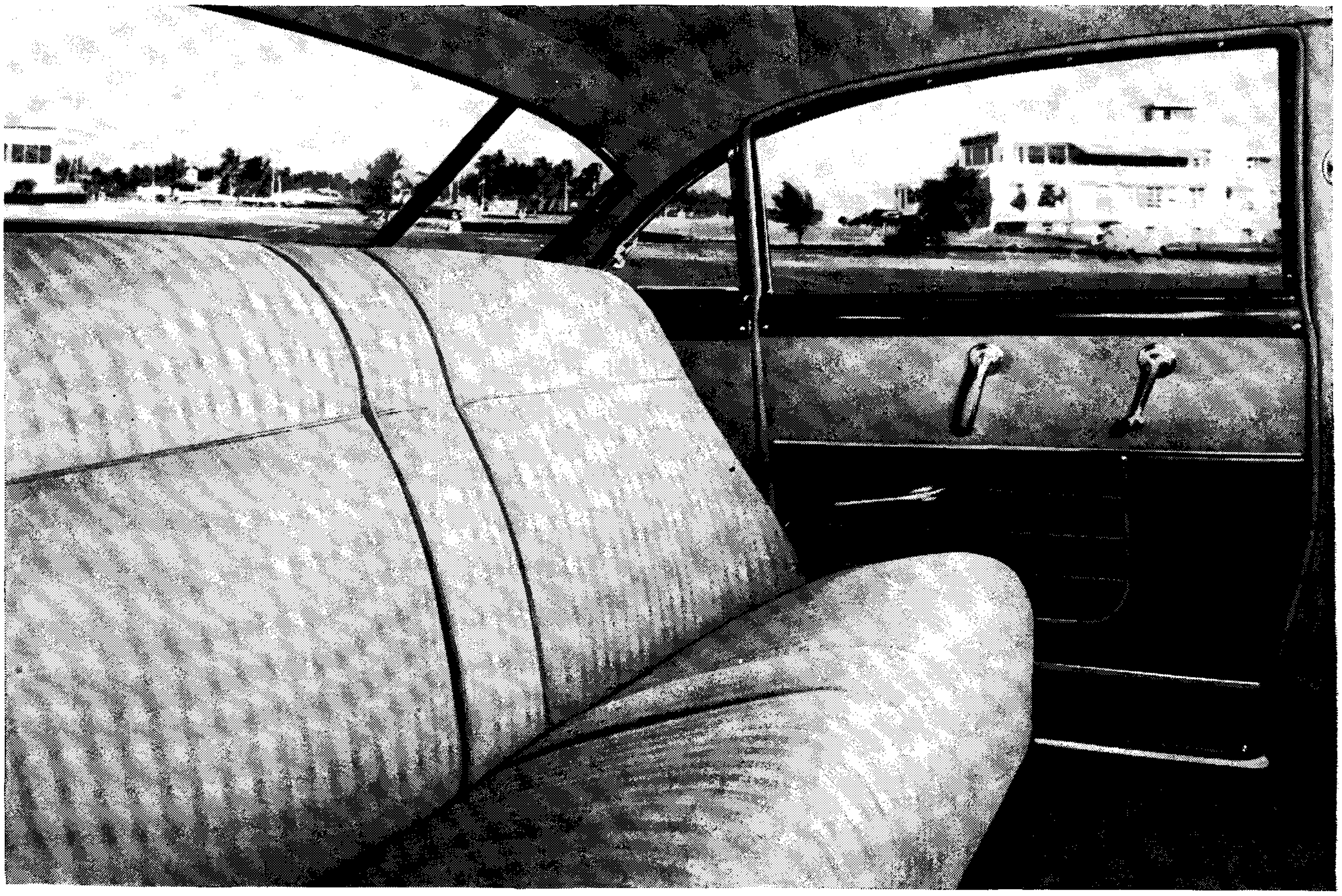
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
From Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Halls of Montezuma," Richard Widmark. (Opening night by invitation only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Flying Missile," Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).



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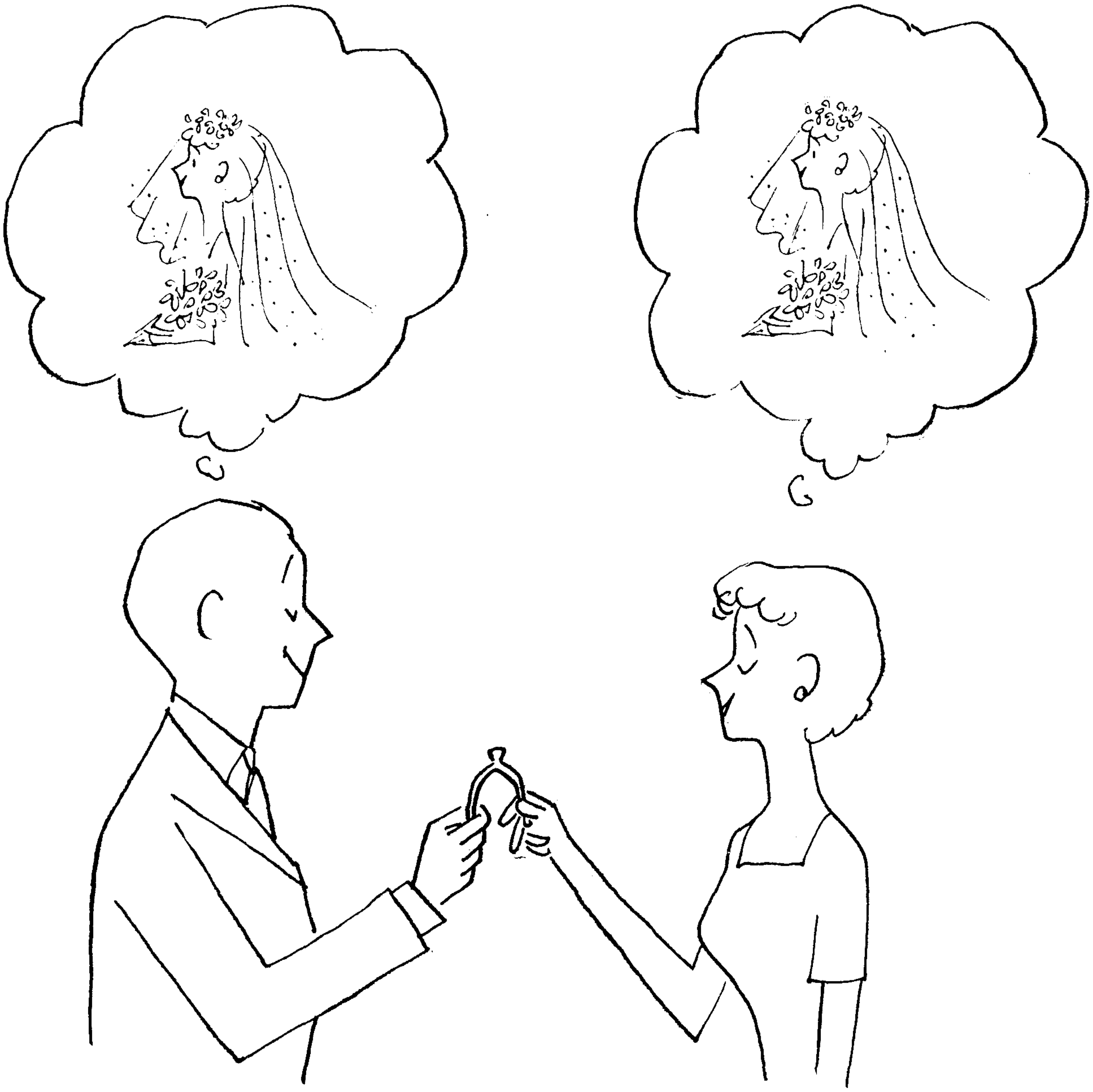

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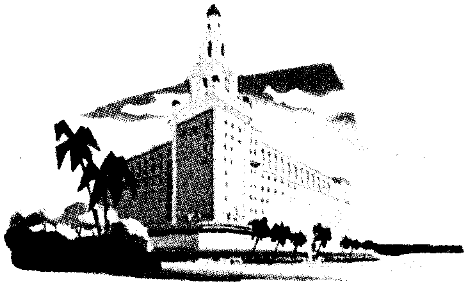
The Roney Plaza, Miami Beach, Fla.

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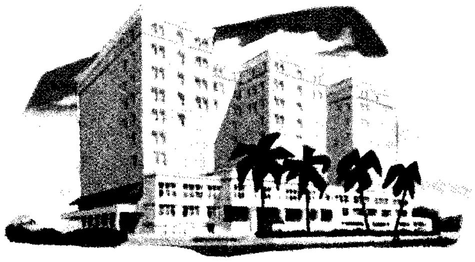
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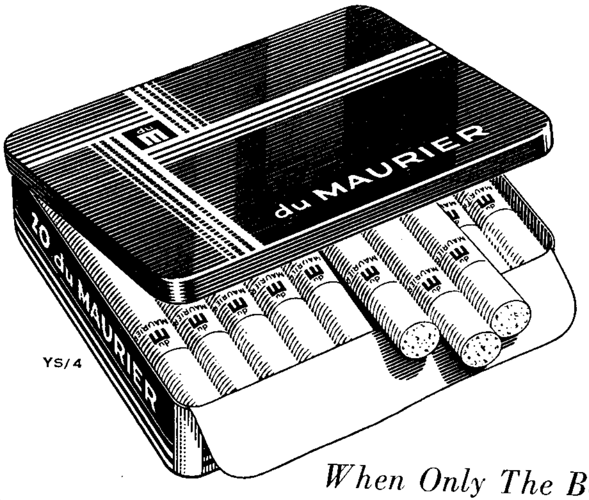

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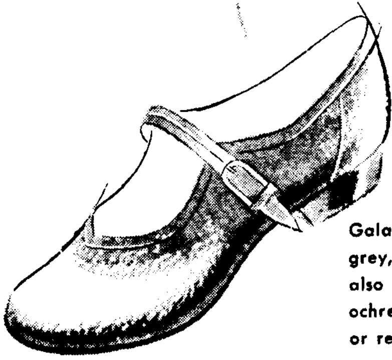

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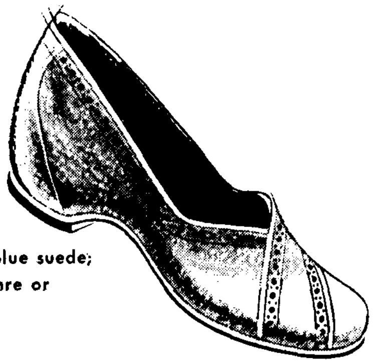

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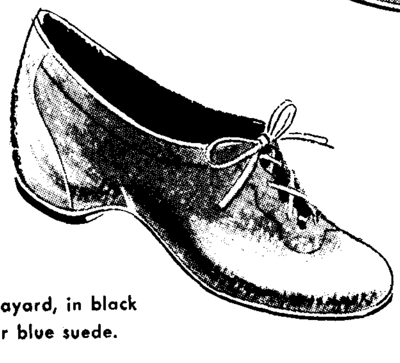

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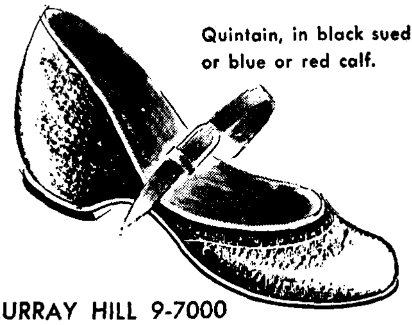

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THE NEW YORKER

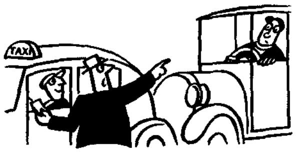
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Progress Note: Small holes to admit fresh air are now being provided by motorcar manufacturers in the plastic gadgets designed to exclude fresh air from the ventilation wings intended to bring fresh air into automobiles, from which it was shut out in the first place by the abandonment, circa 1939, of the windshield that could be opened.

Among the many enjoyable types of news story, perhaps our favorite is the self-collapsing. The *Herald Tribune* carried a splendid one the other morning—an account of a soldier alone in the big city on his first Christmas away from home: "NEW YORK IS A BIG, LONELY CITY TO YOUNG G.I. ON CHRISTMAS DAY." And there were pictures of the poor guy wandering around the streets, no place special to go, feeding pigeons in Bryant Park while other people were snug indoors by their lighted trees. Of course, what the story failed to mention was that an extraordinary adventure befell this soldier on his first Christmas away from home: He encountered a *Tribune* reporter, was interviewed and photographed, got himself prominently featured on the first page of the second section of the December 26th issue, and, for a golden moment, knew the intoxication of sudden distinction. New York is a big, lonely city our eye; it is the city where you meet a man from the *Tribune* (circulation 380,525) and can't even feed a pigeon in private.

We often dream of coming off the winner in word battles with street characters, but it never happens. Take our flareup the other afternoon with a truck driver; for a minute it seemed as though we had delivered the knockout punch, but we ended flat on our face, as usual. We had just stepped from a taxi and were paying off, and our hackman had managed to stop in a bottleneck, so we were tying things up. A truck driver put on the gloves instantly. "That's a hell of a crummy place to stop and twiddle!" he shouted. Our retort was quick and damaging. "Go pour milk on your ulcer!" we yelled. We were sure we had him. "Yeah?" he said, pounding his midsection. "You wouldn't know it, wise guy, but I had my stomach out aready."



No Surprise

The first real snow of the season fell on December 26th, the anniversary of the great storm of 1947, and, as we watched the streets and rooftops whitening hour by hour, we were among those who wondered whether the storm would duplicate the tricky behavior of its mighty predecessor. We recalled that on Christmas, 1947, the weather forecast for the following day was "cloudy and warmer," and that when snow started coming down early on the morning of the twenty-sixth, the Weather Bureau compounded its error by predicting that the storm would end by afternoon. The weather forecast this Christmas was "fair tomorrow." The next morning's papers, carrying a correct prediction of "snow," added that the fall was expected to be from two to four inches. There seemed to be enough coincidental factors to warrant looking into the activities of the Department of Sanitation on what was the beginning of the winter season so far as it was concerned, and we headed for the depot of the Auxiliary Field Force of the D. of S., at Twenty-second Street and the East River, and there spent an instructive hour with Martin P. O'Connell, superintendent of the Force.

We came on Mr. O'Connell, who was dressed in a neat, forest-green Department uniform, with his superintendent's oak leaves on his shoulders, pacing about in the depot pier house, where the temperature was below freezing. He explained that he was checking the vehicles that make up the heavy equipment of the Force's snow battalion. "This is a trouble-shooting outfit," O'Connell said. "It's ready to help out anywhere in the five boroughs that a district gets behind, either in snow- or refuse-collecting. The worst of today's snow is that it hits us with all the Christmas discard still to be picked up. We'll have something like eight thousand truckloads a day until Thursday; then it will drop back to the usual four thousand." He breathed hard on his hands and told us that no heavy equipment had been sent out up to then, because snow can't be plowed until it's three inches deep. "We've got some rotary brooms out on the elevated highways and bridges," he said. "We can't use them on the streets; they'd bury pedestrians with the snow they kick up. And we've got salt, sand, and cinder spreaders working on the express streets and bus routes."

The Superintendent took us on a tour of the Force's heavy equipment, describing each type in loving detail. We admired seven snow loaders of the latest model, each capable of loading half a cubic yard of snow a second, and seven crosswalk plows, which are used to push snow into the loader's path and to tidy up after it. Besides the twenty open-body trucks that the Force uses to haul snow, sixty more can be borrowed from the Borough President—trucks that in mild weather are used in street repairing. O'Connell told us that the Department owns two hundred and five snow loaders, forty-eight rotary brooms, a hundred salt, sand, and cinder spreaders, eighty-two bulldozers, and six hundred and twenty-five crosswalk plows. The cost of snow removal varies, he said, from around ten thousand dollars an inch to two hundred thousand dollars an inch, depending on whether the snow is packed or iced, sticky or fresh. In the winter of 1947-48, 61.5 inches of snow fell, and its removal cost $11,780,000. "We keep in touch by teletype with Department headquarters, on Worth Street," O'Connell said. "The snow office there is in touch by phone with the Weather Bureau. If a storm gets bad, we can pull twelve hundred trucks off refuse-collecting and fit them with plows." Word came in that an inch and a half of snow had fallen in Brooklyn. O'Connell glanced out of the open door of the pier house and seemed to sniff the air. "It's easing off to flurries," he said. "Looks like the Weather Bureau got it right this time. We'll put a night force on the spreaders and just let the snow wear away. I got a big kick out of the first order this morning—the order the Department always gets when snow hits town. The command came through 'Warm up the brooms!' Sounds like a cavalry charge, doesn't it?"

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Forty-seventh Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

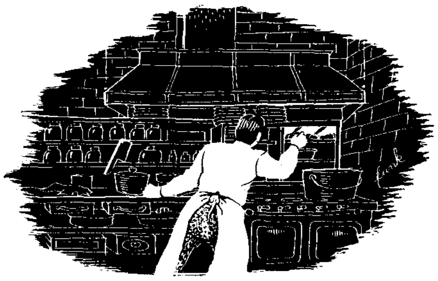
Time of inspection: 11:45 A.M. to 12:10 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 28.

Colt's Costumes

THE Broadway, very Broadway, costumes that help give "Guys and Dolls" its raffish, Runyonish flavor were all designed or shopped for by Alvin Colt, a very tall (six foot seven), thin (except for his shoulders) fellow of thirty-four, who was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and went straight from high school there to the Yale Drama School, where he studied scenic design under Professor Donald Oenslager. He has since concocted costumes for three ballet companies, for "On the Town," for "Around the World," and, last season, for "Clutterbuck." Also for one or two turkeys. We interviewed him last week, and found him wearing a dark-blue Roger Kent suit, white shirt, and dark-blue knitted tie, in contrast to the flashy, padded-shoulder garments in which he has draped most of the twenty-four guys of "Guys and Dolls." "Aren't they terrible?" he said, of their clothes. "All the wrong kind of tailoring! The worst! Positively the worst!" The men's suits, some of which are notable for their green-and-white squares or their stripes of all colors, not excluding orange and purple, were made by the Brooks Costume people, after Colt got up his specifications. The men's shirts, which are nothing short of alarming, were bought by him from Benhil, Broadway haberdashers, or made to his specifications by Nat Lewis. Their ties, of colorful satin, came mostly from Tie City, also on Broadway. Their hats, which include orange, green, and blue numbers, were bought in Philadelphia, during the show's pre-opening run.

Of the female members of the company, Colt said, "There are as many shops for dolls on Broadway as there are for guys. I'd go into them and ask for black Lastex girdles, and wait until after the salesgirls got over being astonished. I read a lot of Runyon stories first, to get the flavor and character, and then stood around and looked at the people outside of Lindy's a few times. I tried not to make the clothes a caricature. The men's shoes seemed a terrific problem at first—I had to have one pair of gray suède and black leather, for example—but I found what I needed at Florsheim's, of all places. I got a lot of the woollens for the men's suits down on Orchard Street, in the ghetto. Wonderful material! Brooks embroidered stripes on some of them. I don't think there's ever been a show with clothes like this. We send fifty-four shirts to the laundry twice a week. The wardrobe woman is going out of her mind. And the hair pieces—the buns and the wigs! You've never seen so much hair. Why, we have a man come in three times a week just to comb the dolls' hair—their own and their wigs. There's never been so much hair in a modern show."



Colt told us that the only white shirts in the play are worn by the police detective, and that he himself has never worn a colored shirt. He regards his theatrical work as gravy. His bread-and-butter comes from a window-display-and-interior-decoration business run by him and a partner, Robert Pichenot. "I'm doing somebody's apartment, but I can't say whose," he said. "I have a Kerry blue terrier called Wusha, but I can't say why he's called that. It's too silly. Let that be a mystery. He also answers to the name of Goo Goo. He stays home in my apartment and answers the telephone, but he won't write down messages. He has a wonderful big bark. I'd like to find a mate for him. Give him a blue rinse and he really stops traffic."

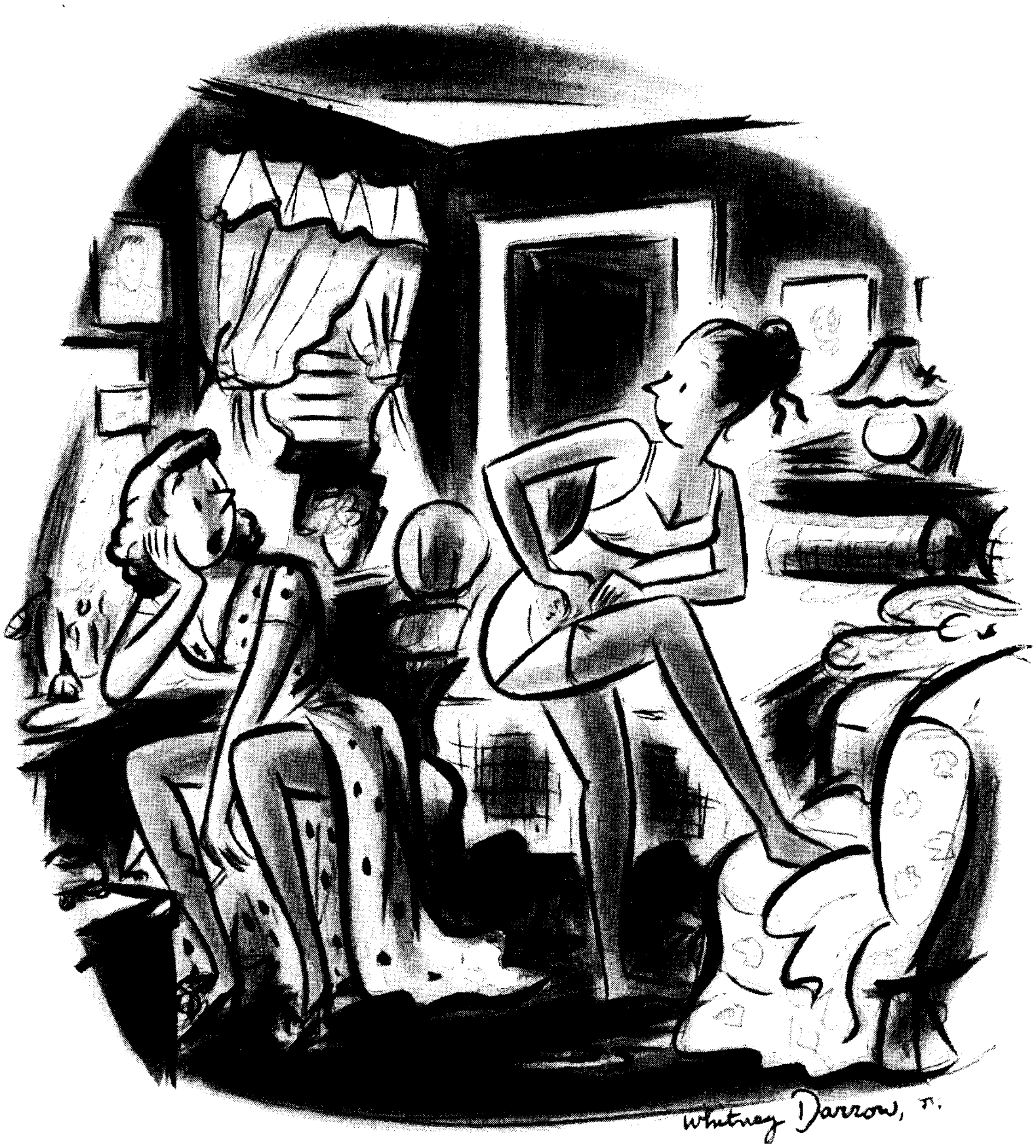
The No. 2 lady of "Guys and Dolls," a mission lassie, is one of the few characters Colt wasn't able to do much about. She wears her uniform throughout. "After seeing the other girls in rehearsal, Isabel Bigley, who plays the part, asked me whether I couldn't at least give her a slit skirt," he said, "but of course I couldn't. Clothes are really important in this show. You put a girl in a zebra-stripe silk dress and she knows good and well she's a Runyon character." Colt advised us that the dolls in the show are actually a sedate, home-loving lot.

Strong Stuff

THE mother of an up-and-coming six-year-old daughter acceded to her request for paper and ink with which to write a letter the other day, and then proudly looked over the young lady's shoulder as she painstakingly wrote, "Dear Keeper of the Crypt of Terror, I like your magazine but pleas print more stories about werewolves."

Switch

BRIGHT and early Saturday morning, the servicemen of the local Telephone Company, in an unprecedented all-out mobilization, will hop bravely to the job of making the final adjustment that will convert the 92,563 pay-station telephones in the city to the new ten-cents-per-local-call basis. If all goes well, most of them will be done by late Saturday night. All in all, the switch is a tricky one, for the nickel hasn't been abandoned entirely; the mechanism is to be so fixed that the coin box will accept two nickels or a dime for local diallings, and single nickels for

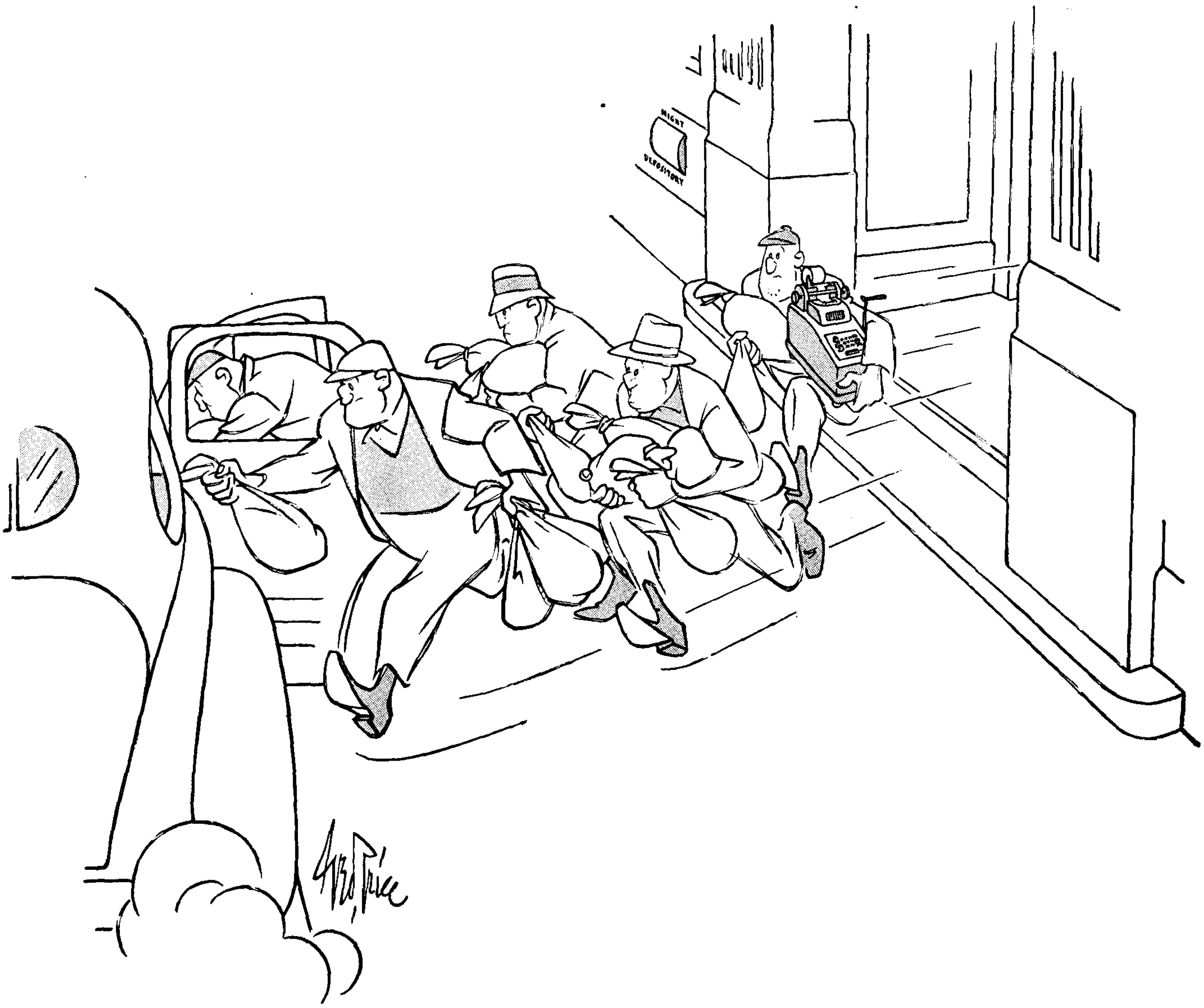


"I don't know whether to take a Benzedrine and go to the party or a Nembutal and go to bed."

overtime and toll calls. (Either two nickels, a dime, or a quarter will be needed to get the operator, Long Distance, Information, etc.) The coin telephones have been undergoing preliminary, and major, adjustments during the last eight months, and only a few minutes' work per box is now required to switch them over. When the job is done, New York will be right back where it was in 1904, so far as rates go. This came to our notice when a gentleman in the phone company, to whom we'd been speaking about contemporary matters, mentioned it, and suggested that we might well look into the history of the pay telephone, which, he told us, was developed by the same man who invented the baseball catcher's pneumatic chest protector, thus enabling the catcher to move up to the plate from a position a number of yards behind it and bringing about modern baseball. That was enough for us.

William Gray was the ingenious man who made these two important contributions to American life. He was a polisher in a machine-tools factory in Hartford when he thought up the chest protector. He patented it and sold the rights to A. G. Spalding for five thousand dollars. That was in the eighteen-eighties. At that time, all telephones were in the possession of private subscribers, and Gray, who wasn't a subscriber, had difficulty getting permission to use one to call a doctor when his wife got sick one day. He thereupon resolved to invent a telephone that would be accessible to anybody. His first notion was to lock a telephone in a box that could be opened by inserting a coin. He worked out such a contraption and offered it to the Southern New England Telephone Company, which immediately put its finger on an obvious shortcoming: Once the box had been opened, the phone could be used by anyone who happened to be around. Gray proceeded to work out other models, eventually coming up with one, his fifth, that was endorsed by the Telephone Company. It was designed, roughly, along the lines of the present coin box. The principal exterior difference was that it had but one coin slot. In 1889, the first pay telephone in the world (unless they had one in Russia) was installed in a Hartford bank. Two years later, Gray organized the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company. It rented out pay phones for twenty-five per cent of the take. Ten per cent of the take went to the place of business in which they were installed and the rest to the Telephone Company. This arrangement proved lucrative to all concerned and became general throughout the country. The Gray company had a monopoly on pay telephones until the early nineteen-thirties, when its patents expired, whereupon Western Electric took over their manufacture for the whole Bell system. Since 1938, the Gray company has devoted itself to making a dictating machine called the Audograph. Mr. Gray died in 1902.

The first local pay telephone was installed in the Barclay Street ferry terminal in 1896. It was a single-slot model that would accommodate anything up to a silver dollar. By 1904, there were several hundred pay-station



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phones in the city, the cost of a local call was a dime, and most pay telephones had slots that would take only dimes. The price was reduced to a nickel in 1905, and Model 50, essentially the pay telephone of today, became standard in 1911. It had three slots, and a chute for the return of coins. Up to then, any money that went into the box was gone forever. Nowadays, the proprietors of the premises on which pay telephones are placed are paid on a sliding scale, according to the volume of calls. To keep the company's collectors out of the way of temptation, the boxes into which coins fall are removed locked from the telephones, empty boxes being substituted for them, and the opening of them and the counting of the money are done at the Telephone Company's main office. Collections are made at intervals ranging from every second day to three times a year, depending on the location of the box. Thanks to a federal law that makes it tough for anyone who fashions or sells slugs similar in size to American coins, and to the invention of a slug-rejecting device, the Bell System suffers a loss of only a fraction of one per cent through the machinations of chisellers. Every so often, someone drops a lucky five-dollar gold piece into a pay telephone by mistake, realizes it, and advises the operator. On such occasions, in the interests of good will, the company shoots a man out to rescue it.

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THE Christmas gift of a local young lady to her most favored young man was a pair of socks with Argyle bottoms and olive-drab tops.

Never the Twain

AT a recent literary lunch, Miss Santha Rama Rau, of India, whose new book, "East of Home," about a two-year trip she made through most of the countries of the Far East, had just appeared, spoke of derogatory "fantasies" entertained in the East about the West and in the West about the East—such as this country's disposition to regard the relatively plumbingless Orient as dirty and the Orient's disposition to regard Americans as dirty because they wear their street shoes around the house. This set us to wondering about other such East-West conceptions, or misconceptions, and the upshot of it was that we got in touch with Miss Rama Rau, and she obligingly invited us to tea at the Fifth Avenue apartment of her distinguished uncle, Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, the permanent representative of India to the United Nations. Following an inquiry as to whether we preferred cream or lemon, Miss Rama Rau, who is tall and in her twenties, said, "The West thinks the East is cruel and has a great disregard for human life. Actually, the Eastern attitude toward human life is one of resignation. When you are surrounded constantly by disease and death, you can't get too worked up about it. Asians, on the other hand, feel that Western mothers are incredibly cruel to their children because they make them eat when they're not hungry, go out when they want to stay in, and so forth. Have a cooky." Miss Rama Rau went on to say that Asian mothers indulge their children a great deal more than American mothers do, and that, in the opinion of a Balinese friend of hers, the reason Western artists are so inhibited and so often rebel against society is that when they are infants they have to do so much that is compulsory that it becomes difficult for them to express themselves easily later.

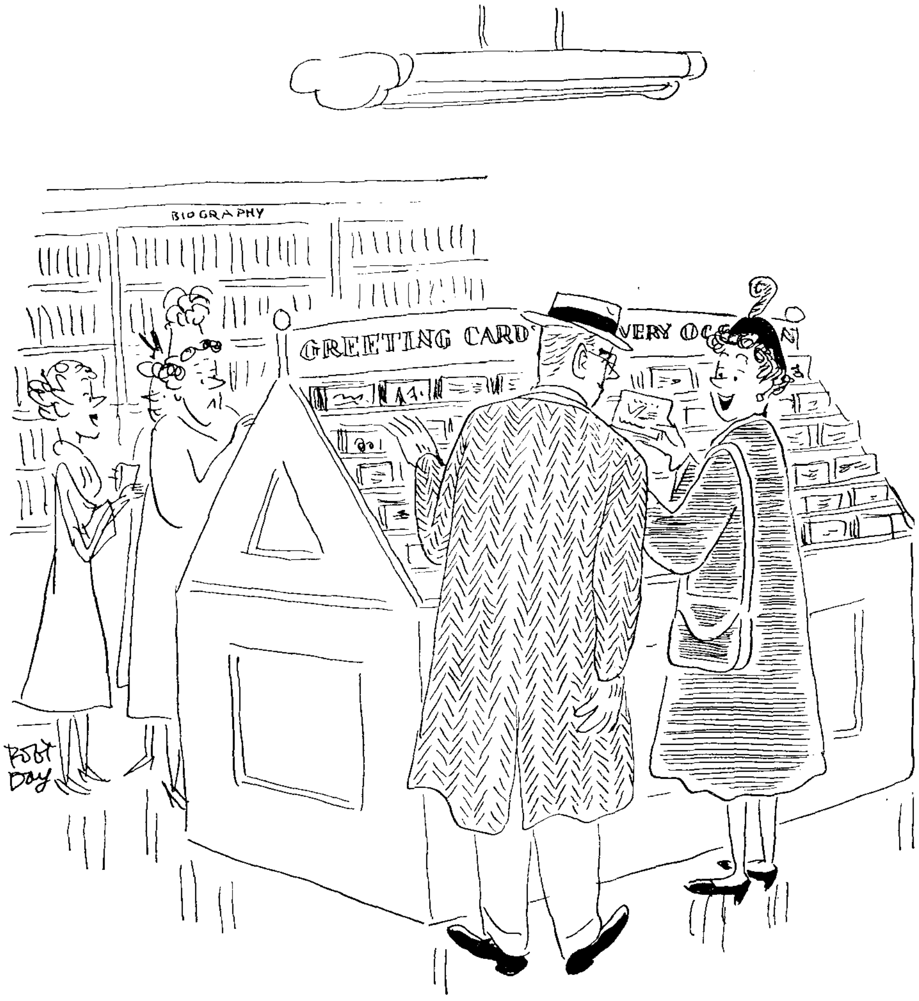
Miss Rama Rau then spoke of the underprivileged position, real or fancied, of women. "Americans feel sorry for Indian women because they don't have equal rights of inheritance and divorce," she said. "But Indian women often say, 'Oh, those poor women of the West! They get kicked out of their parents' homes when they get married, and when they're widowed, they aren't allowed to live with their married children. This couldn't happen in India.' " Miss Rama Rau adduced a couple more fantasies for our benefit, centering on caste and democracy, and on know-how. "Caste seems wicked and undemocratic to Westerners," she said. "They think it is wrong of Orientals to bow to people because they have achieved a certain rank or are old. But rank is often based on character and artistic achievement, and within the caste the rich and the poor are equal. Asians feel that Americans frequently draw a sharp line on the basis of wealth, even if they don't bow." As for know-how, Miss Rama Rau said that the American impatience with the Asian's inadequacy in mechanical skills may be paired off against the Asian's contempt for the average American because he can't grow his own food, weave his own cloth, and build his own house. "Asians feel that America is trying to foist a new way of life on them, and they are rather fond of their own," she said. "An Indian in America is always expected to learn English and to wear American clothes, but Westerners in Asia don't adapt themselves in these regards. They often scorn native customs. Mummy used to say that social insults were probably more responsible for the breakup of the British Empire than anything else."

Miss Rama Rau's mummy is Lady Rama Rau, whose husband was Deputy High Commissioner for India in London in the thirties and Ambassador to this country in 1948 and 1949. Miss Rama Rau attended boarding school in England and completed her education at Wellesley, graduating in 1944. She wrote her first book, "Home to India," when she was nineteen and still in college. In it, she told how India seemed to her after she had lived abroad ten or twelve years. She accompanied her father on a mission to Tokyo shortly after the war, and, through overhearing a conversation in Japanese, a language she has mastered, ran into an interesting native fantasy that had her fooled for a while. "One night at the theatre," she told us, "a Japanese woman sitting in front of me said to another, 'Can you believe it? They bind the children's feet! What everyone says is true—they're very cruel.' I leaned over and said, 'Please forgive me, but I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying, and I must tell you that that isn't true in China any more. It's only the older women there today who have deformed feet.' Well, the two Japanese ladies screamed with laughter. They said they were talking about the Americans in the Occupation Forces, and how shocked they were at the American children's wearing socks and shoes. Japanese children wear *geta* or *zori*, you know—flat soles with a couple of toe straps, so the whole foot is perfectly free."

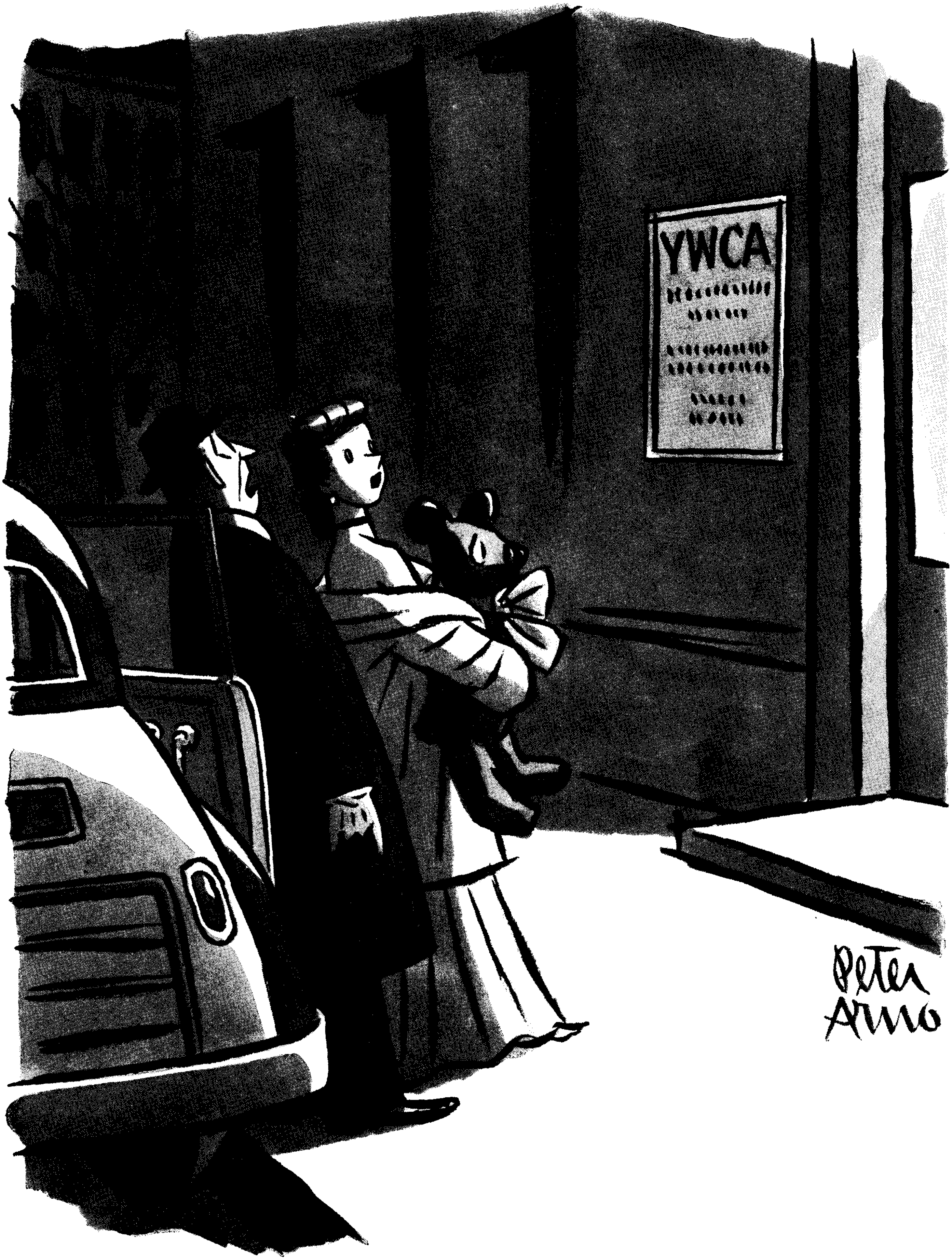
Miss Rama Rau herself is striking an East-West sartorial balance on her visit here—American clothes in the daytime, saris evenings. "It would look funny to wear a sari when you go around the corner for a package of cigarettes," she said.

Winter Quarters

SINCE the advent of the cold weather, a large, handsome, and extremely dirty cat has taken up residence in a parking lot on East Thirty-sixth Street. When a car arrives, it hops onto the hood, nestles there until the radiator cools off, then transfers to a newer and warmer arrival.



"What a cute get-well card! Who do we know that skis?"


YWCA
Peter Arno

"You live here?"

NESSELRODE TO JEOPARDY

CITY CRACKS DOWN ON RESTAURANTS IN HOLLANDAISE SAUCE CLEAN-UP

"The sauce is loaded with dynamite when carelessly prepared," a Health Department spokesman declared yesterday. "It has become one of the bureau's worst headaches. . . ."

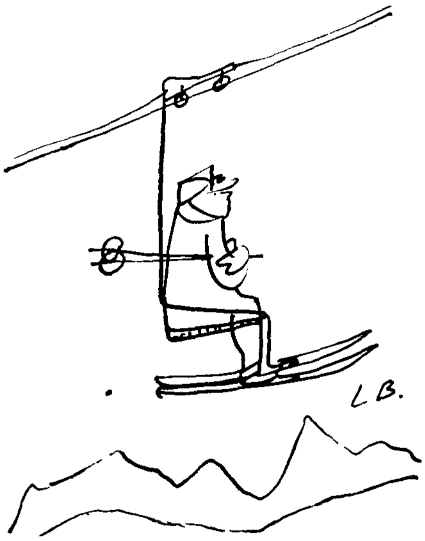
Many temperamental chefs, it was learned, resent the Health Department's infringement on their culinary art. One chef, for example, refused to tell an inspector how he made the sauce because it was a "secret technique" that he had learned in France.

Several weeks later, five persons contracted food poisoning at the restaurant because of the hollandaise. The Health Department then demanded to know the chef's secret and found that his technique consisted of straining the sauce through a cheesecloth bag that must be squeezed with the hands.—*The Times.*

WHENEVER I turn over the whole grotesque affair in my mind, trying to rationalize the baffling complex of events that overtook me on the French Riviera this autumn, I always ask myself the same questions. What would have happened if Destiny, unpredictable jade, had drawn my laggard feet to some hotel other than the Villa Heliotrope? What if Anglo-Saxon shyness had sealed Colin Rentschler's lips and he had not impulsively come to the aid of a fellow-American in hazard? Would I ever have met that elegant assassin, Colonel Firdausi, of the Turkish secret police, or cowered in the hold of a rusty Greek steamer bound for the Piraeus, or given chase at midnight to a music-hall juggler over the roofs of Montparnasse? In short, why should I, timid recluse, have been wantonly singled out for a supporting role in a nightmare as fantastic as the riddle of the cheesecloth bag, a problem to shame the wildest conceits of an Eric Ambler or a Carol Reed? And why—except that it is highly traditional—do I ask these questions all over again when I should be getting on with my story?

To begin at the beginning, I'd been down at Fez, in North Africa, all summer, working on a book of favorite recipes of famous people like Tennessee Williams, Paul Bowles, Truman Capote, and Speed Lamkin, and my nerves were at sixes and sevens. I felt completely drained, used up; I'd pretty well exhausted my emotional bank balance doing the necessary research, and I knew it was touch and go unless I immured myself in some quiet pied-à-terre where I could slough off superficialities and organize my material. I shan't burden you with tedious autobiographical details, but perhaps I ought to explain that my people (poor bourgeois dears) left me a goodish bit of money. Praise be to Allah—and the automobile wax my father invented—I don't have to fret excessively about the sordid aspects of life, and hence I've applied myself to living graciously, which I do think is all that matters, really. I mean I sometimes wonder if a properly chilled Gibson or a superb *coq au vin* isn't basically more important than these grubby wars and revolutions everyone's being so hopelessly neurotic about. Not that money's actually vital to my existence, mind you; one art I've mastered is how to make do with the absolute minimum. Given fair seats at the ballet, half a dozen friends with country houses from whom I can scrounge weekends, a few custom-tailored suits, some decent hand-lasted shoes—it's weakness, I know, but I'm fixated on good leather—and three months a year at Montreux or Bordighera, and I can live in a hole in the wall at the Crillon and rub along on a gigot and a crisp salad.

ANYHOW, I'd finally fetched up at the Villa Heliotrope, a modest little establishment on the Estérel coast west of Cannes, and everything was proving utterly ideal. The cuisine wasn't too repugnant, and if *Madame la Patronne* occasionally used overmuch musk on her embonpoint, she at least rationed it in her seasoning. Well, one evening I came in to dinner with a truly pagan appetite. (Ardent sun-worshipper that I am, I'd spent the entire day on the *plage*, baking a glorious golden brown.) I had just dispatched Madame's creditable *rôti* and was attacking the dessert when the chap at the next table cleared his throat.



"Easy does it," he said abruptly. "I wouldn't bolt that Nesselrode if I were you."

"Why the devil not?" I snapped, glaring around at him. Bolting's sort of a sacrament with me, I suppose, and I didn't much fancy the highhanded line he'd taken.

"Because it's lumpy," he said. "They forgot to strain it." I tasted a soupçon and found he was right. I turned back for another look at my neighbor. His lean, dark face showed good bone structure, and there was something about his trench coat and the gravy on his hat that bespoke the inspector of a metropolitan health department.

"Look here," I said, mystified. "You knew that pudding was lumpy?"

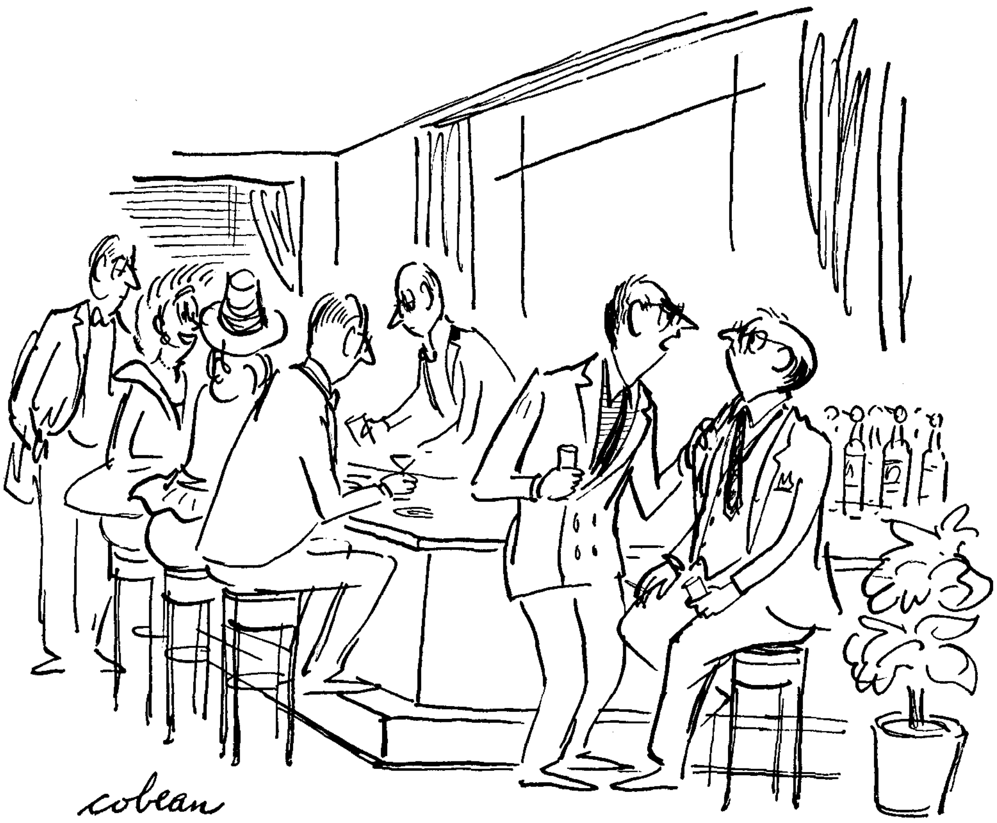
"It's my business to know things like that, friend," he said with an opaque smile. As he rose and passed me, a card fluttered down beside my plate. It bore the legend "Colin Rentschler," and, below, "Inspector, New York Health Department." I was pretty thoughtful the rest of the meal. Something curious was shaping up, and while I'm not especially intuitive, I felt Colin Rentschler might have some connection with it.

I was seated on the terrace that evening, sipping a final pousse-café before turning in, when his loose-jointed figure settled into the adjoining chair. After a rather watchful silence, he made some inconsequential remark about the écru-colored sky's portending the advent of the mistral, the dry northerly wind characteristic of Provence. "Odd écru-colored sky, that," he observed. "Shouldn't wonder if it portends the advent of the mistral, the dry northerly wind characteristic of Provence."

"Yes," I agreed. "Sinister shade, isn't it? It reminds me of—well, of hollandaise sauce that's gone a trifle bad."

I heard the sharp, sudden intake of his breath, followed by a little click as he expelled it. When he spoke again, it was in a tight, strangled whisper that put shudders up my spine. "Then you know," he said. He glanced quickly over his shoulder and leaned forward, his eyes merciless as snails. "Listen. Pierre Moustique has been seen in Istanbul."

"Good God!" I murmured. Like everyone else, of course, I knew that New York gourmets were in a grip of terror due to a wave of hollandaise poisoning, and that Moustique, the chef who had betrayed his secret technique of squeezing the sauce through a cheesecloth bag with his bare hands, had



"My analyst could see right through your analyst!"

• •

escaped to Canada in a hamper of towels, but in the shimmering heat of Morocco I had lost touch with later developments, and my allusion to the evening sky had been made in all innocence. Before I could extricate myself, nonetheless, Fate, in the guise of a health inspector, had altered my future with a single decisive stroke.

"It's incredible"—Rentschler shrugged—"but then so is life. Last Thursday afternoon, Anna Popescu, a Moldavian seamstress in the Kadikoy quarter of Istanbul bearing a Nansen passport, reported that a chef closely resembling Moustique had approached her to repair a rent in a cheesecloth bag, offering ninety piastres. When she hesitated, he fled." His harsh voice stabbed at me, insistent as the cicadas in the Mediterranean night. "Schneider, until we can lay Moustique by the heels and analyze that bag which its poisoned meshes spell finis for unwary epicures, death will lurk in every frond of broccoli. I have two tickets on the morning plane for Istanbul. Are you the man to share a desperate adventure?"

I picked up my glass and, twirling the stem meditatively, swallowed it in a single gulp. A mad, foolhardy errand, I thought, and still the challenge to gamble for consummate stakes awoke a tocsin in my blood. I spat out a spicule of glass, arose, and extended my hand. "Done and done, Rentschler," I said coolly. "I've always taken my liquor mixed and my peril neat, and I see no reason to switch now. Next stop, the Golden Horn!"

Colonel Firdausi, deputy director of the Turkish secret police, hoisted a polished cordovan boot to the edge of his desk and, extracting the monocle from his eye, carefully scraped a bit of *shish kebab* from the sole. As he dusted his delicate, saurian hands with a handkerchief strongly redolent of attar of roses, motes of halvah danced in the slanting beam of sunlight above his head.

"This is a very interesting tale you tell me, gentlemen," he said with a smile. Colonel Firdausi's smile could have refrigerated a whole chain of Turkish frozen-food stores. "But I do not see precisely why you come to me. Surely you do not imply Pierre Moustique is still in Istanbul?"

"I imply that and more." Rentschler's left forefinger traced what was seemingly an idle pattern on the dusty arm of his chair, and then I realized with a start that he was scribbling a message to me. "Watch this man's mouth," it read, in Italian. "It is willful, sensual, that of a sybarite who will not cavil at resorting to violence if he is bilked." My colleague chuckled thinly, his steady gaze meeting Firdausi's square. "I imply, my dear Colonel, that he is in this selfsame room at the moment."

"You cease to amuse me, Monsieur." The Turkish official rapped the bell before him peremptorily. "The interview is ended. My secretary—"

"One second," cut in Rentschler. "Have you ever heard of the Club Libido, in Pera? No? Allow me to refresh your memory. The principal chanteuse at the Libido is Marie Farkas, a naturalized Transylvanian travelling under a League of Nations passport."

"Neither you nor Marie could possibly hope to surprise me," returned Firdausi icily. "I have been sleeping with the lady fifteen years."

"And therefore enjoy considerable seniority over me," admitted Rentschler. "Nevertheless, she has been fickle enough to confide that on your last two nuptial flights you wore a chef's cap, with the name of Pierre Moustique inscribed on the headband in indelible pencil."

"Inconstancy, thy name is woman," reflected Firdausi. "Ah, well, there is no use dissembling with such adversaries." Reaching into his tunic, he withdrew a green cheesecloth bag and tossed it pettishly on the blotter. "Is this what you are looking for?" As Rentschler's hand shot forward, it struck the ice-blue barrel of the Colonel's automatic. "Tchk, tchk, impetuous boy," chided Firdausi. "Be so good, both of you, as to lace your fingers over your heads. Thank you. Now, Messieurs, exposition is wearisome, so I will be succinct."

"I will be succincter," Rentschler put in. "The real Colonel Firdausi is reposing at this instant in the Bosporus, in a burlap sack weighted with stale nougat. You are about to bind us back to back in a similar pouch and deposit us alongside him, as a warning to meddlers not to interfere in matters that do not concern them. Need I point out, though, Moustique, that you cannot possibly hope to get away with it?"

"Of course not," agreed the other, withdrawing from his tunic a capacious burlap sack. "Still, in the brisk interplay of Near Eastern intrigue, these little—ah—involutions are mandatory. *Au 'voir*, gentlemen."

Forty-five minutes later, trussed up in the sack, we were jolting in a dray over the cobblestones fringing the waterside. Despite our extreme discomfort and the danger confronting us, however, my companion exhibited no hint of the disquiet that pervaded me. Listening to his tranquil comparison of the respective merits of the pickles obtainable at Lindy's and the Russian Tea Room, one might easily have imagined him in his own club. At length, my endurance crumbled.

"Dash it all, man!" I burst forth. "Here's one pickle your precious department won't get us out of!"

"No, but Victor Hugo will," he said evenly. "I take it you've read 'Les Misérables'?"

"This is hardly the time for a literary quiz," I interjected.

"You will recall," said Rentschler imperturbably, "that at an equally crucial pass Jean Valjean confounded Papa Thenardier and his gang by sawing through his bonds with a watch spring concealed in a penny. Tug manfully at your wrists." I complied, and, to my stupefaction, found myself liberated. The next thing I knew, Rentschler and I were racing through a maze of warehouses and cranes; I remember a ship's gangway clangorous with roustabouts shifting cargo, a lightning descent into a labyrinth of hatches, and, over the bellow of the siren, my colleague's unruffled explanation that we were stowaways aboard the Thessalonian Schizophrene, bound for the Piraeus and Trieste. Actually, we never went to either; a few hours later, Rentschler nudged me and we stole back on land. The whole thing had been a clever feint, for, as he pointed out, nobody was chasing us and there was no reason to slip out of the country illicitly. That night, seated in the aircraft droning toward London, I dully wondered what fresh complications lay in wait for us. But Fate and the stewardess, a shapely Philadelphian named Dougherty travelling under a nylon bust support, gave me back only an inscrutable smile.

THIN fingers of fog drifted across the West India Dock Road, tracing an eerie filigree across the street lamp under which Rentschler and I stood shivering in our mackintoshes. From time to time, almond-eyed devotees of the poppy, furtively hugging poppyseed rolls, slid past us in their bast shoes, bent on heaven knows what baleful missions. For more than three hours, we had been breathlessly watching the draper's shop across the way, and I still had no clue as to why. Rentschler, shrewd judge of human foibles that he was, must have sensed my perplexity, for at last he broke silence.

"In the split second you saw that bag of Moustique's, Schneider," he queried, "did any thought occur to you?"

"Why, yes," I said, surprised. "I remember thinking there was only one shop in Europe that handles cheesecloth of that type—Arthur Maggot's Sons, in the West India Dock Road. But I still can't fathom why we've spent three hours casing it."

"No particular reason," he rejoined. "It's just the kind of patient, plodding labor the public never gives one credit for in this profession. Come on, let's move in."

Bartholomew Maggot shrugged his vulpine shoulders irascibly and, applying a pinch of Copenhagen snuff to his nostril, opened the cash register and sneezed into it. A half hour's questioning had merely aggravated his normally waspish temper, and it was dishearteningly plain that we had reached an impasse. Rentschler, notwithstanding, refused to yield.

"This man who asked you to appraise his cheesecloth bag yesterday," he persisted. "You say he was hooded and smelled of attar of roses, but surely you must have noticed something unusual about him."

"No, sir, I did not," growled the draper. "Wait a bit, though, there *was* something. His lapel had a few grains of rice powder on it—the sort those French music-hall artistes wear."

"You've a sharp pair of eyes in your head, Maggot," complimented the inspector. "It's a pity we don't know where they came from."

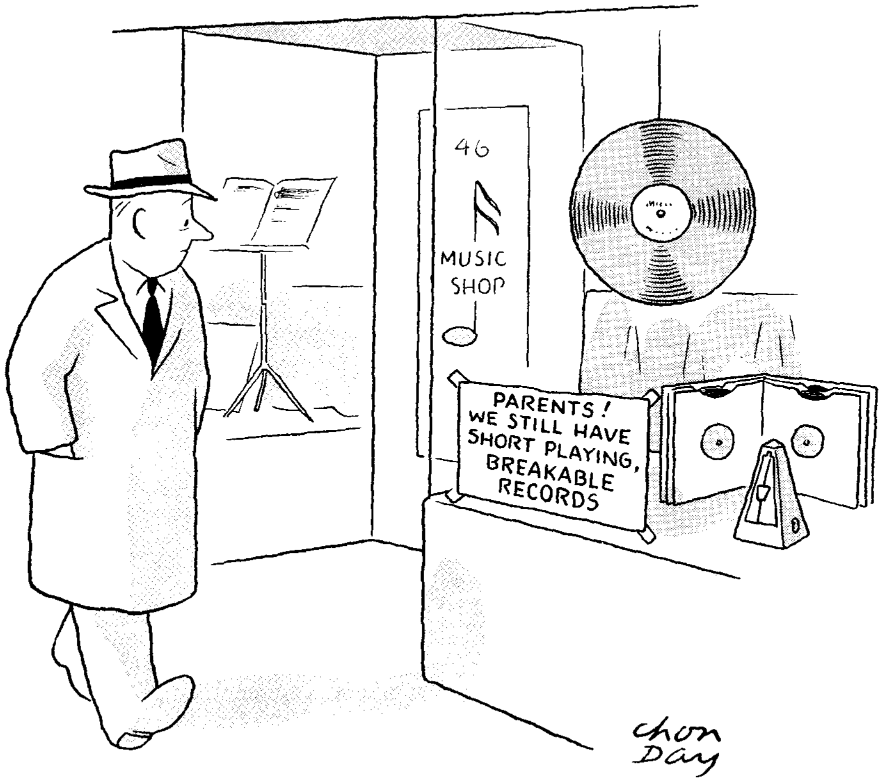
"Why, this one came from Harrod's," explained Maggot, removing it. "It's glass, as you see, and has a little Union Jack in it. The other—"

"No, no, the grains," Rentschler interrupted testily. "Haven't you any idea which music-hall uses that type of powder?"

"Let me see," said Maggot slowly. "The cove was carrying a theatrical valise with the name of Pierre Moustique, Bobino Theatre, Rue de la Gaité, Paris, France, painted on it in white letters, but I didn't really pay much mind."

"Humph," muttered Rentschler. His quick, deductive mind had caught something of importance in the other's words. "A very good evening to you, Mr. Maggot, and now, Schneider, to Paris *en grand vitesse*. Are you hungry? I think I can promise a ragout spiced with melodrama and served piping hot." I have often thought the world lost a major poet when Colin Rentschler joined the New York Health Department.

THE mingled scent of caporal, cheap perfume, and garlic hung like a pall over the motley audience jamming the stalls of the Bobino, the Left Bank's most popular vaudeville. A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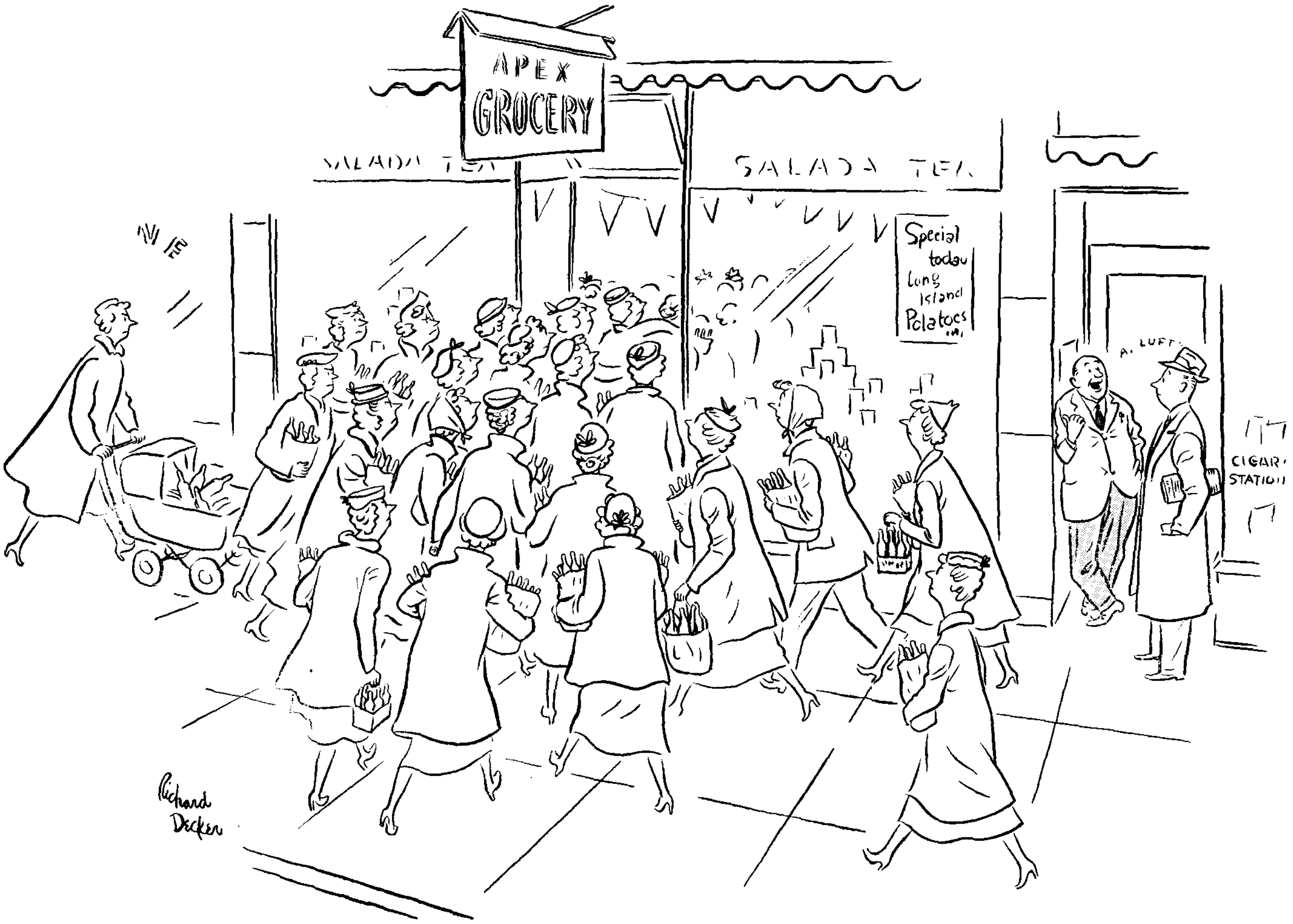
MUSIC SHOP
PARENTS! WE STILL HAVE SHORT PLAYING, BREAKABLE RECORDS
Chon Day



"Someone started a rumor they couldn't pay off on their bottle deposits."

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succession of weight-lifters, trained dogs, diseuses, and trick cyclists had displayed their enchantments, and now, as the curtain rose on the final turn and M. l'Inconnu, the masked juggler, strode into the glare of the footlights, my heart began beating like a trip hammer. Those delicate, saurian hands, the heavy odor of attar of roses—I racked my memory vainly, trying to recollect where I had met them before. A buzz of excited speculation rose from the patrons surrounding us; rumor ran rife that l'Inconnu was an unfrocked chef from New York, a quondam Turkish police official, a recent arrival from Limehouse, but none knew for sure. Yet some sixth sense told me that Rentschler, his hawk's profile taut in the darkness beside me, was close to the answer.

"*Messieurs et dames!*" The guttural voice of Pierre Moustique suddenly set my every nerve atingle. "I now attempt a feat to dizzy the imagination, keeping *trois boules* [three balls] suspended in the air simultaneously!" From the depths of his cape, he brought forth a green cheesecloth bag and spun three mothballs into swift rotating motion.

Rentschler sprang up with a choked cry. "*Gobe-mouche* that I am! Blockhead!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see, Schneider? That's why the hollandaise laid those diners low—he used that very bag to squeeze the sauce, indifferent to the fact that it had contained mothballs! Seal the exits! Stop that man!" But it was too late; with a snarled imprecation, Moustique sprang toward the wings. In the shrill hubbub that ensued, I inexplicably found myself dancing a java with a comely grisette; then Rentschler, flinging people aside like ninepins, was pulling me through a skylight and we were hurtling across the rooftops after our quarry. In reality, my associate explained as we hurtled, Moustique had left the Bobino in a cab, but protocol precluded our following him in any such mundane fashion.

"He's heading for the Ritz," panted the inspector. "A group of asparagus connoisseurs are holding their annual feed there tonight, which the columns of *Le Figaro* have been full of it for a week. Superfluous to add that if this blackguard, who is cooking for them under a nom de plume, compounds his lethal dressing, why the poor bastards will be stretched out in windrows. I've a pretty—good—hunch, though," he panted on, clearing the Rue du Cherche-Midi with a bound, "that we're about to tie a kink in his mayonnaise whip."

WELL, we didn't. Two minutes afterward, Rentschler tripped over a loose gargoyle and dashed out his brains in the Quai Voltaire. I pressed on to the Ritz, but I must have crept in through the wrong dormer, because I wound up at a too, too marvellous gala at the Vicomtesse de Noailles'. Edith and Osbert and Sacheverell were there, and they gave me a simply divine recipe for my book. It's called Continental Upside-Down Chowchow, and here's what you do. You take a double handful of exotic locales . . .

—S. J. PERELMAN

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Mrs. Frohmiller in turn maintained the Republicans had not taken a stand on a proposed initiative to legalize grumbling in the State.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Lord knows they *do* enough of it.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

THE TREE ON THE DIAMOND

My grandfather built the first house on Bryden Road nearly seventy years ago, and until recently a granite carriage stone bearing the carved legend "Fisher, 1884" marked the point of his bold pioneering east of Parsons Avenue. I don't know what became of the stone; perhaps it is buried somewhere in a city dump, the old iron hitching post festering nearby.

Commerce began to creep eastward in Columbus, Ohio, a long time ago, following the route of the Great Run the day the dam broke and obliterating the quiet landmarks of the carriage years. The last I heard, my grandfather's house had been cut up into apartments, and I find it hard to picture the rambling coolness of the old place quartered and confined. Group civilization has come to the corner of Parsons and Bryden Road, and I suppose the individual has taken on the gray color of the mass. But there were individuals about during the first decade of the century, each possessed of his own bright and separate values.

There was George Harvey, the odd-jobs man, who claimed to be eighty, might have been seventy, but worked like a man of fifty when he put his mind and back to it. George always wore a smile and a dark-blue shirt spangled with medals and ribbons that came from curio shops, state fairs, and the attic trunks of his various employers, but George said he had won them all in the Civil War. It seems that he had been a slave and that he had freed himself. Once I asked him, "How did you do that, George?," and he broke into his loud and easy laughter. " 'How did you do that, George?' the boy says!," as if the simple question had been a Johnsonian retort. Our uncertainty about George's age was increased by his fondness for birthdays. He had several a year. "Dis is it! Dis is de real one!" he would tell us gleefully. He would knock on the front door of my grandfather's house on those festive days and say to whoever answered, "Ah want to see Mistah Fishah's bright face this fine mornin'!" The person who had gone to the door would call out, "It's George's birthday!," and from his study at the top of the stairs my grandfather would call back, "Give him a dime!" When George got the money, he would flash his great grin and cry, "Lawd bless de gentleman o' dis house!" When George's birthday fell in fair weather, and the walking was good, he collected lots of dimes, but he was a religious man and he sometimes punished himself for pagan thoughts or other errors of faith by decreeing an anniversary on a day of wind and rain or heavy snow. "Too bad you were born in January," my Uncle Kirt said to him once. "You won't collect many dimes on a day like this." George laughed and laughed and slapped his leg, as he did at whatever any gentleman said, and then he sobered suddenly. "Ah'm repentin' fo' mah sins, Mistah Kirt," he said, "Ah'm repentin' fo' mah sins."

When George died, he was laid to rest wearing all his medals. One of these, my uncle said, was a genuine decoration for valor, and another was the blue ribbon that had been awarded in 1905 at the Ohio State Fair for the best Rhode Island cock in the poultry exhibit.

Then, there was Charlie Potts, my grandfather's stableman, whose getup on his Sundays off was the envy of us boys. The dark-skinned Charlie had a high stack of black, curly hair, glossy with Macassar oil, or whatever they used in those days. He affected light suits, gay shirts, and flowered yellow ties; a bright bandanna bloomed in his breast pocket, and he swung a bamboo cane. He preferred to keep his Sunday destinations a secret. When we boys wanted to know where he was going, he had an invariable answer, accompanied by a mysterious wink: "If anybody should ask you, tell 'em I left you inquirin'." His room occupied a corner of the barn loft, and its walls were covered with colorful posters presenting scenes from plays of the period—"The Squaw Man," "Strongheart," "The Round Up," "The Great Divide," "The Call of the North," and "Arizona"—and photographs of Faversham, Robert Edeson, and Kyrle Bellew. When the automobile replaced the carriage, putting Charlie Potts out of a job, he took a trip to Europe on his savings. He called on us when he came back, to tell stories of what he kept calling the "rather peculiar circumstances" that attended his travels. In Charlie's idiom, the phrase fitted the commonplace as well as the extraordinary. It still does. He lives in a town in central Ohio now, and I phoned him when I was in Columbus a few years ago. "I haven't seen you for thirty years, Jim," Charlie said, "but I ran into your brother Bill, under rather peculiar circumstances, when I was spending a few weeks in Columbus recently." It turned out that he had run into Bill, as everybody runs into everybody else in Columbus, at the corner of Broad and High.

Nobody I knew in the Bryden Road days stands out quite so clearly for me as Frank James, organizer, manager, captain, and first baseman of the Blind Asylum team, and jealous overseer of the craziest baseball field in the history of the game.

Few of us middle-aged men who knew Frank James as youngsters forty years ago would have recognized him dressed for burial in his full and formal name, Benjamin Franklin James. The Columbus papers revealed that elegant secret in brief obituaries when he died, last spring, at the age of seventy-seven, in the house of a woman relative. They also acquainted us with the news that Frank was part Cherokee Indian. We should have suspected this from his singularly erect posture and his fine, springy step—he walked as if the ground under him were pneumatic—but kids in central Ohio accepted the brown-skinned man as a Negro and let it go at that. I count it a happy wonder that nobody resented, in those innocent years, his sharp-tongued command of a ball club on which every player except himself was a white man.

The catcher, a man named Lang, threw a ball like a bullet and he could take the fastest pitch of any hurler barehanded, and he could have broken his captain in two, but he always obeyed orders docilely ("Bunt it, boy, bunt it! You heah me? *Bunt* it!") and the James insults never provoked him ("What kind o' playin' is that for a grown man, Lang? What kind o' playin' is that?").

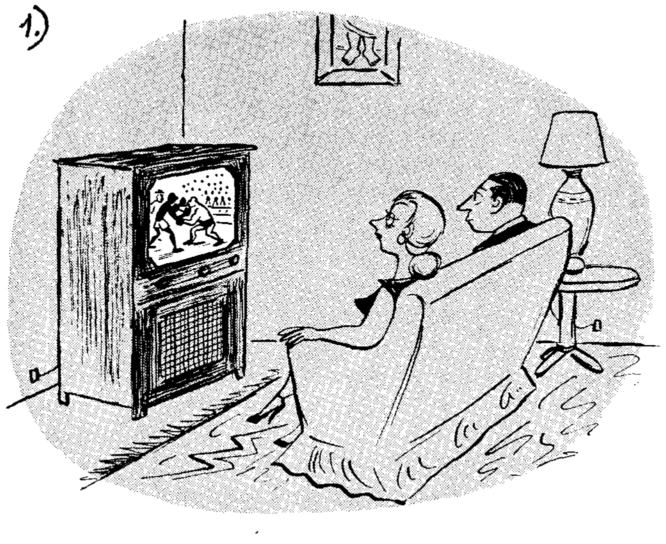
The baseball team of the School for the Blind—we called it "the Blinky," in the easy and unmalicious parlance of the young—was made up of employees of the institution. I think Frank James was in charge of the boiler rooms, although the notices of his death credited him with having been an instructor.

Lang was an engineer, I believe, and the rest of the players came from the kitchen, the laundry, the stable, and other corners and corridors of the gloomy institution.

When my grandfather bought a Thomas Flyer, he put Maud, the family mare, out to pasture and tore down the brick barn behind the house, leaving a clear vista across the Blind Asylum grounds all the way to Main Street. The place was to become one of the landscapes of my nightmares. Its central structure was a massive crawl of dank stone. Even the architect whose dark genius for the ungainly had created the brooding monster must have realized that it needed a touch of light. He stuck a fountain in front of it, but it turned out to be a sullen cub of the mother building, an ugly cone of rock blubbering water from a length of pipe that jutted out of the top.

We neighborhood kids used to play around the fountain, but we rarely saw the blind children there. They seemed to be in class most of the time, and from my grandfather's house the institution often looked deserted. The shouting and laughing of the ball team behind the main building on Saturday afternoons in summer seemed out of place, like the sound of a child's voice calling down an old, abandoned well. We could hear occasional noises from the building—a tray falling, a sharp voice protesting, a melancholy hand running scales on a piano lost in the wilderness of stone.

The main building sent back two brown wings, or tentacles, which invaded Frank James' outfield, as if they wanted to crush the players and stop the game. The left tentacle crept up to within fifty feet of the second baseman, and the other swung behind the center fielder, forcing him to play in and cramping the range of his action. The blunt end of this wing was separated from the stables by thirty feet of paved courtyard, on which the left fielder had to stand, an easy victim of ricochetting balls, frightened horses, and stablemen with pitchforks. If these were the stony frustrations of a Freudian dream, the gigantic tree between first and second was a hazard out of Lewis Carroll. It had the patriarchal spread of Longfellow's chestnut, and it could drop leaves on the shortstop and, with its large and sinewy roots, trip up runners rounding first. Many a hard-hit ball that should have been good for extra bases would cling and linger in the thick foliage of that ancient tree, and drop finally into Frank James' glove, or the glove of his right fielder, who had plenty of time to jog in from his position on the concrete walk beside the left wing and wait for it to come down. Visiting players screamed and cursed, and now and then they would gather up their bats and gloves, stalk off the Dali diamond, and go home, while Frank James, his hands on his hips, exasperation in his eyes, his mouth open—he was always excited and breathing hard—demanded to know what the hell could possibly be the matter with the yellowbellies. Sometimes the finicky enemy would quit in disgust, late in the game, after the James Boys had demonstrated a special and practiced skill in bouncing the ball off walls, losing it on roofs, hitting it into the crotch of the tree, or lining it under the lowest bough, so that it would land on the concrete pavement and roll to Parsons Avenue, a hundred and fifty yards away.



THE miracle men of Parsons Avenue played the post-office team and the city firemen and police, as well as teams made up of employees of other state institutions, and beat them all most of the time. Panting heavily, his sharp, black eyes taking in every play and every player, Frank urged his men on as if each game were the seventh in a World Series. His tongue was never silent, and he always repeated his loud commands to batters at least once: "Lay it down easy, Steffie, lay it down easy!," or "Get me a double, boy, get me a double!," or "Hit it in the tree, keed, hit it in the tree!" It was the same when his team was in the field: "Close in! Close in!," or "Lay back! Lay back!," or "Watch the bunt, boys, watch the bunt!" If a hard-hit grounder took a bad bounce on the uneven terrain, struck one of his infielders on the chest, and bounced high in the air, Frank would scream, "Ovah ya, undah ya, wheah ah ya?" Human fallibility he could not abide. "What's the mattah, keed, can't ya see 'em?" he would bawl if a player muffed a hard chance, or "Use ya brains! Use ya brains!" It is a wonder that nobody ever took a swing at him with fist or bat. If his team was far ahead and sure to win against men confused by walls and branches, Frank's voice softened and his tone grew friendly. He would let his batters use their own judgment. "Your way's mine, Emil, your way's mine," he would say affectionately. Once this same Emil, in the midst of a tight game, stepped to the plate and said to his captain, "I'll get you a home run, Frank." Instead, he popped weakly to the shortstop. "Thanks for the home run, keed!" screamed Frank. "Thanks for the home run!" Nor did his temper and sarcasm wear off. Every time Emil walked to the plate after that, Frank shouted at the opposing outfielders, "Give him room, men, give him room!"

The James Boys lost few games—not more than four or five, I believe, in all the years they played. One reason for this was that Frank could seldom be lured onto the home grounds of any of his opponents. "The boys can't get away from the institution," he explained once to the manager of a club composed of employees of the State Asylum for the Insane. "If the crazy people want to play us, let the crazy people come ovah heah."

"They are not crazy people," snapped their manager.

"You bring 'em ovah heah an' we'll drive 'em crazy," Frank retorted.

The man stared at the outfield walls, and at the tree that made pop flies out of triples and base hits out of pop flies. "I have no doubt of that," he said testily, and went away.

When Frank James' team did drop a game, he revealed himself as the worst loser in the history of baseball, amateur or professional. He had no heart or philosophy for defeat. The best team had lost, and there was no justice in the world. His voice would grow husky from howling that his men should be inmates, not employees, of the School for the Blind, that they couldn't beat the Columbus School for Girls the best day they ever saw, that the whole team should give up baseball for checkers or lotto, that the Lord God had never seen a man so cruelly betrayed as Frank James. One Saturday afternoon, when I was sixteen, I heard Frank fiercely

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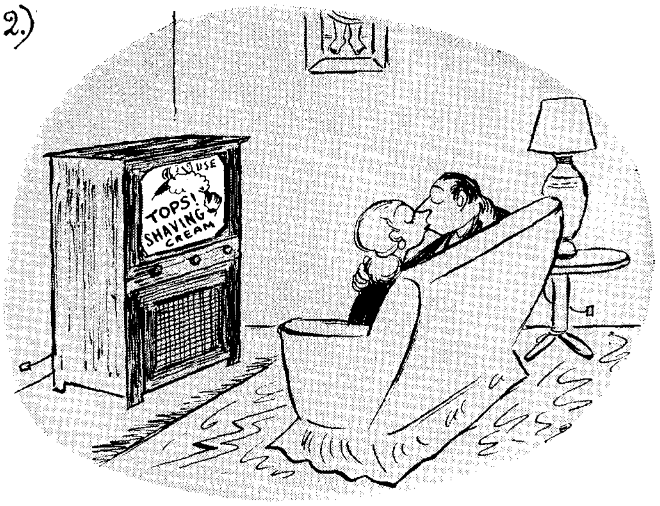

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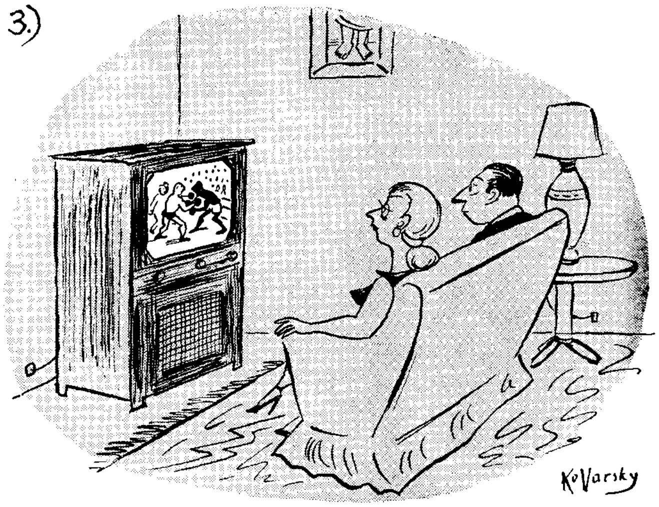

bawling out one of his pitchers for losing a game. "You threw your arm out in practice!" he roared. "I told you not to pitch more than a dozen balls before the game, but you threw your arm out." The man stared at him in astonishment. "That was five years ago, Frank," he said. "Are you still bellyachin' about that old game?" Baseball time stood still in Frank James' head and the sore of defeat never healed. Once he had a close call at the hands of a team organized by Mr. Harvey, proprietor of a drugstore on Main Street, near Parsons. The Harvey Boys were all young men of the neighborhood, familiar with the weird diamond and capable of hitting into or under the big tree. The Harveys led, 2–1, going into the eighth, and Frank heaped abuse on the head of the Harvey pitcher, a slender, quiet youngster named Billy Alloway, who had Emil and the others missing his curves and popping up his fast ones. He struck out Frank James twice, but the raging captain continued to berate his men for going down on strikes.

"Goddam it, Frank," said one of them finally, "he fanned *you* twice."

"That's 'cause you upset me," yelled Frank, "standin' up theah an' swingin' at nothin'!"

Frank went right on belaboring the impassive Alloway—"that little boy out theah"—with quip and insult. In the ninth inning, the James Boys clumsied two runs across with the help of the enormous tree and won the game. For the first time in his life, Frank James praised an opposing player. "You pitched a good game, Billy!" he shouted. "You pitched a good game!"

I SUPPOSE that shocked Nature has long since covered that crazy ball field with grass, and, no doubt, crickets sing where Frank James used to stand and shout his insults and commands. Frank would have played on into his sixties, but his eyesight began to fail thirty years ago. He had thought his legs would be the first to go, but we who had heard him bawl the summer afternoons away were sure it would be his lungs and larynx. One story has it that a broken steampipe in the boiler rooms caused an injury that gradually brought on blindness, but, however that may be, he stayed on the job as long as he could see to grope his way around.

Frank James was king of that crazy ball field, but even in his heyday he was not always the center of attention. Since the diamond was the only one for miles around, officials of the institution allowed the boys from nearby Douglas School to meet their rivals there on Saturday mornings—or in the afternoon, if the James club was idle or playing somewhere else. The Avondale Avenue team came from the West Side, bringing with it, around 1908, a youngster of destiny, its captain and center fielder, Billy Southworth, who was later signed by the New York Giants and is now, as everybody knows, manager of the Boston Braves. Hank Gowdy, hero of the 1914 World Series, must have played there, too, in his day, and old-timers distinctly remember Billy Purtell, who went to Chicago fifty years ago to play third base for the White Sox.

In the autumn, the field was turned into a makeshift gridiron, with one goal post, and several famous football stars scrimmaged there as boys: Chic Harley, Ohio State's immortal halfback and three-time All-American; Allen Thurman, whose long, high, spiral punts helped the University of Virginia beat Yale, 10–0, in 1915; his young brother Johnny, All-America tackle at the University of Pennsylvania in 1922; and the celebrated Raymond (Fike) Eichenlaub, plunging fullback of the Notre Dame team of Rockne and Dorais, which dazzled and smashed Army in 1913. I remember young Donald Ogden Stewart showing up one day in a brand-new football uniform and carrying a brand-new football; Bill Burnett, who was to write "Little Caesar;" Carl Randall, who went on to dance in the "Follies;" and now and then little Joel Sayre would toddle over from his home in Rich Street to watch the goings on. Long before their day and mine, George Bellows, from Monroe Avenue around the corner, practiced on the diamond—he later became, among other things, one of the best shortstops Ohio State ever had.

I like to think that the aged Frank James, nearing his lonely end, remembered and was remembered by these "keeds" of so long ago. Some of them he outlived, of course; most of the others left Columbus or moved away from the neighborhood, but at least one, Billy Alloway, was a constant visitor during Frank's last days at the School for the Blind. They would sit in Frank's small office, which held a desk and two chairs, and recall the battles of former years. "You know, Frank," Alloway told him one day, "you should have put chicken wire up in that tree." Benjamin Franklin James turned his head sharply in the direction of his guest. "Ah'm a sportsman, Billy," he said reproachfully, "an' a sportsman don't take unfair advantage."

—JAMES THURBER

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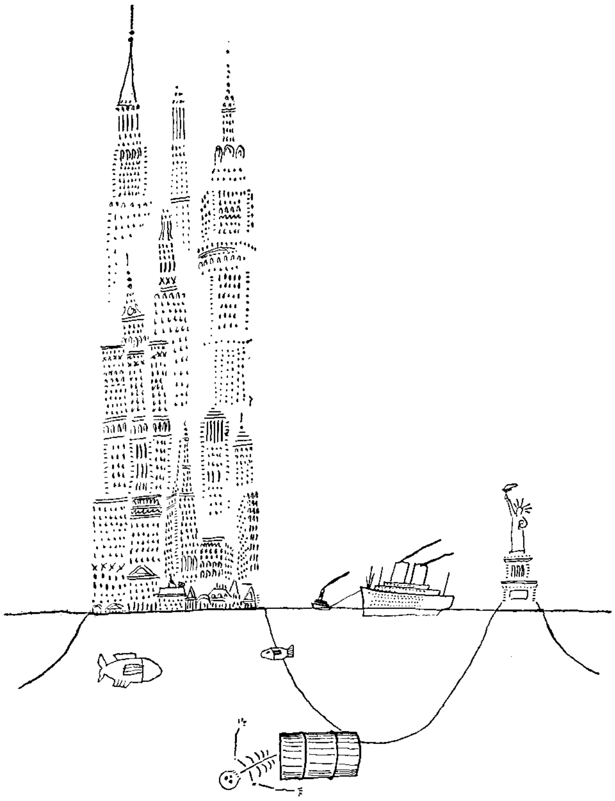
We must get over the habit of thinking we have the preponderance of brains and experience in the United States. We need a little humidity.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

Especially next summer.

✻ P R O F I L E S ✻

THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR



THE bulk of the water in New York Harbor is oily, dirty, and germy. Men on the mud suckers, the big harbor dredges, like to say that you could bottle it and sell it for poison. The bottom of the harbor is dirtier than the water. In most places, it is covered with a blanket of sludge that is composed of silt, sewage, industrial wastes, and clotted oil. The sludge is thickest in the slips along the Hudson, in the flats on the Jersey side of the Upper Bay, and in backwaters such as Newtown Creek, Wallabout Bay, and the Gowanus Canal. In such areas, where it isn't exposed to the full sweep of the tides, it accumulates rapidly. In Wallabout Bay, a nook in the East River that is part of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it accumulates at the rate of a foot and a half a year. The sludge rots in warm weather and from it gas-filled bubbles as big as basketballs continually surge to the surface. Dredgemen call them "sludge bubbles." Occasionally, a bubble upsurges so furiously that it brings a mass of sludge along with it. In midsummer, here and there in the harbor, the rising and breaking of sludge bubbles makes the water seethe and spit. People sometimes stand on the coal and lumber quays that line the Gowanus Canal and stare at the black, bubbly water.

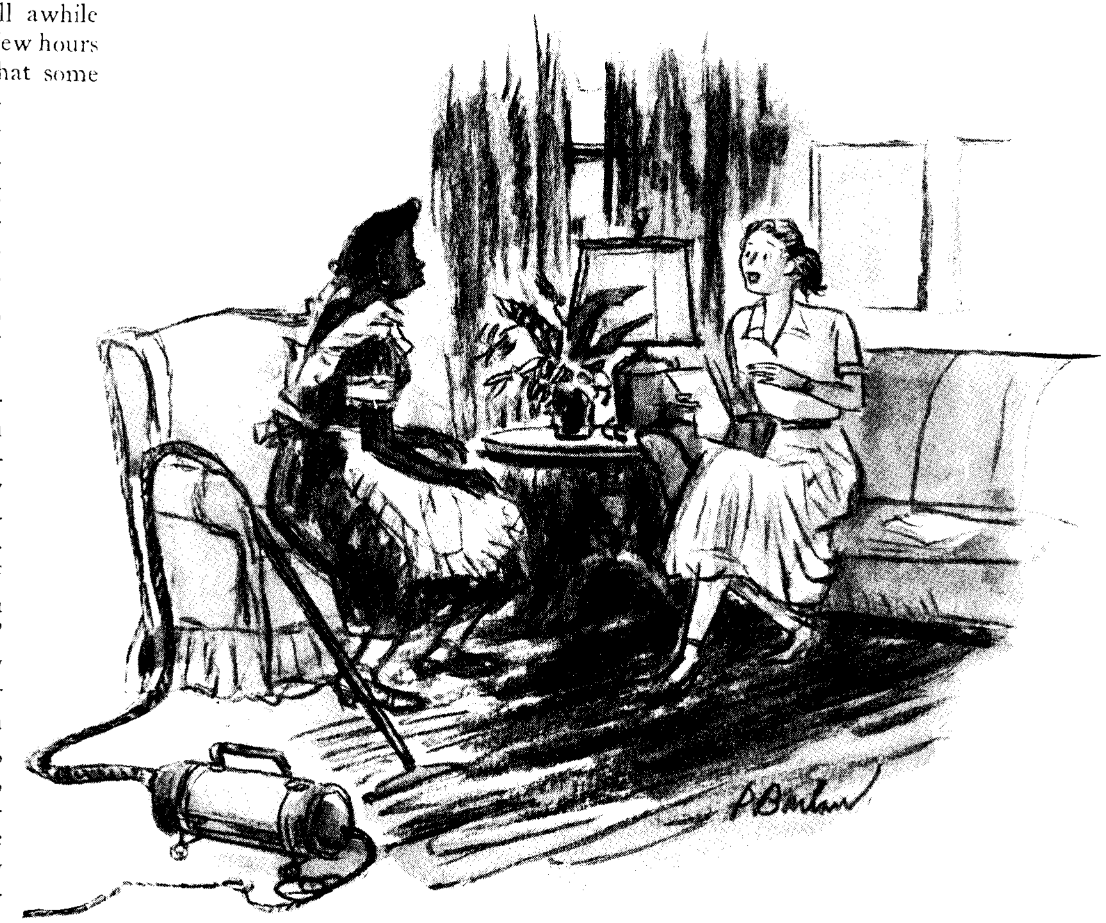
Nevertheless, there is considerable marine life in the harbor water and on the harbor bottom. Under the paths of liners and tankers and ferries and tugs, fish school and oysters spawn and lobsters nest. There are clams on the sludgy bottom, and mussels and mud shrimp and conchs and crabs and sea worms and sea plants. Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty island, is in a part of the harbor that is grossly polluted, but there is a sprinkling of soft-shell clams in the mud beneath the shallow water that surrounds it. The ebb of a spring tide always draws the water off a broad strip of this mud, and then flocks of gulls appear from all over the Upper Bay and light on it and thrash around and scratch for clams. They fly up with clams in their beaks and drop them on the concrete walk that runs along the top of the island's sea wall. The stunned clams open their shells, and the gulls swoop down and snatch the meats out of them. Even in the Gowanus Canal, there are a few fish; the water is dead up at the head of it—only germs can live there—but from the crook at the Sixth Street Basin on down to the mouth there are cunners and tomcods and eels. The cunners nibble on the acorn barnacles on the piles under the old quays.

In the spring, summer, and fall, during the great coastwise and inshore and offshore migrations of fishes along the Middle Atlantic Coast, at least three dozen species enter the harbor. Only a few members of some species show up. Every spring, a few long, jaggy-backed sea sturgeon show up. They come in at the same time as the shad, and now and then one blunders into a shad net and damages it to the extent of fifty to two hundred dollars in a matter of seconds. Every summer, in the Lower Bay, dragger nets bring up a few small, weird, brightly colored strays from Southern waters, such as porcupine fish, scorpion fish, triggerfish, lookdowns, halfbeaks, and hairtails. Every fall, a few tuna show up. Other species show up in the millions. Among these are cod, whiting, porgy, blackback flounder, glut herring, alewife, sea bass, ling, mackerel, butterfish, and blackfish. One species, the mossbunker, shows up in the hundreds of millions. In especially good years, it shows up in the billions. The mossbunker is a kind of herring that weighs around a pound when full-grown. It migrates in enormous schools and is caught in greater quantity than any other fish on the Atlantic Coast, but it is unfamiliar to the general public because it isn't a good table fish; it is too oily and bony. It is a factory fish; it is converted into an oil that is used in making soaps, paints, and printing inks (which is why some newspapers have a fishy smell on damp days), and into a meal that is fed to pigs and poultry. In the summer and fall, scores of schools of mossbunkers are hemmed in and caught in the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook Bay, and Raritan Bay by fleets of purse seiners with Negro crews that work out of little fishing ports in North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, and Long Island and rove up and down the coast, following the schools.

The migratory fishes enter the harbor to spawn or to feed. Some mill around in the bays and river mouths for a few days and leave; some stay for months. Only one fish, the eel, is present in great numbers in all seasons. Eels are nocturnal scavengers, and they thrive in the harbor. They live on the bottom, and it makes no difference to them how deep or dirty it is. They live in ninety feet of water in the cable area of the Narrows and they live in a foot of water in tide ditches in the Staten Island marshes; they live in clean blue water in Sandy Hook Bay and they live around the outfalls of sewers in the East River. There are eight or nine hundred old hulks in the harbor. A few are out in the bays, deeply submerged, but most of them lie half sunk behind the pierhead line in the Jersey Flats and the flats along the Arthur Kill and the Kill van Kull—old scows and barges, old boxcar floats, old tugs, old ferryboats, old side-wheel excursion steamers, old sailing ships. They were towed into the flats and left to rot. They are full of holes; the water in the hulls of many of them rises and falls with the tides. Some are choked with sea lettuce and sea slime. In the summer, multitudes of eels lay up in the hulks during the day and wriggle out at night to feed. In the winter, they bed down in the hulks and hibernate. When they begin to hibernate, usually around the middle of December, they are at their best; they are fleshy then, and tender and sweet. At that time, Italian-Americans and German-Americans from every part of Staten Island go to certain old scows in the flats along the kills and spear so many eels that they bring them home in washtubs and potato sacks. The harbor eels—that is, the eels that live in the harbor the year round—are all males, or bucks. The females, or roes, until they become mature, live in rivers and creeks and ponds, up in fresh water. They become mature after they have spent from seven to thirteen years in fresh water. Every fall, thousands upon thousands of mature females run down the rivers that empty into the harbor—the Hudson, the Hackensack, the Passaic, the Elizabeth, the Rahway, and the Raritan. When they reach salt water, they lie still awhile and rest. They may rest for a few hours or a few days. Divers say that some days in October and November it is impossible to move about anywhere on the harbor bottom without stirring up throngs of big, fat, silver-bellied female eels. After resting, the females congregate with the mature harbor males, and they go out to sea together to spawn.

Hard-shell clams, or quahogs, the kind that appear on menus as littlenecks and cherrystones, are extraordinarily abundant in the harbor. Sanitary engineers classify the water in a number of stretches of the Lower Bay and Jamaica Bay as "moderately polluted." In these stretches, on thinly sludge-coated bottoms, under water that ranges in depth from one to thirty-five feet, are several vast, pullulating, mazy networks of hard-shell-clam beds. On some beds, the clams are crowded as tightly together as cobblestones. They are lovely clams—the inner lips of their shells have a lustrous violet border, and their meats are as pink and plump as rosebuds—but they are unsafe; they sometimes contain the germs of a variety of human diseases, among them bacillary and protozoal dysentery and typhoid fever, that they collect in their systems while straining nourishment out of the dirty water. The polluted beds have been condemned for over thirty years, and are guarded against poachers by the city Department of Health and the state Conservation Department. Quite a few people in waterfront neighborhoods in Staten Island, Brooklyn, and Queens have never been fully convinced that the clams are unsafe. On moonless nights and foggy days, they slip out, usually in rowboats, and raid the beds. In the course of a year, they take tons of clams. They eat them in chowders and stews, and they eat them raw. Every once in a while, whole families get horribly sick.

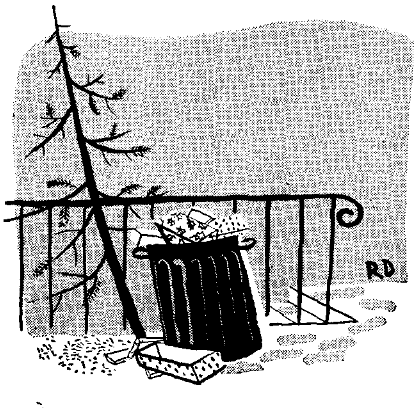
Just west of the mouth of the harbor, between Sandy Hook and the south shore of Staten Island, there is an area so out-of-the-way that anchorage grounds have long been set aside in it for ships and barges loaded with dynamite and other explosives. In this area, there are three small tracts of clean, sparkling, steel-blue water, about fifteen square miles in all. This is the only unpolluted water in the harbor. One tract of about five square miles, in Raritan Bay, belongs to the State of New York; the others, partly in Raritan Bay and partly in Sandy Hook Bay, belong to New Jersey. The bottoms of these tracts are free of sludge, and there are some uncontaminated hard-shell-clam beds on them. They are public beds; after taking out a license, residents of the state in whose waters they lie may harvest and sell clams from them. The New York beds are clammed by about a hundred and fifty Staten Islanders, most of whom live in or near the sleepy little south-shore ports of Prince's Bay and Great Kills. Some do seasonal work in shipyards, on fishing boats, or on truck farms, and clam in slack times, and some—thirty or so, mostly older men—clam steadily. They go out at dawn in sea skiffs and in rowboats equipped with outboard motors. When



"I'll put it another way, Lorraine. You see, from now on I pay you only ninety-eight and a half cents an hour. I deduct the other cent and a half and save it up, and every three months I send it to Washington. Now, a deduction isn't a reduction. For every cent and a half I withhold from you, I put up another cent and a half out of my own pocket and send that to Washington, too, so, really, you can look at it as a kind of raise. And when you're sixty-five years old . . ."

they reach the beds, they scatter widely and anchor. They lean over the sides of their boats and rake the bottom with clumsy rakes, called Shinnecock rakes, that have twenty-four-foot handles and long, inturned teeth. Last year, they raked up eighteen thousand bushels. A soup factory in New Jersey bought about half of these, and the rest went to fish stores and hotels and restaurants, mainly in New York City. Every New Yorker who frequently eats clams on the half shell has most likely eaten at least a few that came out of the harbor.

IN Dutch and English days, immense beds of oysters grew in the harbor. They bordered the shores of Brooklyn and Queens, and they encircled Manhattan, Staten Island, and the islands in the Upper Bay; to the Dutch, Ellis Island was Oyster Island and Bedloe's Island was Great Oyster Island. One chain of beds extended from Sandy Hook straight across the harbor and up the Hudson to Ossining. The Dutch and the English were, as they still are, gluttonous oyster eaters. By the end of the eighteenth century, all but the deepest of the beds had been stripped. Oysters, until then among the cheapest of foods, gradually became expensive. In the eighteen-twenties, a group of Staten Island shipowners began to buy immature oysters by the schoonerload in other localities and bring them to New York and bed them in the harbor until they got their growth, when they were tonged up and shipped to the wholesale oyster market in Manhattan, to cities in the Middle West, and to London, where they were prized. This business was known as bedding. The bedders obtained most of their seed stock in Chesapeake Bay and in several New Jersey and Long Island bays. Some bought three-year-olds and put them down for only six or seven months, and some bought younger oysters and put them down for longer periods. At first, the bedders used the shoals in the Kill van Kull, but by and by they found that the best bottoms lay along the seaward side of Staten Island, in the Lower Bay and Raritan Bay. Back then, the inshore water in these bays was rich in diatoms and protozoa, the tiny plants and animals on which oysters feed; it was what oystermen call "thick water." Spread out in it, on clean bottoms, at depths averaging around thirteen feet, oysters matured and fattened much faster than they did crowded together on their shell-cluttered spawning grounds; a thousand bushels of three-year-olds from Chesapeake Bay, put down in April in a favorable season, might amount to fourteen hundred bushels when taken up in October. Bedding was highly profitable in good years and many fortunes were made in it. It was dominated by old-settler Staten Island families—the Tottens, the Winants, the De Harts, the Deckers, the Manees, the Mersereaus, the Van Wyks, the Van Duzers, the Latourettes, the Housmans, the Bedells, and the Depews. It lasted for almost a century, during which, at one time or another, five Staten Island ports—Mariner's Harbor, Port Richmond, Great Kills, Prince's Bay, and Tottenville—had oyster docks and fleets of schooners, sloops, and tonging skiffs. Prince's Bay had the biggest fleet and the longest period of prosperity; on menus in New York and London, harbor oysters were often called Prince's Bays. Approximately nine thousand acres of harbor bottom, split up into plots varying from a fraction of an acre to four hundred acres, were used for beds. The plots were leased from the state and were staked with a forest of hemlock poles; nowadays, in deepening and widening Ambrose Channel, Chapel Hill Channel, Swash Channel, and other ship channels in the Lower Bay, dredges occasionally dig up the tube-worm-incrusted stumps of old boundary poles. Bedding was most prosperous in the thirty years between 1860 and 1890. In good years in that period, as many as fifteen hundred men were employed on the beds and as many as five hundred thousand bushels of oysters were marketed. Some years, as much as a third of the crop was shipped to Billingsgate, the London fish market. For a while, the principal bedders were the richest men on Staten Island. They put their money in waterfront real estate, they named streets after themselves, and they built big, showy wooden mansions. A half dozen of these mansions still stand in a blighted neighborhood in Mariner's Harbor, in among refineries and coal tipples and junk yards. One has a widow's walk, two have tall fluted columns, all have oddly shaped gables, and all are decorated with scroll-saw work. They overlook one of the oiliest and gummiest stretches of the Kill van Kull. On the south shore, in the sassafras barrens west of Prince's Bay, there are three more of these mansions, all empty. Their



MY NAME AND I

The impartial Law enrolled a name
For my especial use;
My rights in it would rest the same
Whether I puffed it into fame
Or drowned it in abuse.

Robert was what my parents guessed
When first they peered at me,
And *Graves* an honorable bequest,
With Georgian silver and the rest,
From my male ancestry.

They taught me: "You are *Robert Graves*
(Which you must learn to spell),
But see that *Robert Graves* behaves,
Whether with honest men or knaves,
Exemplarily well."

Then, though my I was always I,
Illegal and unknown,
With nothing to arrest it by—
As will be obvious when I die
And *Robert Graves* lives on—

I cannot well repudiate
This noun, this natal star,
This gentlemanly self, this mate
So kindly forced on me by fate,
Time, and the registrar;

And therefore hurry him ahead
As an ambassador
To fetch me home my beer and bread
Or commandeer the best green bed,
As he has done before.

Yet, understand, I am not he
Either in mind or limb;
My name will take less thought for me,
In worlds of men I cannot see,
Than ever I for him.

—ROBERT GRAVES

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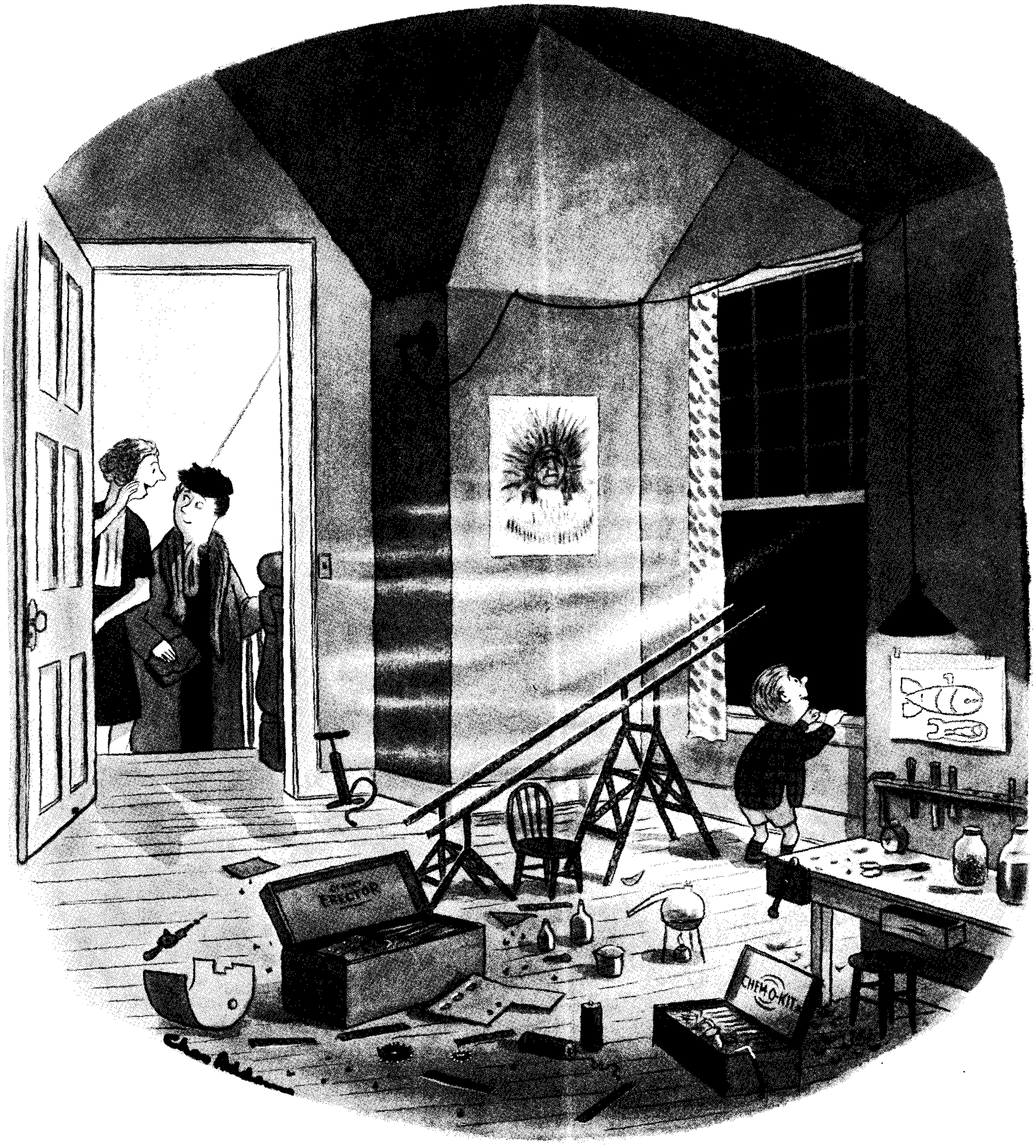
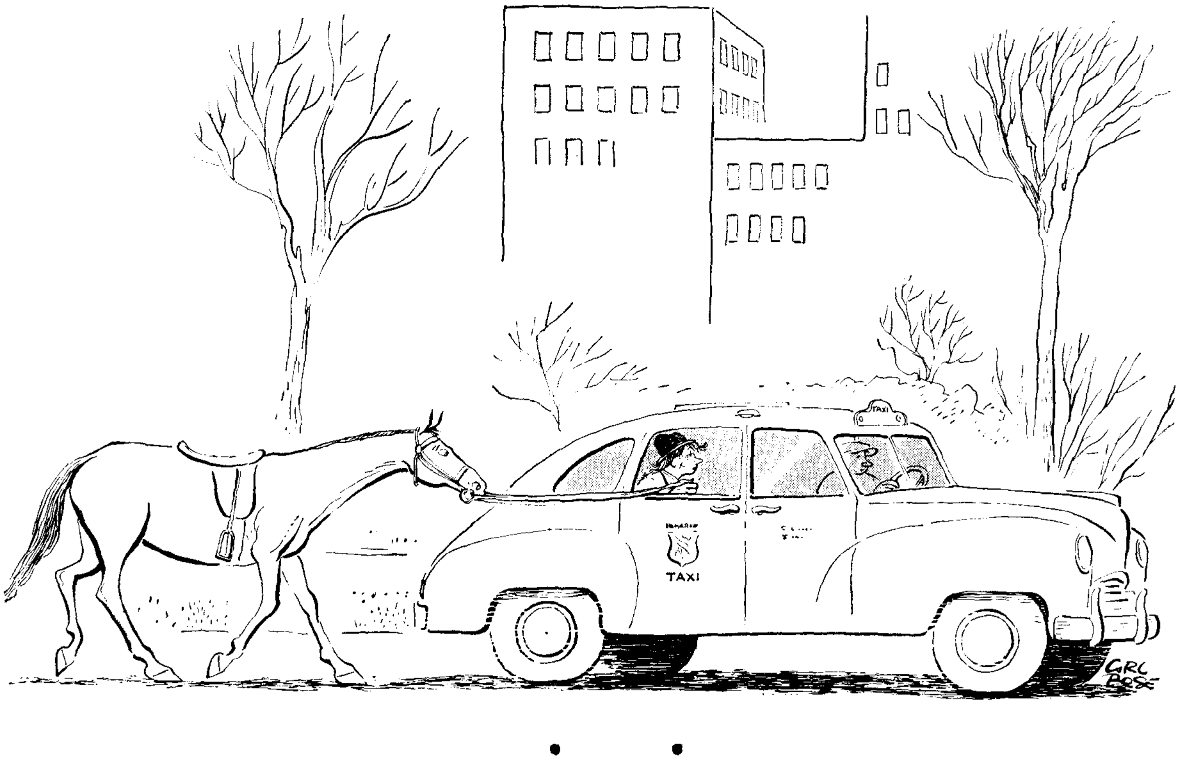


"It's priceless. Normie's building a rocket to shoot Pamela to the moon."

• •

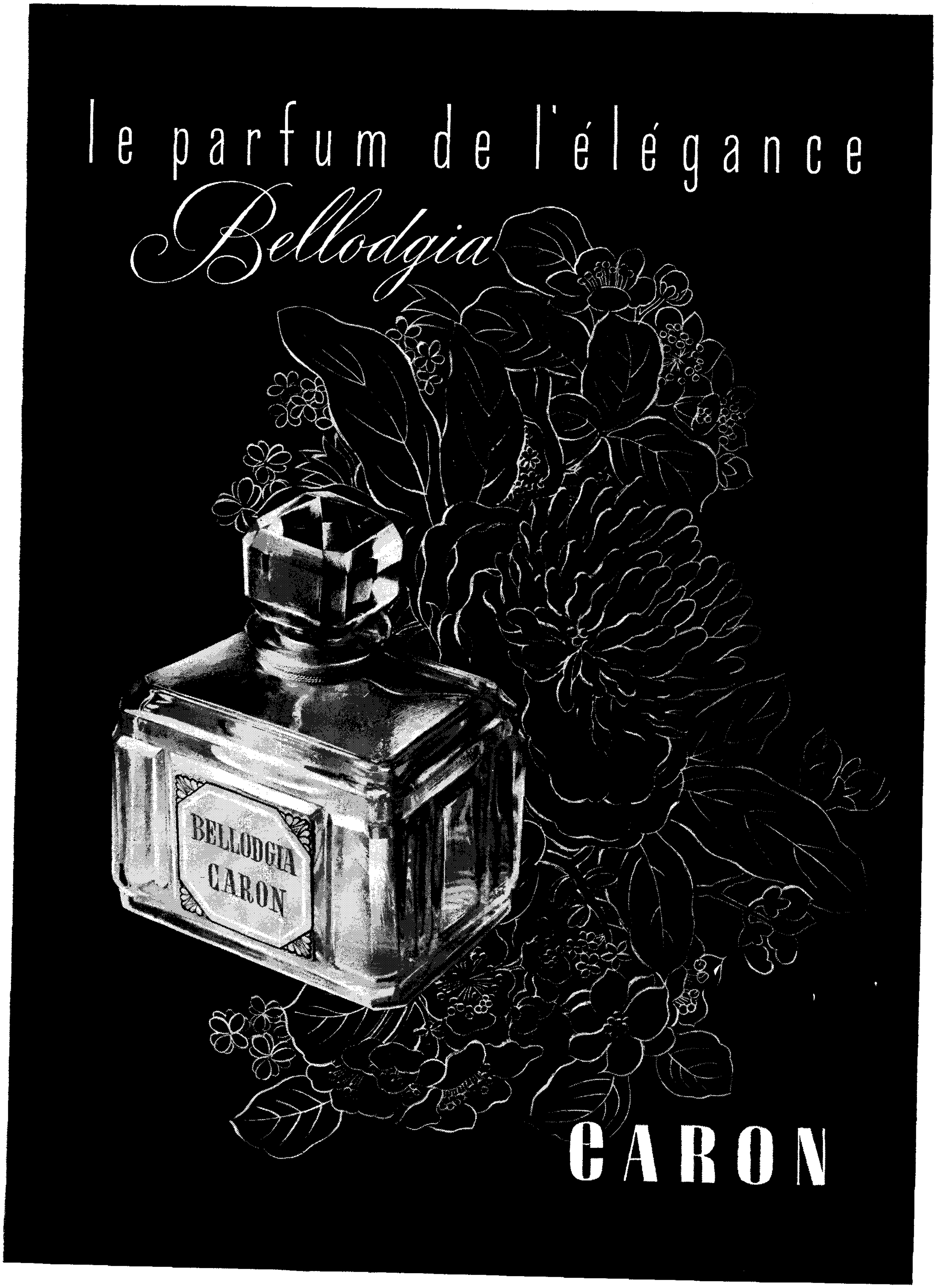
fanlights are broken, their shutters swag, and their yards are a tangle of weeds and vines and overturned birdbaths and dead pear trees. Also in the barrens, at the junction of Woodrow and Bloomingdale Roads, there is a settlement of two hundred Negroes whose forefathers came up from Chesapeake Bay in the crews of oyster schooners and stayed to become tongers on the harbor beds. The settlement is called Sandy Ground. The men in it now either work in the Staten Island shipyards or gather swill from restaurants and run pig farms. Most Sandy Grounders have traces of a Tidewater Virginia accent, and some still plant okra, collards, mustard greens, and other Southern vegetables in their gardens.

After 1900, as more and more of the harbor became polluted, people began to grow suspicious of harbor oysters, and the bedding business declined. In the summer of 1916, a number of cases of typhoid fever were traced beyond all doubt to the eating of oysters that had been bedded on West Bank Shoal, in the Lower Bay, and it was found that sewage from a huge New Jersey trunk sewer whose outfall is at the confluence of the Kill van Kull and the Upper Bay was being swept through the Narrows and over the beds by the tides. The



Department of Health thereupon condemned the beds and banned the business. The bedders were allowed to take up the oysters they had down and rebed them in clean water in various Long Island bays. They didn't get them all, of course. A few were missed and left behind on every bed. Some of these propagated, and now their descendants are sprinkled over shoaly areas in all the bays below the Narrows. They are found on West Bank Shoal, East Bank Shoal, Old Orchard Shoal, Round Shoal, Flynns Knoll, and Romer Shoal. They live in clumps and patches; a clump may have several dozen oysters in it and a patch may have several hundred. Divers and dredgemen call them wild oysters. It is against state and city laws to "dig, rake, tong, or otherwise remove" these oysters from the water. A few elderly men who once were bedders are still living in the old Staten Island oyster ports, and many sons and grandsons of bedders. They have a proprietary feeling about harbor oysters, and every so often, in cold weather, despite the laws, some of them go out to the old, ruined beds and poach a mess. They know what they are doing; they watch the temperature of the water to make sure that the oysters are "sleeping," or hibernating, before they eat any. Oysters shut their shells and quit feeding and begin to hibernate when the temperature of the water in which they lie goes down to forty-one degrees; in three or four days, they free themselves of whatever germs they may have taken in, and then they are clean and safe. There is a physician in his late fifties in St. George whose father and grandfather were bedders. On a wall of his waiting room hangs an heirloom, a chart of oyster plots on West Bank Shoal that was made in 1886 by a marine surveyor for the state; it is wrinkled and finger-smudged and salt-water-spotted, and his grandfather's plot, which later became his father's—a hundred and two acres on the outer rim of the shoal, down below Swinburne Island—is bounded on it in red ink. The physician keeps a sea skiff in one of the south-shore ports and goes fishing every decent Sunday. He stores a pair of pole-handled tongs in the skiff and sometimes spends a couple of hours hunting for clumps of harbor oysters. One foggy Sunday afternoon last March, he got in his skiff, with a companion, and remarked to the people on the dock that he was going codfishing on the Scallop Ridge, off Rockaway Beach. Instead, picking his way through the fog, he went up to the West Bank and dropped anchor on one of his father's old beds and began tonging. He made over two dozen grabs and moved the skiff four times before he located a clump. It was a big clump, and he tonged up all the oysters in it; there were exactly sixty. All were mature, all were speckled with little holes made by drill snails, and all were wedge-shaped. Sea hair, a marine weed, grew thickly on their shells. One was much bigger than the others, and the physician picked it up and smoothed aside its mat of coarse, black, curly sea hair and counted the ridges on its upper shell and said that it was at least fourteen years old. "It's too big to eat on the half shell," he told his companion. He bent over the gunnel of the skiff and gently put it back in the water. Then he selected a dozen that ranged in age from four to seven years and opened them. Their meats were well developed and gray-green and glossy. He ate one with relish. "Every time I eat harbor oysters," he said, "my childhood comes floating up from the bottom of my mind." He reflected for a few moments. "They have a high iodine content," he continued, "and they have a characteristic taste. When I was a boy in Prince's Bay, the old bedders used to say that they tasted like almonds. Since the water went bad, that taste has become more pronounced. It's become coppery and bitter. If you've ever tasted the little nut that's inside the pit of a peach, the kernel, that's how they taste."

THE fish and shellfish in the harbor and in the ocean just outside provide all or part of a living for about fifteen hundred men who call themselves baymen. They work out of bays and inlets and inlets within inlets along the coasts of Staten Island, Brooklyn, and Queens. Some baymen clam on the public beds. Some baymen set eelpots. Some baymen set pound nets, or fish traps. Pound nets are strung from labyrinths of stakes in shoal areas, out of the way of the harbor traffic. Last year, during the shad, glut-herring, and mossbunker migrations, forty-one of them were set off the Staten Island coast, between Midland Beach and Great Kills, in an old oyster-bedding area. Some baymen go out in draggers, or small trawlers, of which there are two fleets in the harbor. One fleet has sixteen boats, and ties up at two shaky piers on Plumb Beach Channel, an inlet just east of Sheepshead Bay, on the Brooklyn coast. The other has nine boats, and ties up alongside a quay on the west branch of Mill Basin, a three-branched inlet in the bulrush marshes in the Flatlands neighborhood of Brooklyn. The majority of the men in both fleets are Italian-Americans, a few of whom in their youth fished out of the Sicilian ports of Palermo and Castellammare del Golfo. Some of them tack saints' pictures and miraculous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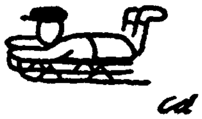
medals and scapular medals and little evil-eye amulets on the walls of their pilothouses. The amulets are in the shape of hunchbacks, goat horns, fists with two fingers upraised, and opened scissors; they come from stores on Mulberry Street and are made of plastic. The harbor draggers range from thirty to fifty feet and carry two to five men. According to the weather and the season, they drag their baglike nets in the Lower Bay or in a fishing ground called the Mud Hole, which lies south of Scotland and Ambrose Lightships and is about fifteen miles long and five to ten miles wide. The Mud Hole is the upper part of the Old Hudson River Canyon, which was the bed of the river twenty thousand years ago, when the river flowed a hundred and twenty-five miles past what is now Sandy Hook before it reached the ocean. The draggers catch lower-depth and bottom feeders, chiefly whiting, butterfish, ling, cod, porgy, fluke, and flounder. They go out around 4 A.M. and return around 4 P.M., and their catches are picked up by trucks and taken to Fulton Market.



Some baymen set lines of lobster pots. In days gone by, there was a bountiful stock of lobsters in the harbor. Between 1915 and 1920, owing to pollution and overfishing and the bootlegging of berries, which are egg-carrying lobsters, and shorts and crickets, which are undersized lobsters, the stock began dwindling at a rapid rate. As late as 1920, forty-five lobstermen were still working the Upper Bay, the Narrows, and the Lower Bay. They ran out of seven inlets in Brooklyn and Staten Island, and their buoys dipped and danced all the way from the Statue of Liberty to the Hook. Every year in the twenties, a few of them either dropped out for good or bought bigger boats and forsook the bays and started setting pots out beyond the three-mile limit, in the harbor approaches. By 1930, only one lobsterman of any importance, Sandy Cuthbert, of Prince's Bay, continued to work the bays. In the fall of that year, at the close of the season, Mr. Cuthbert took up his pots—he had two hundred and fifty—and stacked them on the bank of Lemon Creek, an inlet of Prince's Bay, and went into the rowboat-renting and fish-bait business. His pots are still there, rotting; generations of morning-glory and wild-hop vines are ravelled in their slats and hold them together. During the thirties and forties, the lobsters began coming back, and divers say that now there are quite a few nests in the Upper Bay and many nests in the Lower Bay. However, they are still too scarce and scattered to be profitable. Sometimes, while repairing cables or pipelines on the bottom in parts of the Lower Bay where the water is clear and the visibility is good, divers turn over rocks and pieces of waterlogged driftwood and lobsters scuttle out and the divers pick them up and put them in the tool sacks hooked to their belts. At present, there are nine lobster boats working out of the harbor—six out of Plumb Beach; two out of Ulmer Park, on Gravesend Bay; and one out of Coney Island Creek. They are of the sea-skiff type. They range from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet, they are equipped with gasoline engines that are strong enough for much bigger boats, and, except for canvas spray hoods, they are open to the weather. The men on these boats are Scandinavians and Italians. They set their pots in a section of the Mud Hole southeast of Ambrose Lightship where the water in most places is over a hundred feet deep. They use the trawl method, in which the pots are hung at intervals from thick, tarred lines half a mile long; as a rule, thirty-five pots are hung from each line. The lines are buoyed at both ends with bundles of old, discarded ferryboat life preservers, which the lobstermen buy from a ship chandler in Fulton Market, who buys them from the Department of Marine and Aviation. Once a day, the lines are lifted, and each pot is pulled up and emptied of lobsters and chewed-up bait and stray crabs and fish, and re-baited with three or four dead mossbunkers. The coastwise and South American shipping lanes cross the lobster grounds in the Mud Hole, and every now and then a ship plows into a line and tears it loose from its buoys. Dump scows with rubbish from the city sometimes unload on the grounds and foul the lines and bury the pots. Mud Hole lobsters are as good as Maine lobsters; they can't be told apart. Some are sold to knowledgeable Brooklyn housewives who drive down to the piers in the middle of the afternoon, when the boats come in, and take their pick, but most are sold to Brooklyn restaurants. A boat working seven lines, which is the average, often comes in with around two hundred and fifty pounds.

A good many baymen work on public fishing boats that take sports fishermen out to fishing grounds in the harbor, in the harbor approaches, and along the Jersey coast. These boats are of two types—charter and party. Charter boats are cabin cruisers that may be hired on a daily or weekly basis. They are used for going after roaming surface feeders, big and small. Most of them are equipped with fighting chairs, fish hoists, and other contrivances for big-game fishing. They go out in the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook Bay, and Raritan Bay for striped bass, bluefish, and mackerel, and they go out to the Mud Hole and the Jersey grounds for tuna, albacore, bonito, and skipjack. They carry a captain and a mate, who baits and gaffs. Great Kills, which has fifteen boats, and Prince's Bay, which has eight, are the principal charter-boat ports in the harbor.

Party boats, also called open boats, are bigger boats, which operate on regular schedules and are open to anyone who has the fare; it varies from three and a half to five dollars a day. Sheepshead Bay is the principal party-boat port. It has over fifty boats. All of them leave from Emmons Avenue, which many people consider the most attractive waterfront street in the city. Emmons is a wide street, with a row of fluttery-leaved plane trees down the middle of it, that runs along the north shore of the bay. It smells of the sea, and of beer and broiled fish. On one side of it, for a dozen blocks, are bar-and-grills, sea-food restaurants, clam stands, diners, pizza parlors, tackle and boat-gear stores, and fish markets, one of which has a cynical sign in its show window that says, "CATCH YOUR FISH ON THE NEVER-FAIL BANKS. USE A SILVER HOOK." The party-boat piers—there are ten of them, and they are long and roomy—jut out diagonally from the other side. Retired men from all over Brooklyn come down to the piers by bus and subway on sunny days and sit on the stringpieces and watch the boats go out, and rejuvenate their lungs with the brine in the air, and fish for blue-claw crabs with dillydally traps, and quarrel with each other over the gulls; some bring paper bags of table scraps from home and feed the gulls and coo at them, and some despise the gulls and shoo them away and would wring their necks if they could get their hands on them. Among the boats in the Sheepshead Bay fleet are stripped-down draggers, converted yachts, and converted subchasers from both World Wars. The majority carry a captain and a mate and take around thirty passengers; the old subchasers carry a captain, a mate, an engineer, a cook, and a deckhand and take up to a hundred and ten passengers. Some have battered iceboxes on their decks and sell beer and pop and sandwiches, and some have galleys and sell

a.

b.

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hot meals. Some have conventional fishing-boat names, such as the Sea Pigeon, the Dorothy B, and the Carrie D II, and some have strutty names, such as the Atomic, the Rocket, and the Glory. Most of them leave at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10 A.M. and stay out the better part of the day. The passengers bring their own tackle, and fish over the rails. Bait is supplied by the boats; it is included in the fare. In most seasons, for most species, shucked and cut-up skimmer clams are used. These are big, coarse, golden-meated ocean clams. Cut-up fish, live fish, fiddler crabs, calico crabs, sand worms, and blood worms are also used. There are two dozen baymen in Sheepshead Bay who dig, dredge, net, and trap bait. They deliver it to three bait barges moored in the bay, and the bargekeepers put it into shape and sell it to the party boats by the tubful. For five weeks or so in the spring and for five weeks or so in the fall, during the mackerel migrations, the party boats go out and find schools of mackerel and anchor in the midst of them. The rest of the year, they go out and anchor over wrecks, reefs, scow dumps, and shellfish beds, where cod, ling, porgy, fluke, flounder, sea bass, blackfish, and other bottom feeders congregate.

There are many wrecks—maybe a hundred, maybe twice that; no one knows how many—lying on the bottom in the harbor approaches. Some are intact and some are broken up. Some are out in the Old Hudson River Canyon, with over two hundred feet of water on top of them. Some are close to shore, in depths of only twenty to thirty feet; around noon, on unusually clear, sunny fall days, when there is not much plankton in the water and the turbidity is low, it is possible to see these and see schools of sea bass streaming in and out of holes in their hulls. The wrecks furnish shelter for fish. Furthermore, they are coated, inside and out, with a lush, furry growth made up of algae, sea moss, tube worms, barnacles, horse mussels, sea anemones, sea squirts, sea mice, sea snails, and scores of other organisms, all of which are food for fish. The most popular party boats are those whose captains can locate the fishiest wrecks and bridle them. Bridling is a maneuver in which, say the wreck lies north and south, the party boat goes in athwart it and drops one anchor to the east of it and another to the west of it, so that party boat and wreck lie crisscross. Held thus, the party boat can't be skewed about by the wind and tide, and the passengers fishing over both rails can always be sure that they are dropping their bait on the wreck, or inside it. Good party-boat captains, by taking bearings on landmarks and lightships and buoys, can locate and bridle anywhere from ten to thirty wrecks. A number of the wrecks are quite old; they disintegrate slowly. Three old ones, all sailing ships, lie close to each other near the riprap jetty at Rockaway Point, in the mouth of the harbor. The oldest of the three, the Black Warrior Wreck, which shelters tons of sea bass from June until November, went down in 1859. The next oldest is called the Snow Wreck; this ship was named for a woman whose first name has been forgotten and whose last name was Snow; carrying guano from Peru, she sank in 1887. The third one is an Italian ship that sank in 1890 with a cargo of marble slabs; her name has been forgotten and she is called the Tombstone Wreck, the Granite Wreck, or the Italian Wreck. Over to the east, off the Rockaways, there is another group of old ones. In this group, all within five miles of shore, are the steamship Iberia, which sank in a snowstorm in 1889, after colliding with the steamship Umbria; the Wire Wreck, a sailing ship that sank around 1895 while outbound with a cargo of bedsprings and other wire products; the Boyle Wreck, a tug that sank around 1900; and the East Wreck, three coal barges that snapped their tow in a storm in 1917 and settled on the bottom in an equilateral triangle. Several of these wrecks have been fished steadily for generations, and party-boat captains like to say that they would be worth salvaging just to get the metal in the hooks and sinkers that have been snagged on them.

There are stretches of reefy bottom in the harbor approaches that are almost as productive of fish as the wrecks, and for the same reasons. These stretches are easier to locate than the wrecks, and much easier to fish. All have been named. Some are natural rock ledges, and among these are the Shrewsbury Rocks, the Buoy Four Grounds, the Cholera Bank, the Klondike Banks, the Seventeen Fathoms, and the Farms. Some are artificial ledges, consisting of debris from excavations and torn-down buildings that was transported from the city in scows and dumped. One such is the Subway Rocks, a ridge of underwater hills beginning four miles south of Ambrose Lightship and running south for several miles, that was made of rocks, bricks, concrete, asphalt, and earth excavated

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during the construction of the Eighth Avenue Subway. Another such is the New Grounds, or Doorknob Grounds, a stretch of bottom in the northwest corner of the Mud Hole that is used as a dump for slum-clearance projects. There are bricks and brownstone blocks and plaster and broken glass from hundreds upon hundreds of condemned tenements in the New Grounds. The ruins of the sombre old red-brick houses in the Lung Block, which were torn down to make way for Knickerbocker Village, lie there. In the first half of the nineteenth century, these houses were occupied by well-to-do families; from around 1890 until around 1905, most of them were brothels for sailors; from around 1905 until they were torn down, in 1933, they were rented to the poorest of the poor, and the tuberculosis death rate was higher in that block than in any other block in the city. All the organisms that grow on wrecks grow on the hills of rubble and rubbish in the Subway Rocks and the New Grounds.

THE comings and goings of the baymen are watched by a member of the staff of the Bureau of Marine Fisheries of the State Conservation Department. His name is Andrew E. Zimmer, his title is Shellfish Protector, and his job is to enforce the conservation laws relating to marine shellfish and finfish. Mr. Zimmer is a Staten Islander of German descent. He is muscular and barrel-chested and a bit above medium height. He is bald and he is getting jowly. The department issues him a uniform that closely resembles a state trooper's uniform, but he seldom wears it. On duty, he wears old, knockabout clothes, the same as a bayman. He carries a pair of binoculars and a .38 revolver. He is called Happy Zimmer by the baymen, some of whom grew up with him. He is a serious man, a good many things puzzle him, and he usually has a preoccupied look on his face; his nickname dates from boyhood and he has outgrown it. He was born in 1901 on a farm in New Springville, a truck-farming community on the inland edge of the tide marshes that lie along the Arthur Kill, on the western side of Staten Island. In the front yard of the farmhouse, his father ran a combined saloon and German-home-cooking restaurant, named Zimmer's, that attracted people from the villages around and about and from some of the Jersey towns across the kill. Picnics and clambakes and lodge outings were held in a willow grove on the farm. His father had been a vaudeville ventril-

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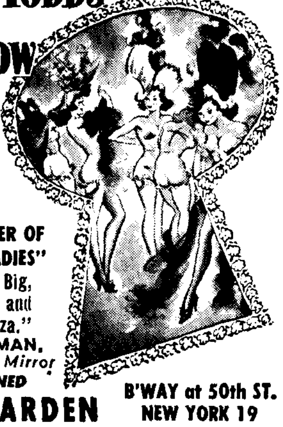

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oquist, and often performed at these affairs. Specialties of the restaurant were jellied eels, clam broth with butter in it, and pear conchs from the Lower Bay boiled and then pickled in a mixture of vinegar and spices and herbs. As a boy, Mr. Zimmer supplied the restaurant with eels he speared in eel holes in the marshes and with soft-shell clams that he dug in the flats along the kill. Until 1916, when the harbor beds were condemned, Prince's Bay oysters were sold from the barrel in the saloon side of the restaurant. Friday afternoons, he and his father would drive down to the Oyster Dock in Prince's Bay in the farm wagon and bring back three or four barrels of selects for the weekend trade. In 1915, after completing the eighth grade, Mr. Zimmer quit school to help his father in the restaurant. In 1924, he took charge of it. In his spare time, mainly by observation in the marshes, he became a good amateur naturalist. In 1930, he gave up the restaurant and went to work for the Conservation Department.

Mr. Zimmer patrols the harbor in a lumbering, rumbly old twenty-eight-foot sea skiff. It has no flag or markings and looks like any old lobster boat, but the baymen can spot it from a distance; they call it the State Boat. Some of Mr. Zimmer's duties are seasonal. From March 15th to June 15th, when pound-netting is allowed, he makes frequent visits to the nets at pull-up time and sees to it that the fishermen are keeping only the species they are licensed for. When the mossbunker seiners come into the harbor, he boards them and looks into their holds and satisfies himself that they are not taking food fishes along with the mossbunkers. Now and then during the lobstering season, he draws up alongside the lobster boats inbound from the grounds and inspects their catches for shorts. Several times a year, he bottles samples of the water in various parts of the harbor and sends them to the department's laboratory. His principal year-round duty is to patrol the shellfish beds. He runs down and arrests poachers on the polluted beds, and he keeps an eye on the clammers who work the legal beds in Raritan Bay. It is against the law to do any kind of clamming between sundown and sunup, and he spends many nights out on the beds. He is a self-sufficient man. He can anchor his skiff in the shadow of a cattail hassock in Jamaica Bay and, without ever getting especially bored, sit there the whole night through with an old blanket over his shoulders, listening and watching for poachers and looking at the stars and the off-and-on lights on airplanes and drinking coffee out of a thermos jug. The legal beds in New Jersey territory in the harbor have been overworked and are not as fertile as the legal beds in New York territory. In recent years, allured by high clam prices, some of the Jersey clammers have become pirates. They tantalize Mr. Zimmer. On dark nights, using Chris Craft cruisers, they cross the state line, which bisects Raritan Bay, and poach on the New York beds. When they hear the rumble of Mr. Zimmer's skiff, they flee for Jersey. Mr. Zimmer opens his throttle and goes after them, shouting at them to halt and sometimes firing his revolver over their heads, but their cruisers draw less water than his skiff and at the end of the chase they are usually able to shoot up into one of the shallow tide creeks between South Amboy and the Hook and lose him. Mr. Zimmer keeps his skiff in Prince's Bay. Prince's Bay has gone down as a port since his boyhood. Not a trace of the oyster-bedding business is left there. It has a clam dock, a charter-boat pier, and two boatyards, and it has Sandy Cuthbert's rowboat livery and bait station, but its chief source of income is a factory that makes tools for dentists; the factory is on Dental Avenue. The old Prince's Bay Lighthouse still stands on a bluff above the village, but it is now a part of Mount Loretto, a Catholic home for children; it is used as a residence by the Monsignor and priests who run the home. The light has been taken down and supplanted by a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary. The Virgin's back is to the sea.

Once in a while, Mr. Zimmer spends a day patrolling the Staten Island tide marshes on foot. He feels drawn to the marshes and enjoys this part of his job most of all. A good many people wander about in the marshes and in the meadows and little woods with which they are studded. He is acquainted with scores of marsh wanderers. In the fall, old Italians come and get down on all fours and scrabble in the leaves and rot beneath the blackjack oaks, hunting for mushrooms. They go away with bushel bags of mushrooms on their backs. In the spring, they come again and pick dandelion sprouts for salads. In midsummer, they come again, this time with scap nets, and scoop tiny mud shrimp out of the tide ditches; they use them in a fried fish-and-shellfish dish

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called *frittura di pesce*. On summer afternoons, old women from the south-shore villages come to the fringes of the marshes. They pick herbs, they pick wild flowers, they pick wild grapes for jelly, and in the fresh-water creeks that empty into the salt-water creeks they pick watercress. In the fall, truck farmers come with scythes and cut salt hay. When the hay dries, they pack it around their cold frames to keep the frost out. Bird watchers and Indian-relic collectors come in all seasons. The relic collectors sift the mud on the banks of the tide ditches. Mr. Zimmer himself sometimes finds arrowheads and stone net-sinkers on the ditchbanks. Once, he found several old English coins. In September or October, the rabbis and elders come. On Hoshanna Rabbah, the seventh day of the Festival of Succoth, an ancient rain rite is still observed in many orthodox synagogues in the city. The worshippers who take part in the rite are given bunches of willow twigs; each bunch has seven twigs and each twig has seven leaves. After marching in procession seven times around the altar, chanting a litany, the worshippers shake the bunches or strike them against the altar until the leaves fall to the floor. The twigs must be cut from willows that grow beside water, the buds on the ends of the twigs must be unblemished, and the leaves must be green and flawless. For generations, most of the willow bunches have come from weeping willows in the Staten Island tide marshes. In the two or three days preceding Hoshanna Rabbah—it usually falls in the last week of September or the first or second week of October—rabbis and trusted elders go up and down the ditchbanks, most often in pairs, the rabbi scrutinizing twigs and cutting those that pass the test, and the elder trimming and bunching them and stowing them gently in brown-paper shopping bags. There is much resident and migratory wildlife in the marshes. The most plentiful resident species are pheasants, crows, marsh hawks, black snakes, muskrats, opossums, rabbits, rats, and field mice. There is no open season on the pheasants, and they have become so bold that the truck farmers look upon them as pests. One can walk through the pokeweed and sumac and blue-bent grass on any of the meadow islands at any time and put up pair after pair of pheasants. At the head of a snaky creek in one of the loneliest of the marshes, there is an old rickamarack of a dock that was built by rumrunners during prohibition. One morning, hiding behind this dock, waiting for some soft-shell-clam poachers to appear,

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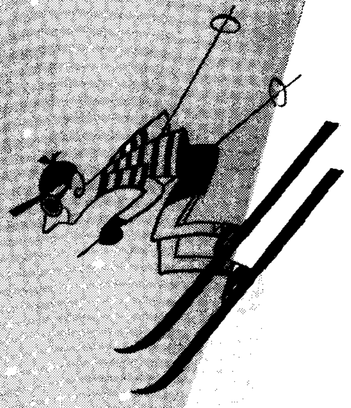

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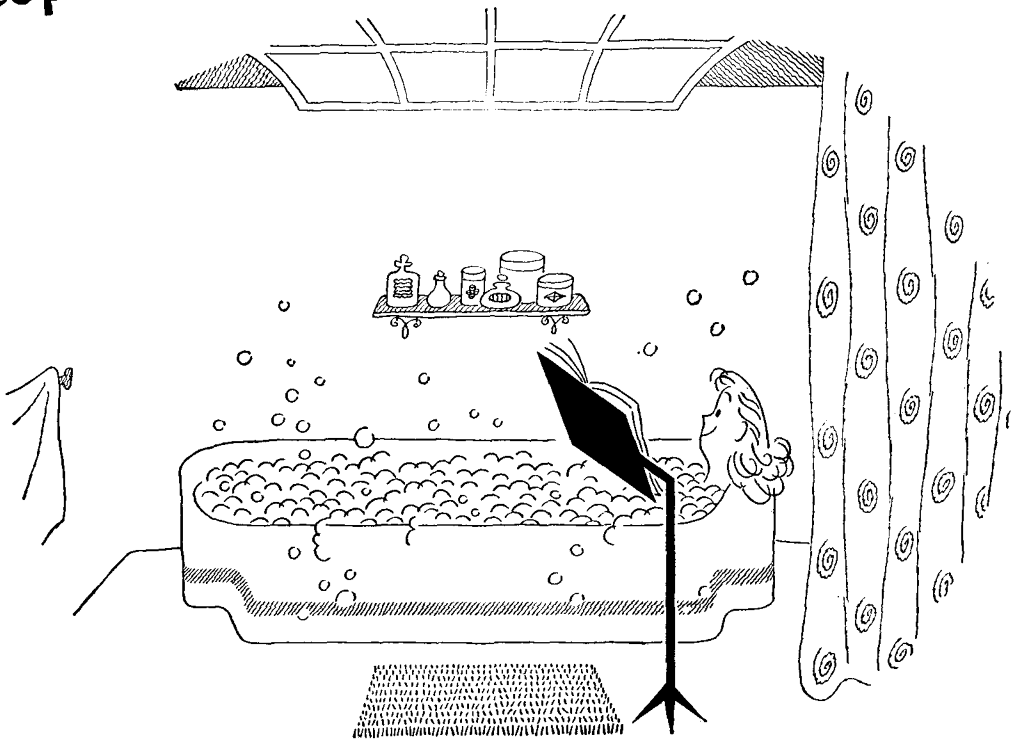
Mr. Zimmer saw a hen pheasant walk across a strip of tide flat, followed by a brood of seventeen. At times, out in the marshes, Mr. Zimmer becomes depressed. The marshes are doomed. The city has begun to dump garbage on them. It has already filled in hundreds of acres with garbage. Eventually, it will fill in the whole area, and then the Department of Parks will undoubtedly build some proper parks out there, and put in some concrete highways and scatter some concrete benches about. The old south-shore secessionists—they want Staten Island to secede from New York and join New Jersey, and there are many of them—can sit on these benches and meditate and store up bile.

Mr. Zimmer is a friend of mine, and I sometimes go out on patrols with him. One cold, windy, spitty morning recently, we made a patrol of the polluted skimmer-clam beds in the ocean off Rockaway Beach. On the way back to Staten Island, he suggested that we stop in Sheepshead Bay and get some oyster stew to warm us up. We turned in to the bay and tied the skiff to the Harbor Police float and went across the street to Lundy's, the biggest and best of the Emmons Avenue sea-food restaurants. We went into the oyster-bar side and took a table, and each of us ordered a double stew. Mr. Zimmer caught sight of a bayman named Leroy Poole, who was standing at the bar, bent over some oysters on the half shell. Mr. Poole is captain and owner of the party boat Chinquapin. Mr. Zimmer went over to the bar, and he and Mr. Poole shook hands and talked for a minute or two. When he returned, he said that Mr. Poole would join us as soon as he'd finished his oysters. He told the waiter to set another place and add another double stew to the order. "Do you know Roy?" Mr. Zimmer asked me. I said that I had often seen him around the party-boat piers but that I knew him only to speak to.

"Roy's a south-shore boy," Mr. Zimmer said. "His father was one of the biggest oyster-bedders in Prince's Bay—lost everything when they condemned the beds, and took a bookkeeping job in Fulton Market and died of a stroke in less than a year; died on the Staten Island ferry, on the way to work. After Roy finished grade school, one of his father's friends got him a job in the market, and he became a fish butcher. When the carcass of a three- or four-hundred-pound swordfish is cut into pieces that the retail trade can handle, it's about the same as dressing a steer, and Roy had a knack for that type of work. He got to be an expert. When he cut up a swordfish, or a tuna, or a sturgeon, or a big West Coast halibut, he didn't waste a pound. Also, he was a good fillet man, and he could bone a shad quicker and cleaner than any man in the market. He made good money, but he wasn't happy. Every now and then, he'd quit the market for a year or so and work on one of the government dredges that dredge the sludge out of the ship channels in the harbor. He generally worked on a dredge named the Goethals. He made better pay in the market, but he liked to be out in the harbor. He switched back and forth between the market and the Goethals for years and years. Somewhere along the line, he got himself tattooed. He's got an oyster tattooed on the muscle of his right arm. That is, an oyster shell. On his left arm, he's got one of those tombstone tattoos—a tombstone with his initials on it and under his initials the date of his birth and under that a big blue question mark. Six or seven years ago, he turned up in Sheepshead Bay and bought the Chinquapin. Roy's a good captain, and a good man, but he's a little odd. He says so himself. He's a harbor nut. Most of the baymen, when they're standing around talking, they often talk about the bottom of the harbor, what's down there, but that's *all* Roy talks about. He's got the bottom of the harbor on the brain."

The waiter brought in the stews, and a moment later Mr. Poole came over and sat down. He is a paunchy, red-haired freckled man. His hair is thinning and the freckles on his scalp show through. He has drooping eyelids; they make his eyes look sleepy and sad. He remarked on the weather; he said he expected snow. Then he tasted his stew. It was too hot for him, and he put his spoon down. "I didn't rest so good last night," he said. "I had a dream. In this dream, a great earthquake had shook the world and had upset the sea level, and New York Harbor had been drained as dry as a bathtub when the plug is pulled. I was down on the bottom, poking around, looking things over. There were hundreds of ships of all kinds lying on their sides in the mud, and among them were some wormy old wrecks that went down long years ago, and there were rusty anchors down there and dunnage and driftwood

Some people can't think of anything but home!



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and old hawsers and tugboat bumpers and baling wire and tin cans and bottles and stranded eels and a skeleton standing waist-deep in a barrel of cement that the barrel had rotted off of. The rats had left the piers and were down on the bottom, eating the eels, and the gulls were flopping about, jerking eels away from the rats. I came across an old wooden wreck all grown over with seaweed, an old, old Dutch wreck. She had a hole in her, and I pulled the seaweed away and looked in and I saw some chests in there that had money spilling out of them, and I tried my best to crawl in. The dream was so strong that I crawled up under the headboard of the bed, trying to get my hands on the Dutch money, and I damn near scraped an ear off."

"Eat your stew, Roy," Mr. Zimmer said, "before it gets cold."

"Pass me the salt," said Mr. Poole. We ate in silence. It isn't easy to carry on a conversation while eating oyster stew. Mr. Poole finished first. He tilted his bowl and worked the last spoonful of the stew into his spoon. He swallowed it, and then he said, "Happy, you've studied the harbor charts a lot in your time. Where would you say is the deepest spot in the harbor?"

"Offhand," said Mr. Zimmer, "I just don't know."

"One of the deepest spots I know is a hole in the bed of the Hudson a little bit south of the George Washington Bridge," said Mr. Poole. "On the dredges, we called it the Gut. It's half full of miscellaneous junk. The city used to dump bargeloads of boulders in there, and any kind of heavy junk that wasn't worth salvaging. Private concerns dumped in there, too, years back, but it's against the harbor regulations now. During the worst part of the last war, when the dredges cleaned sludge out of the ship channel in the Hudson, they had the right to dump it in the Gut—save them from taking it out to sea. The old-timers say the Gut used to go down a hundred and eighty feet. The last sounding I heard, it was around ninety feet. I know where the shallowest spot in the harbor is. I've sounded it myself with a boat hook. It's a spot on Romer Shoal, out in the middle of the Lower Bay, that's only four feet deep at low tide."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Zimmer. "I've seen it on the charts. It's called a lump."

"It's right on the edge of Ambrose Channel, the channel that the big liners use," continued Mr. Poole. "I told my mate I want him to take me out there someday when the Queen Mary is due to come upchannel, and leave me standing there with a flag in my hand."

"What in hell would you do that for?" asked Mr. Zimmer.

"I'd just like to," said Mr. Poole. "I'd like to wave the flag and make the people on the Queen Mary wonder what I was standing on—shoulder-deep, out there in the middle of the Lower Bay. I'd wear a top hat, and I'd smoke a big cigar. I'd like to see what would happen."

"I'll tell you what would happen," said Mr. Zimmer. "The wash from the Queen Mary would drown you. Did you think of that?"

"I thought of it," said Mr. Poole. "I didn't do it, did I?" He crumpled up his napkin and tossed it on the table. "Another queer spot in the harbor," he said, "is Potter's Field. It's in the East River, in between Williamsburg Bridge and Manhattan Bridge. The river makes a sharp bend there, an elbow. On an ebb tide, there's an eddy in the elbow that picks up anything loose coming downriver, afloat or submerged, and sweeps it into a stretch of backwater on the Brooklyn side. This backwater is called Wallabout Bay on charts; the men on the dredges call it Potter's Field. The eddy sweeps driftwood into the backwater. Also, it sweeps drownded bodies into there. As a rule, people that drown in the harbor in winter stay down until spring. When the water begins to get warm, gas forms in them and that makes them buoyant and they rise to the surface. Every year, without fail, on or about the fifteenth of April, bodies start showing up, and more of them show up in Potter's Field than any other place. In a couple of weeks or so, the Harbor Police always finds ten to two dozen over there—suicides, bastard babies, old barge captains that lost their balance out on a sleety night attending to tow-ropes, now and then some gangster or other. The police launch that runs out of Pier A on the Battery—Launch One—goes over and takes them out of the water with a kind of dip-net contraption that the Police Department blacksmith made out of tire chains. I ride the Staten Island ferry a good deal, and I'm forever hearing the tourists remark how beautiful the harbor is, and I always wish they could see Potter's Field some mornings in April—either that or the Gowanus Canal in August, when the sludge bubbles are popping like whips; they'd get a brand-new idea how beautiful the harbor is."

"Oh, I don't know, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer. "They've stopped dumping garbage out in the harbor approaches, where the tide washes it right back, and they're putting in a lot of sewage-disposal plants. The water's getting cleaner every year."

"I've read that," said Mr. Poole, "and I've heard it. Only I don't believe it. Did you eat any shad last spring—Staten Island shad *or* Hudson River shad? They've still got that kerosene taste. It was worse last spring than it ever was. Also, have you been up the Gowanus Canal lately? On the dredges, they used to say that the smell in the Gowanus would make the flag on a mast hang limp in a high wind. They used to tell about a tug that was freshly painted yellow and made a run up the Gowanus and came out painted green. I was up there last summer, and I didn't notice any change."

"Seriously, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer, "don't you think the water's getting cleaner?"

"Of course it isn't," said Mr. Poole. "It's getting worse and worse. *Every*thing is getting worse *every*where. When I was young, I used to dream the time would come when we could bed oysters in the harbor again. Now I'm satisfied that that time will never come. I don't even worry about the pollution any more. My only hope, I hope they don't pollute the harbor with something a million times worse than pollution."

"Let's don't get on that subject," said Mr. Zimmer.

"Sometimes I'm walking along the street," continued Mr. Poole, "and I wonder why the people don't just stand still and throw their heads back and open their mouths and howl."

"Why?" asked Mr. Zimmer.

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Poole. "On account of the God-damned craziness of everything."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Zimmer, glancing at the empty stew bowls, "we can still eat."

Mr. Poole grunted. He looked at his wristwatch. "Well," he said, "this ain't making me any money." He got up and put on his hat. "Thanks for the stew," he said. "I enjoyed it. My treat next time. Take care, all."

"That's right, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer. "You take care of yourself."

"Thanks again," said Mr. Poole. "Give my regards home. Take care. Take care." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

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Ending on a serious note, Caldwell said: "I do hope the international situation will clear up so we can have more great football next year."—*The Mirror.*

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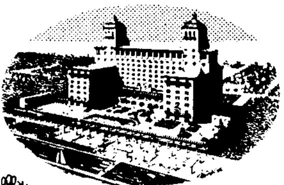

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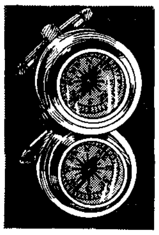

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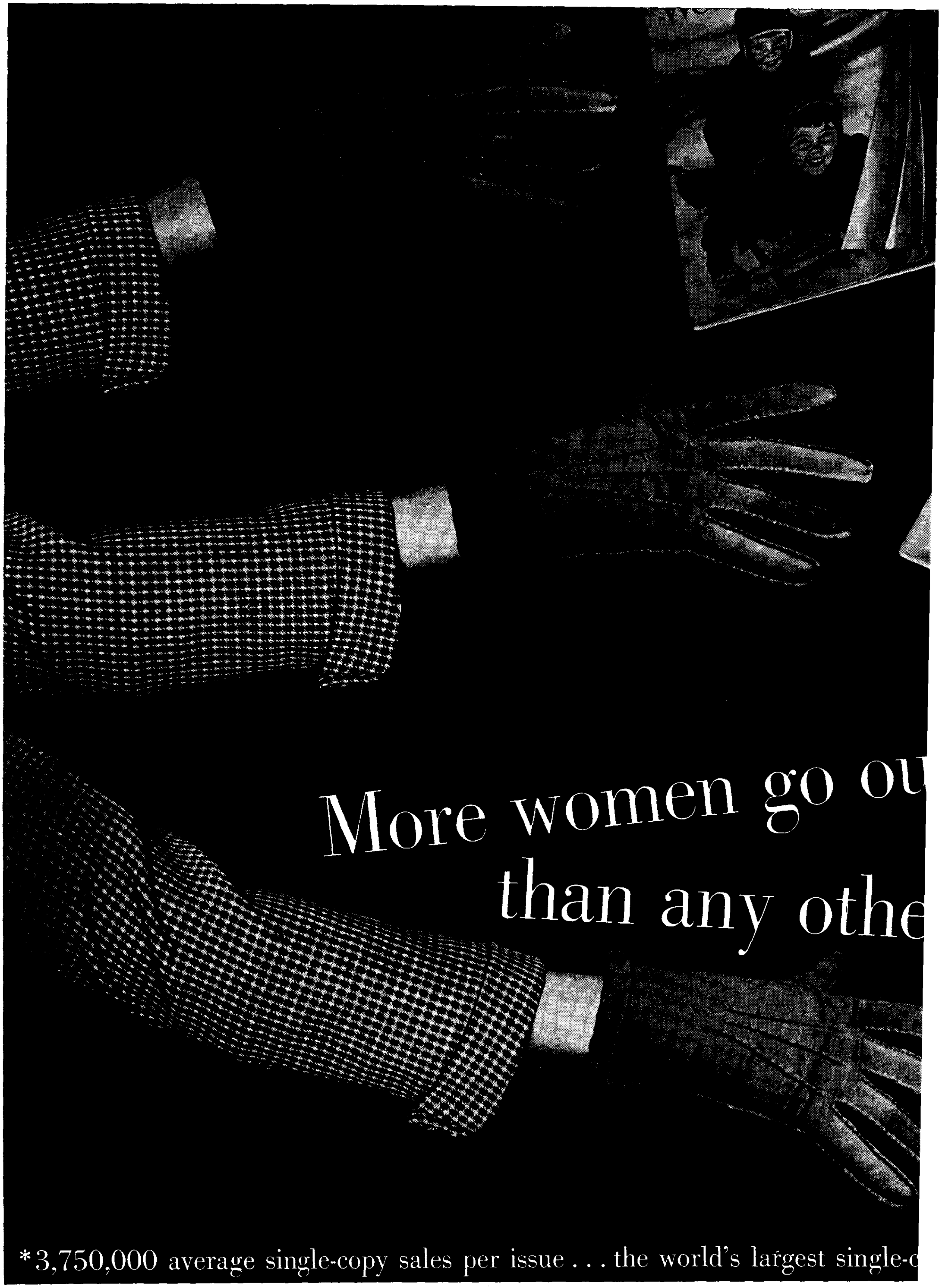
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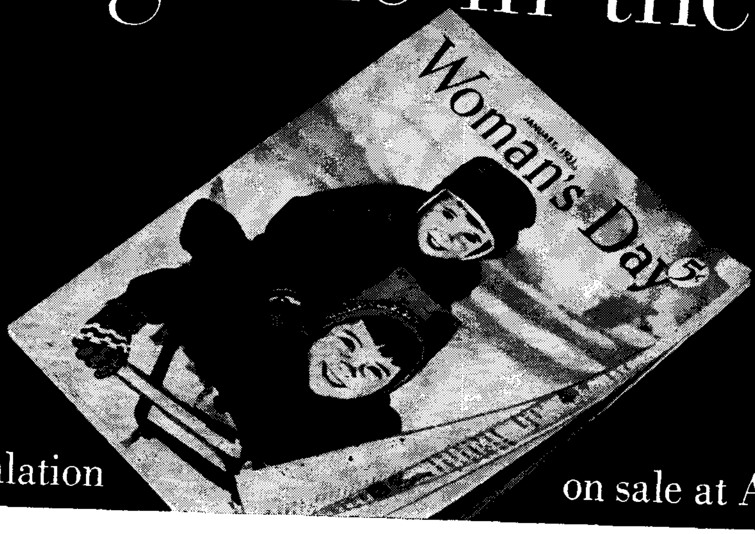
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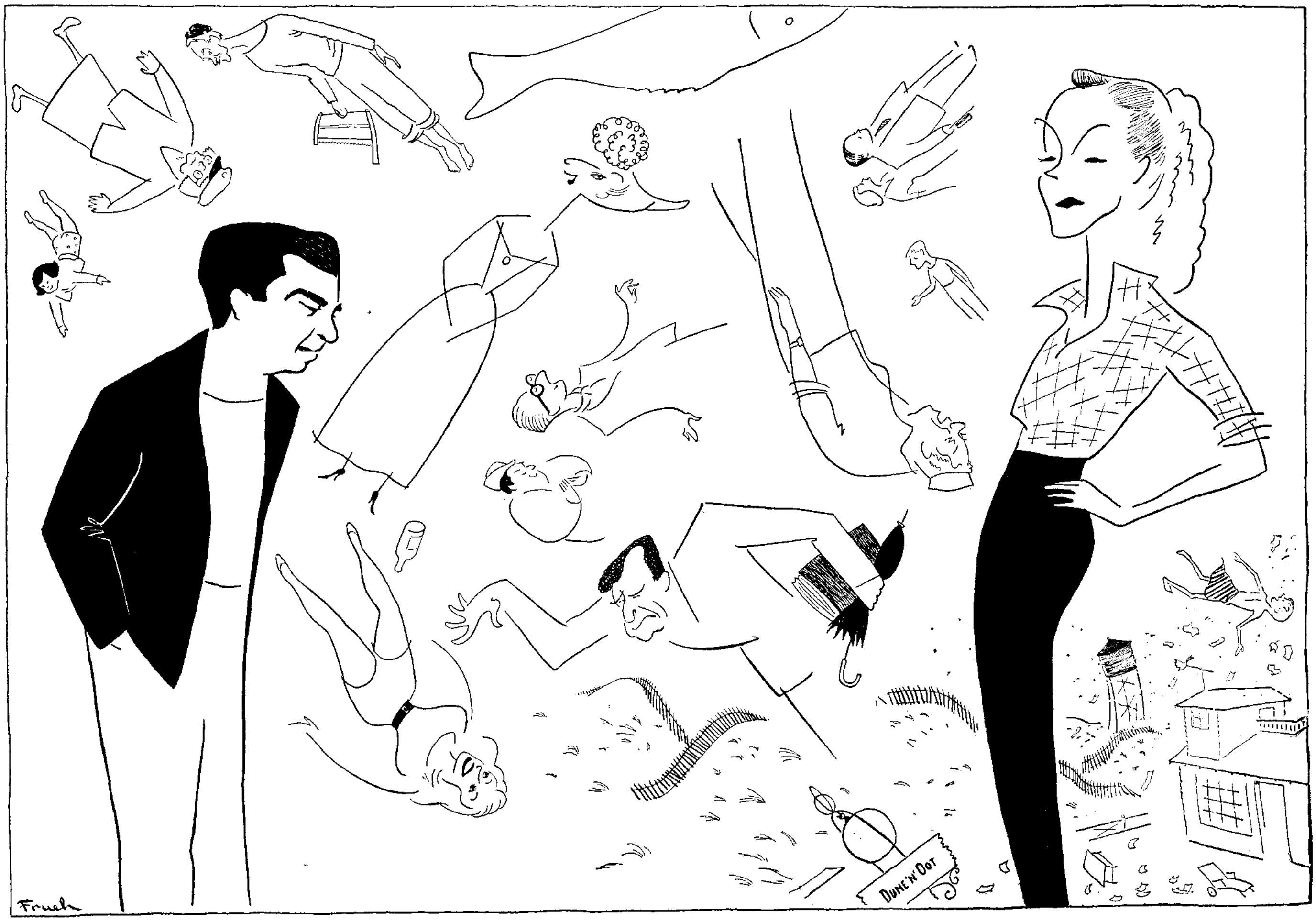
TWO OLD FRIENDS

It seems to me that the funniest, the technically most expert, and altogether the most satisfactory comedy I have seen this year was the revival of "Twentieth Century" that turned up last week at the ANTA Playhouse. This piece, the work of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, was first produced here in 1932, or long enough ago to have been forgotten by most of us, and A.N.T.A.'s decision to do it again is one of the happiest things that could have happened to Broadway. Like any really good farce comedy, "Twentieth Century" is so wayward in its methods, so crammed with seemingly unconnected incident, and so crowded with wonderful but generally inexplicable characters that any rational synopsis of it is very difficult. The action takes place on a famous train, on its way from Chicago to New York, and when the play begins we are shown Drawing Room A, occupied by an apprehensive little man and his blond companion, who are genially described as "Romeo and Juliet, hacking away at the Mann Act." Presently, they are dispossessed and their quarters are taken over by a famous producer, once widely acclaimed as a boy genius but now just a bit down on his luck. He is accompanied by his business manager and his press agent, a somewhat florid personality in the habit of addressing people as "vile Aztecs" and otherwise comporting himself very much in the manner of another member of his profession still current in the night life of this metropolis. Naturally, the producer is anxious to recoup his fortunes, and his plans for doing so involve an almost equally celebrated actress, who chances to be occupying the adjoining room.

This is what might be called the groundwork for "Twentieth Century." From then on, the plot sets in, and I don't think I'll go into it, except to say that it has something to do with a fugitive from a lunatic asylum who likes to decorate his surroundings with stickers of a religious nature, a female physician of an alarmingly masculine aspect, and two men with beards who turn out to be former members of a Passion Play company. By some magic, perhaps not unlike that which they previously applied to "The Front Page," the authors managed to force all these strangely various people into a pattern of wild but strictly controlled lunacy, and the result is just about as witty a play as you ever saw.

Never having seen the original pro-



"SEASON IN THE SUN"

Scattered about in the group above—perhaps being tossed around in a high wind—are the lively people who populate this comedy of Fire Island life. Most conspicuous among them are Richard Whorf, who can't make up his mind whether he wants to write for the ages or for a magazine, and Nancy Kelly, who shares his dilemma. Also visible here and there are Paula Laurence, Joan Diener, King Calder, Grace Valentine, and Anthony Ross. At the Cort.

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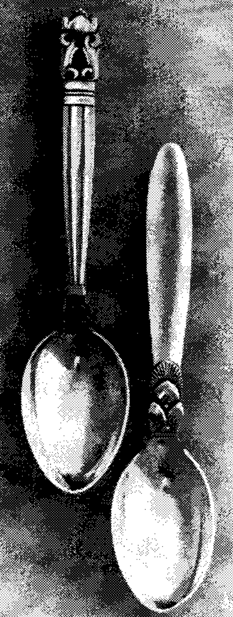

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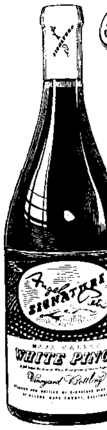

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duction, I can't compare it with the present one, but it is hard to imagine how things could have been done any better. The leading roles, those of the producer and the maturing but still remarkably bouncy star, are played by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson, and there is a quality of bogus majesty, of the essentially second-rate masquerading as the great, about both their performances that is comic acting of the highest possible order. Among the others are Robert Strauss, as the grandiloquent publicist; William Lynn, as the religious maniac; Paula Bauersmith, as the lady doctor; and Werner Klemperer and Leon Askin, who are advertised in the program as "First Beard (Cristus)" and "Second Beard (Judas)." They all seem fine to me, and so, to an only slightly lesser degree, does everybody else in the company. Mr. Ferrer's direction is, of course, responsible for much of the extraordinary joviality of the proceedings, but a cheerful and ingeniously lighted set by Wolfgang Roth makes an important contribution, too. If I have any complaint, it is that now and then the performers, especially Miss Swanson, have a tendency to fade off into inaudibility, but this, I suspect, can be charged to the acoustical properties of the house, and I'm sure it will be eliminated when "Twentieth Century" moves to the Fulton, for what I hope will be an even longer run than it had in the first place.

As a fellow-critic of mine has pointed out, Charles Lamb was always of the opinion that a successful production of "King Lear" was impossible. My colleague quoted this remark as evidence that even a man like Lamb could be mistaken, since in *his* opinion the version starring Louis Calhern, now visible at the National, proves that "Lear" can be a brilliant success, an ornament to the theatre, and, except perhaps for a scene here and there, a reasonably coherent play. Without more ado, I would like to say that I am with Mr. Lamb all the way in this matter, adding the further note that, though it contains several touching and beautiful scenes, "Lear" has always struck me as one of the most muddled and preposterous melodramas ever conceived by the human mind, and that there isn't a character in it, not omitting the virtuous Cordelia, who arouses in me any permanent emotion more exalted than hilarity. I have never believed—to carry this heresy to still more outrageous lengths—that Lear was really much of a king, even in the days before senility got him; that Regan,

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Goneril, and the bastard, Edmund, with their demented plots and wholesale butcheries, can be seriously regarded as much more than villains in a comic strip; that Lear's Fool, in spite of his loyalty to his addled master, is any less tedious than many similar specimens in Shakespeare; that greater heights of structural absurdity have ever been achieved than the theoretically baffling disguises assumed by Kent and Edgar; and, finally, that Cordelia isn't a terribly dull girl, who deserves just about the fate that overtakes her in the end. From all this, it is surely obvious that I am incompetent to criticize the offering at the National, so we will move on to that.

Mr. Calhern, whom we will consider first, does his best to subordinate himself to the play—to give the impression, that is, that he is only part of an enterprise that involves a good many other people of nearly equal importance. It is a modest and valiant attempt, but it doesn't altogether work out, since "Lear" is basically the story of one man's madness and ruin. The central figure remains central and predominant, and any suggestion that the caricatures surrounding him have any interest except in their relation to him operates almost fatally, I think, against the basic intention of the author. It is hard to define, but I have an idea that Mr. Calhern and John Houseman, who directed the production, have permitted too many characters too much separate life and identity, so that "Lear," in their hands, loses whatever continuity of mood it might have had and becomes only a sequence of more or less isolated happenings in the madhouse and the abattoir. Along with Mr. Lamb, I strongly suspect that the script offered very little for the stage, but I doubt whether the effect had to be quite as confused and wildly episodic as it is in the production at the National.

As I've noted, it seems to me that almost all the subordinate roles are played too high, but I admired the performances given by Arnold Moss, as Gloucester; Joseph Wiseman, as Edmund; Martin Gabel, as Kent; Wesley Addy, as Edgar; Norman Lloyd, as the Fool; and, with certain reservations, Edith Atwater and Nina Foch, as Goneril and Cordelia, respectively. Ralph Alswang's settings are effective in their stylized way, as are the costumes designed by Dorothy Jeakins; and the sound effects produced by Marc Blitzstein, though sometimes a little overpercussive, are useful in suggesting the direful atmosphere that I'm sure the Master had in mind.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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OF ALL THINGS

GOVERNOR DEWEY thinks we are not doing enough in our preparations to meet the threat of war, but Herbert Hoover fears we are doing too much. Somewhere between them is Honest Harry, the difference splitter.

●

The question of whether or not the Chinese Communists should be admitted to the United Nations has become slightly academic. Everybody seems to agree that they cannot be allowed to shoot their way in.

●

It is widely conceded that the lame-duck session of Congress did a lot more work than was expected. The members seemed especially enthusiastic about spending money.

●

Our English friends are justifiably worried about the theft of the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey. The one thing the British Empire needs least is a return of that old Scotland trouble.

●

We have reason to assume that the new Congress will be a treat to the eye. There will be new paint, new decorations, new furniture, and shining new Republican faces.

●

The Federal Reserve Board has reported that our people are pretty well provided with assets. These days, it comes as a surprise to learn that nine out of ten families own more than they owe.

●

On the labor front, things are fairly quiet at the year's beginning, except in Washington. There are no immediate hopes of ending the long, bitter Republican strike against Secretary Acheson.

●

A British mathematician declares that it is possible to make a machine that can play an excellent game of chess. If so, this will mark another victory in the age-old struggle to free mankind from drudgery.

●

The United Nations has been moving into its handsome New York skyscraper home. All we need now is a Miracle at Turtle Bay. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Visit to Windsor

NEXT
'RDAY
ANTIC

“The Mudlark,” an adaptation of a novel by Theodore Bonnet, is concerned with a dockside waif who decides, after seeing a cameo of Queen Victoria, to visit Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Victoria at this time is brooding so heavily over the death of Albert that she's neglecting her regal chores, and even as cunning a hand as Disraeli's cannot dispel the vapors that enshroud her. The arrival of the small fry, however, turns the trick, and soon the widow is back in the empire business again.

As Nunnally Johnson has contrived affairs in the script, “The Mudlark,” which was filmed in England, frequently seems so unnerved by the presence of royalty that it freezes into awkward attitudes; it's too bad that he didn't follow the line taken by Lytton Strachey, who seasoned his appreciation of the Queen with a good deal of irreverent wit. Fortunately, there is none of this uneasiness in the performance of eleven-year-old Andrew Ray, who, in the role of the Cockney lad, is always self-assured and notably entertaining. The same cannot be said for Irene Dunne and Alec Guinness, the Victoria and Disraeli of the piece. The makeup man has converted Miss Dunne into a reasonable likeness of the Queen, but the actress conveys none of the stubborn vitality that made Victoria such a handful. There was a lot of foolish whoop-de-do in England when it was announced that an American was going to portray royalty in this film, so it may be pertinent to remark that Miss Dunne not only abandoned her native Doric for the job but even assumed a bit of the German brogue that faulted Victoria's speech. On the other hand, Mr. Guinness plays Disraeli, for the most part, as if that formidable character were of no more substance than the juvenile lead in a musical comedy. In only one scene, in the House of Commons, does Mr. Guinness give us a hint of the worth of the Prime Minister.

When Jean Negulesco, who directed “The Mudlark,” is following the young hero through the impressive expanses of Windsor Castle, he succeeds admirably in making his camera register the boy's astonishment and awe, and he also does pretty well with Finlay Currie, who turns in a fine performance as Victoria's gruff, alcoholic gillie. Occasionally the picture manages to stick a pin or two into the stuffy customs of Victoria's times, but with such a broad target it is odd that this happens so seldom. I suppose it's just as well for international relations that Americans refrain from getting too sardonic about the lares and penates of their British cousins, but it ought to be possible to relax enough in a movie to put more meat and less wax on noble bones than has been done here. For all these strictures, though, I don't think you should overlook the picture. Whatever the shortcomings of his elders, Andrew Ray is practically impeccable.

—John McCarten

•

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[*Letter in the California Monthly, and reply thereto*]

Dear Sir:

Watching Oski at the Pennsylvania game, I was impelled to ask various people whether they could tell me how he originated and how he is chosen. None of them knew any more about it than I did. Then, just a couple of days later, I received your October issue with the article by Dorothy Slate which answers all my questions about Oski to my complete satisfaction. On the other hand, something else in it really intrigues me. The California yell is given as “Oski, Wah! Wah! Whiskey! Wee! Wee! Holy Mackle-i! Holy Berkeley-i! California, Rah! California, Rah!” For a number of years after I came to California, I used to see the yell printed in football programs, song books and elsewhere, and it was as follows: “Oski, wow wow! Wiski, wee, wee! Olio-mucke-i! Olio-Berkeley-i! California! Wow!” This is quite different from the version given in the article, the “Holy mackle-i” part being particularly startling to me. Has the California yell actually been changed, or are there two or more admissible versions of it?

Yours truly,
Clifford H. Bissell '25,
Berkeley, California

(A quick check with University archives indicates that reader Bissell is technically more correct than we are. However, officially the phrase is “Ole-i mucke-i! Ole-i Berkeley-i!” Bob Kinkead '51, the ASUC head yell leader, will go along with this version of the same troublesome phrase, while he teaches freshmen to say Holy Macke-i! Holy Berkeley-i! Time seems to have modified it somewhat. We suggest that our alumni yell it the way they know it—but yell it nevertheless loudly when the proper time comes.—Ed.)

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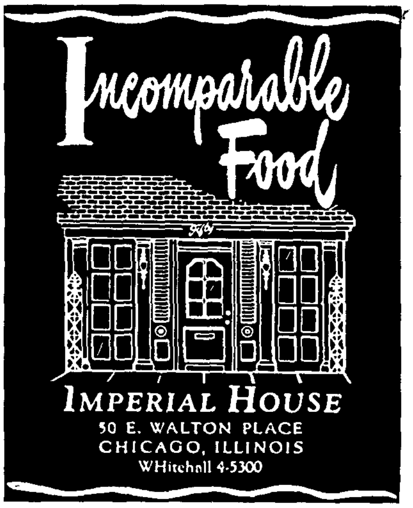
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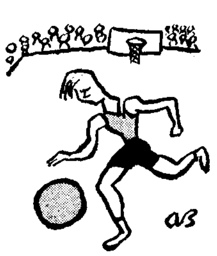
I HATED TO SEE THAT EVENING SUN GO DOWN

IN a recent issue of *Equity Magazine*, a professional journal that comes into my home every now and then, I read that a couple of performers' unions have been engaged in a jurisdictional dispute over a patriotic revue called "Red, White and Blue," which the American Legion is sponsoring. I was sorry to hear that the Legion had got itself involved in this kind of squabble, but not surprised, for I learned just last summer how nerve-racking it can be to try to devote oneself concurrently to Old Glory and the legitimate theatre.

My wife and I and our two young sons were spending a holiday in a rented house at Truro, Cape Cod, an hour's drive from a summer theatre she'd worked at before we were married. The manager of the company, on discovering that she was back in the neighborhood, asked her if she would appear in one play, for old times' sake. At first, I was opposed to this proposition. I pointed out to my wife that she had enough responsibilities as it was, without taking on any additional ones. She said in rebuttal that perhaps the trouble with our household wasn't so much that she had too many responsibilities as that I had too few.

"Don't be silly," I said. "What about the flag?"

We had rented the house sight unseen, and upon moving into it had found in front of it a lofty flagpole, at least fifty feet tall. Inside the house we had found a handsome flag of sufficiently ample size to fit the pole. I resolved at once to hang it there. I was excited at the prospect, partly because the Fourth of July was only a few days off and partly because I had never presided over a flagpole before. But on examining the pole closely I discovered that there wasn't any rope attached to it. Fortunately, the caretaker of our place came by to ask if everything was satisfactory. Everything was, I replied, with a single exception—no rope for the flag. He received this news sympathetically, and the next day a man with the agility of an acrobat showed up, shinnied to the summit of the pole, coaxed a rope over a pulley affixed there, and, after he had descended, knotted the two dangling rope ends together with an accomplished flourish. After he'd departed, I realized that he hadn't put any clamps on the rope, to be attached to the metal grommets sewn into one end of our flag. I set off in our car and tried to buy a pair of clamps at every hardware store within twenty miles of Truro. No flag clamps anywhere. (This is not to insinuate that Cape Cod is unpatriotic. Indeed, it was my deduction at the time that the shortage of flag clamps was the result of an overabundance of flagpoles; the supply of clamps had been exhausted, that was all.) Consequently, I had to resort to a rather inefficient method of flag-flying. Before breakfast—I recalled enough of my Army training to realize that the flag may be flown *only* between sunrise and sundown—I would untie the rope, thread one end through the grommets, retie it, and then secure the flag with diaper pins to prevent it from sliding down. It took me quite a while to perform this operation every morning and to perform its reverse every evening, but the spectacle of my own flag fluttering proudly in the breeze off the dunes was reward enough for my expenditure of time and effort. Besides, our children seemed to approve highly of the flag, and I was anxious not to inhibit this precocious manifestation of allegiance.



My wife finally convinced me that, despite the demands the flag was making on me, I could manage without her during a week of rehearsals and a week of performances, and she took the job. She was a trifle distressed, and so was I, when we looked over the script of the play. I had hoped to take the children to see her in it, but it was patently unsuitable for them, since it had their mummy cast as an alcoholic dope fiend of sensationally wanton habits. It seemed potentially hard, moreover, on my wife's best evening dress, which she had agreed to wear as her costume, for during one scene she was called upon, after a vigorous scuffle with a gentleman friend, to stab herself, fall to the stage in a heap, and then be picked up bodily by her vis-à-vis and flung into a wooden chest. The producer had provided the chest with a mattress, but nonetheless she suffered some painful bruises during rehearsals. The actor who had been assigned to manhandle her was a puny fellow, and he kept dropping her against the unpadded edges of the chest, rather than into its cushioned depths.

BY opening night, my wife's co-player had learned fairly well the knack of disposing of her humanely,

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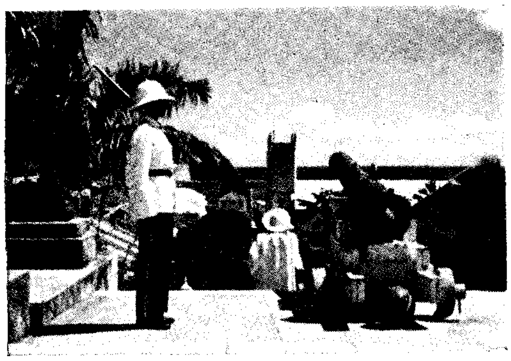

and as a result her spirits were relatively high. So were mine; three people I had met at the beach that morning had complimented me on the fine appearance of our flag. My wife was due at the theatre at seven o'clock, in order to have plenty of time to make up. We were just about to drive away from our house when I realized that it would be dark long before we got back home and that I'd better lower the colors right then. My wife told me to hurry; we were late as it was, she said. I ran to the flagpole and gave one strand of rope a sharp tug. To my horror, instead of the rope's sliding over the pulley and bringing the flag with it, the knotted ends flew apart, leaving the flag still firmly moored to the top of the pole, and on the short-rope-end side of the pulley. There was obviously no way of getting the flag down except to climb the pole.

"Hurry!" my wife yelled from the car.

"The flag's stuck!" I yelled back.

"Then leave it," she said.

"I can't," I said. "The flag's got to come down."

"The curtain's got to go up," she retorted.

What does one do, even in the most smoothly adjusted of domiciles, when two such inviolable traditions crash head on? I took one last, mournful look at the flag, crawled despairingly into the car, and drove off toward the theatre. Maybe, I thought, it will be an uncommonly dark night—so dark that anyone passing our house won't be able to see the flagpole, much less the huge emblem of my dishonor being brazenly flaunted at its peak. But this rosy hypothesis was quickly superseded by another: The moon would be full and bright, the flag would be visible for miles around (as it was on a clear day), and within an hour after sunset a posse of vigilantes would gather at my house, waiting grimly to teach proper respect to the heretic in residence there. I didn't mention any of this to my wife, however; I figured she had enough on her mind.

I was in a bad way by the time we reached the theatre. My ebbing morale wasn't improved any, either, by a chat I had backstage with the actor who was scheduled to wrestle with my wife an hour later. He had appeared in the same role once before, he told me, and on that occasion the knife in use had accidentally pinned his fellow-player's dress to the floor, obliging him, in order to dislodge her preparatory to crating her, to rip a couple of yards of material off her frock. I thought fleetingly of my wife's gown, a gossamer and dreadfully expensive number, and then I remarked that I didn't understand how a situation like that could occur, as I assumed they were going to employ a rubber dagger.

"Oh, no, we've got a real one," he said airily.

MY wife gave an excellent performance. She played her part with such realism and verve, and so much ketchup, that I was sure she had actually been nicked, if not pierced clean through. She was impressively limp when the actor hauled her up from the floor (I was delighted to see that her entire dress came up with her) and dumped her into her repository. It was a good, clean shot, without recourse to any backboards. As soon as the play ended, I dashed backstage to make certain she was all right and, upon ascertaining she was, to congratulate her.

"I'm afraid I was too preoccupied to give much of a performance," she said. "I was so worried about you and the flag."

When we got home, the night was clear and the moon was brilliant. In its shimmering light, I saw one of the loveliest sights imaginable—our towering flagpole standing straight and firm without a scrap of flag appended to it, as bare as the Cape Cod dunes themselves.

My wife sighed with relief. "I didn't dare mention it before now," she said, "because I didn't want to arouse any false hopes in you, but the acrobat must have made it all right."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just before the curtain went up, I telephoned the caretaker and asked him to get his man over right away," she said. "I explained that it was an emergency. I guess he found him, all right."

I had a wonderful, peaceful night's sleep, and I don't ever again want to hear anybody suggest that a woman can't successfully combine marriage and a career.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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OUR GENTEEL WIRE SERVICES

[A. P. dispatch received by the Arkansas Gazette]

CORRECTION

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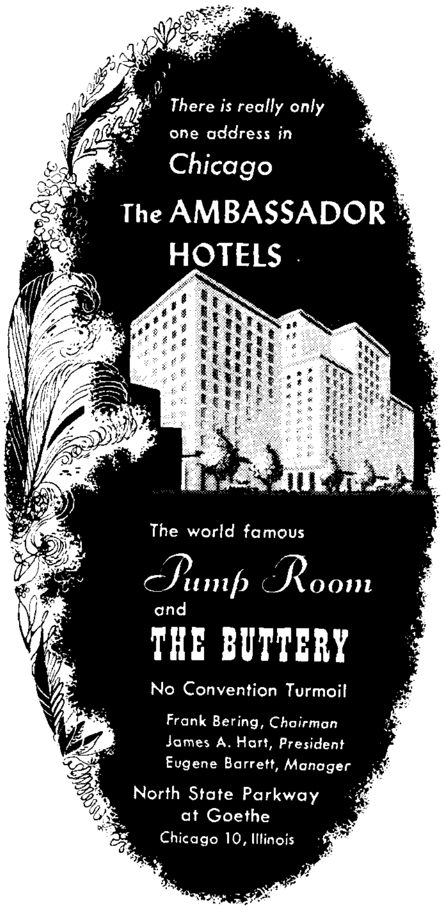
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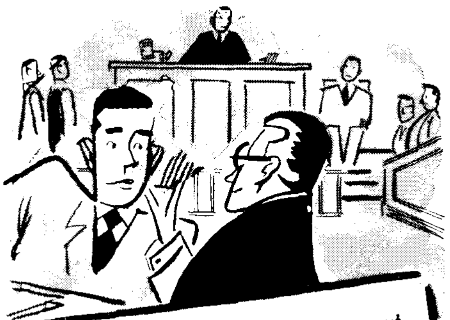
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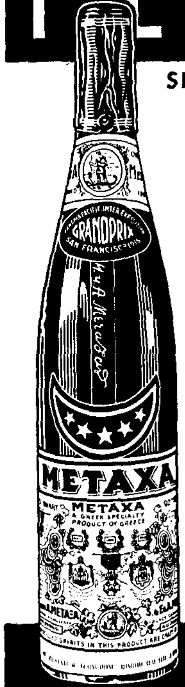

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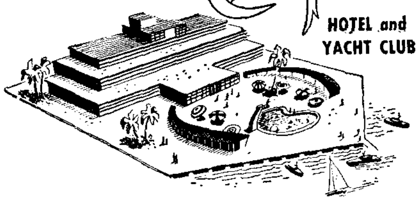

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TELEVISION

Good News

JIMMY DURANTE appears every fourth Wednesday evening over N.B.C. in a full hour of comedy, starting at eight o'clock, and the results so far have been nothing short of spectacular. Along with many other people, I have known for years that Durante is a great man, but it has taken his television appearances to make me aware of the extent of his greatness. He seems to have an uncanny instinct for this new and baffling medium. He knows, for example, that the television camera picks up the slightest gesture and the faintest expression, and gives each gesture and expression a strange, special emphasis by reducing it, on the tiny screen, to something bigger than life. Durante has caught on to the fact that when a television performer blinks, that blink is the equivalent of a toss of the head on the orthodox stage. He not only makes every motion count but he is in constant motion. He glides, crouches, turns, whips his head back, leans forward, takes off his hat, scratches his head, puts his hat back on, wiggles his mighty nose, sits down at a piano, bangs out a few notes, slams his hand down on top of the piano, crouches, glides, wiggles his nose some more, and so on. Through some magic, each motion is kept within range of the camera, and no motion is out of proportion to any other. As a result, Durante's personality emerges in all its barbarous and frenzied glory.

In addition to keeping active physically, Durante rarely stops talking. He is onstage almost continuously, and I cannot recall more than a moment or two during which he was not huskily making some remark or other. ("I'm going to play one of Choppin's études," "I've created a Frankenfurter monster," "I must have an inferiority duplex," "Look at the Leaning Tower of Pizza" are representative.) Durante performs solo a good deal of the time, but his hour also contains sketches. Most of those I have seen are of a pretty high order, as television sketches go. I remember with particular delight one in which Durante, sitting up in bed and mortally ill, was visited by a doctor, who put on his stethoscope. He was interrupted by a coarse yell from the patient. "Just my luck to get a doctor who's hard of hearing!" shouted Durante. This episode followed a mad search through the bed for a hot-water bottle. "Where's the top?" his valet asked. "Never mind the top," said Durante, extracting the bottle from beneath the sheets. "Where's the water?"

From time to time, a guest star turns up and tries to slip in a word or two. Of all the guests so far, I should say that Helen Traubel was not only the most unexpected but by far the most winning. She more than held her own with Durante—a formidable task, even for a diva. Miss Traubel arrived in the armor of Brünnhilde, complete with metal breastplate and spear. "Holy smoke! She's been drafted!" cried Durante. Toward the close of the program, Durante brings on his old partner, Eddie Jackson, who, as in the past, wears his high hat, swings his cane, and dances and sings with uncommon skill. To watch Jackson and Durante clowning together in their wonderful old style is a heart-warming sight and provides just about the perfect ending to an astonishing hour of fun.

THE Armstrong's Circle Theatre, over N.B.C., came along a week ago Tuesday with an unusually agreeable half-hour comedy by Leslie Scott, entitled "Christopher Beach." One reason Mr. Scott's effort pleased me is that his central figure, a writer, was a pleasant, personable young man with no eccentricities. Most of the time on television, a writer is depicted as a long-haired zany, an incipient alcoholic, or a fellow who mumbles phrases more esoteric than the cantos of Ezra Pound. Mr. Scott's writer, Christopher Beach, is just a hard-working novelist who turns up at a small-town bookstore, Ye Booke Nook, to autograph copies of his novel "The Light in Heart." Prior to his arrival, a salesgirl, Sarah, remarks to the proprietress of the shop that, years back, she had known Christopher Beach, and that they had spent a glorious summer afternoon together, during which he confessed that he wanted to be a writer and she told him that she wanted to be Edna St. Vincent Millay. Sarah doubts whether Mr. Beach will remember her, but the proprietress, overcome by the fact that her salesgirl actually knows a real, live writer, spreads the report through the village that Sarah and Mr. Beach are in love. Mr. Beach

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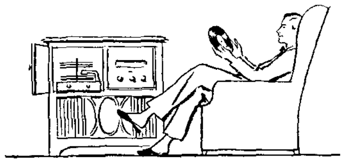

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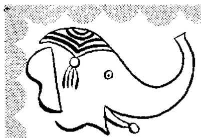

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arrives and Sarah explains her predicament. Being a gentleman, he acts as though she were the light of his life. Needless to say, Mr. Scott's story, which, when you come right down to it, isn't much, ends on a happy note. Christopher Beach, it seems, has been pining for Sarah ever since that long afternoon years back, and has made her the protagonist of "The Light in Heart." His only regret is that she has not read his novel—a valid complaint. The story was unfolded with intelligence and dispatch. Barbara Britton, as Sarah, and Tyler Carpenter, as the courteous novelist, were outstanding in a capable cast.

"THE HANGING ACROBAT," presented not long ago on "The Adventures of Ellery Queen," over Du Mont, was just my meat. I loved every minute of this absurd and gaudy tale, from the discovery of the murder of Amy Muller, of the Flying Mullers, a trapeze act in a small-time carnival, to the final scene, in which Mr. Muller, a chap who enjoys strangling women whilst soaring about with them under the big top, is preparing to squeeze the life out of his new partner, a kootch dancer turned acrobat. I have no idea how Don Richardson, its director, managed to compress so many characters into a half hour and make them all plausibly suspect, but he did it. Ellery Queen, casually dressed in a sports jacket, moved about the carnival grounds with the quiet competence of a master sleuth, except for a period during which he was bound and gagged. It is Ellery, of course, who discovers the identity of the murderer—and not a minute to spare. Richard Hart, as Ellery, was more than ably assisted by Sono Osato, who was splendidly enticing as the kootch dancer; Kurt Katch, who was properly repulsive as the mad aerialist; and three fine actors named Raymond Bramley, Don Kennedy, and Frank Tweddell.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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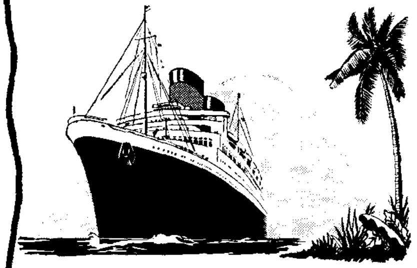

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

New York City,
December 17, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Sirs:

I READ with sympathetic interest Dr. Gustav Eckstein's account, in the December 2nd issue, of his disappointments while trying to gather material in Russia for a biography of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov. If Dr. Eckstein should find it possible to finish the biography, I hope he won't neglect to tell of Pavlov's equally frustrating first trip to the United States.

In June, 1923, Pavlov and one of his sons, Dr. Vladimir Pavlov, arrived in New York to visit friends here and in New Haven. On their second morning in town, the Pavlovs were robbed of two thousand dollars, which was every cent they had with them. The seventy-three-year-old scientist and his son were sitting in a coach of the New Haven Railroad, in Grand Central Station. Pavlov had in his hand his wallet, containing their tickets and money, when three men walking through the car jostled him. One man snatched the wallet, and the three robbers dashed from the train. Pavlov's son and a porter ran after them, but they escaped. The money was never recovered. The Pavlovs returned to the concourse, where, according to an item that appeared in a New York newspaper, the scientist remarked—presumably in Russian or German, since he spoke no English—that he was going back to Russia, where there was law and order. The police were notified of the robbery, and Pavlov's son, who did speak English, telephoned a friend, a chemist with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The chemist arranged for the bewildered foreign visitors to be guests of the Rockefeller Foundation during their stay. Within a day or two, the board of directors of the Foundation voted to give Pavlov a thousand dollars "for the purpose of studying physiology in American institutions."

A second unpleasant experience followed almost immediately. Pavlov had been invited to address the International Physiological Congress, which was to meet that summer in Edinburgh, and he had booked passage for Southampton on the Majestic, sailing the middle of July. When he and his son took their passports to the British Consulate in New York to apply for visas, they were told that the British government had not recognized the Soviet Union and would not give a visa to any Soviet citizen, even one who was a Nobel Prize winner and one of the outstanding scientists of the day. The French government, however, did not feel that the Pavlovs were such a dangerous risk; Pavlov had attended the Pasteur anniversary celebration in Paris before coming to America, and the French Consulate in New York gave him and his son permission to reënter France. They left the ship at Cherbourg.

Recently, I had occasion to look up the accounts of the Pavlovs' visit in the New York newspapers, and was surprised to find that not one of them mentioned Pavlov's arrival or the incident of the robbery until the day, three weeks later, when they boarded the ship for their return journey. Evidently, Pavlov had not seemed a newsworthy figure. Besides, his visit had obliterating competition from other events. President Harding was touring the country, for the last time, on his way to Alaska, and his daily oratory was reported in minute detail. New York was enduring a record-breaking heat wave. Two nights before the Pavlovs sailed, Firpo knocked out Jess Willard.

On July 14th, the *World* finally printed a story on the Pavlovs' visit, in half a column on page 5. Vladimir Pavlov was quoted as saying, "It is queer that my father should be invited to the Congress and then refused permission to attend. But he does not care." At a reporter's request, the son asked his father his impressions of America. Pavlov's eyes flashed and he smiled as he answered the question. " 'My trip was too short. I had a fine time,' " Vladimir translated.

Very truly yours,
Wesley S. Griswold

Berkeley, Calif.,
December 23, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Gentlemen:

CAREFUL reading of Dr. Gustav Eckstein's account of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, in *The New Yorker* a few weeks ago, leads me to think that Dr. Eckstein probably wasn't present when a small group of rash American physiologists performed their own experiment on the neurotic dog of Pavlov's colleague, the formidable Mme. Petrova. During the 1935 International Physiological Congress, in Leningrad, I was conducted, along with a good many other visiting scientists, on a tour of the

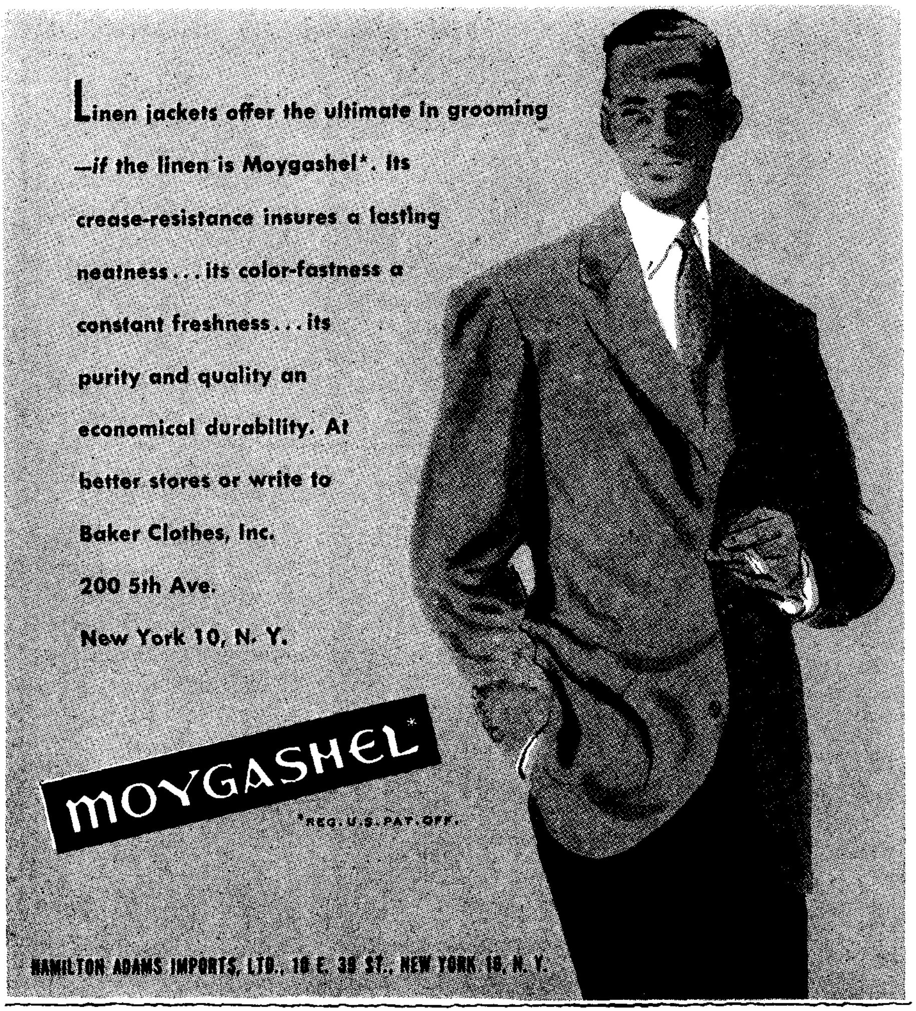
Reflex Tower of the Institute of Experimental Medicine. Like Dr. Eckstein, we were shown the dog—his name was John—whose neurosis, we were told, was associated with fear of heights. When Mme. Petrova led him from her laboratory out to the stair landing, the dog refused to approach the spiral stairway and crouched in a pitiful manner close to the outer wall of the building. Mme. Petrova produced from her pocket bits of raw meat and dropped them on the floor near the stairs. John would not go near them. But when she placed the pieces of meat near the wall, he eagerly gobbled them up.

Mme. Petrova took the dog back into her laboratory and then, leaving John unattended, went into an inner room to demonstrate some specially designed apparatus. Most of the crowd of visiting scientists followed her, but three of us, all Americans, stayed in the outer room. We looked at each other, then at the dog. Two of us nodded and the third, whom I shall call, for the purposes of this account, Dr. Stirling, approached John. The dog appeared very docile, so the physiologist picked up the rope attached to John's collar and moved toward the stairway, with John contentedly following. Dr. Stirling went to the head of the stairs. John followed, looked over the edge toward the bottom of the Tower, then up at us in a friendly manner, and wagged his tail. Now came the crucial test. Dr. Stirling led John down the circular stair in such a way that the dog, without the slightest sign of mental perturbation, actually brushed against the supporting rods of the handrail. We could detect no evidence of fear of heights.

Suddenly, we heard a shriek from the laboratory. It was Mme. Petrova. "Vare iss Tchon?" she cried, and came running out of the laboratory in great excitement.

In the Institute, Americans had a bad reputation as thieves, because of an unfortunate experience that Pavlov had had in New York a few years before. (Thinking that he would be more certain of a seat if he could board his train, in the Continental manner, an hour or so before the scheduled time of departure, he had persuaded a ticket taker in Grand Central Station to let him enter the train long before it was to start, and he and his son, sitting alone in the coach, were robbed.) Hence Mme. Petrova's dismay at the disappearance of so extraordinary a dog as John with Americans about.

Dr. Stirling called reassuringly from the bottom of the stairs that John was



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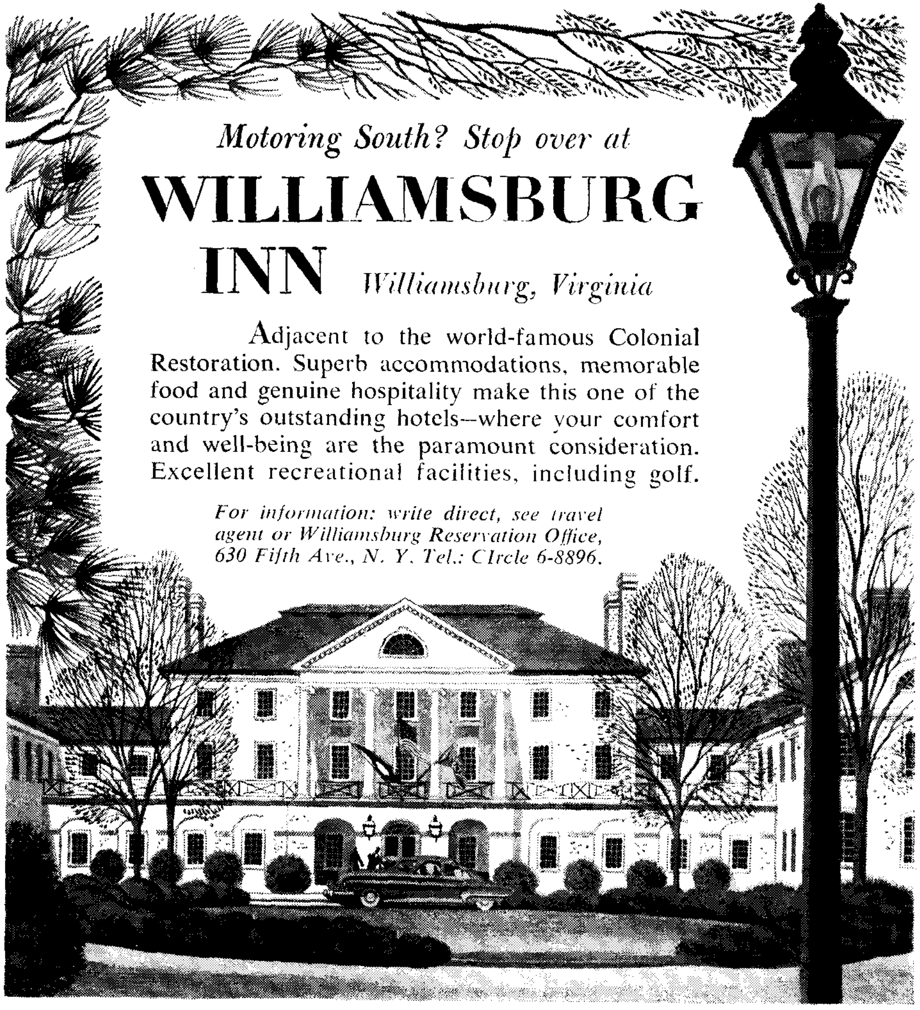

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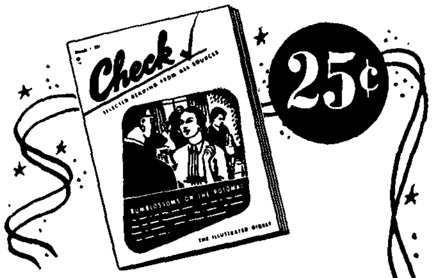
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down there. Mme. Petrova rushed down. We said we were merely doing an experiment and had found that John was not so neurotic after all, and apparently had no fear of heights.

"No! He iss afraid!" screamed Mme. Petrova, and seized John's leading rope. John slunk back, and as she led him up the stairs, could he be persuaded to approach the edge? No, indeed! He crouched and cowered and clung to the wall. Mme. Petrova was fierce in her denunciation of Americans who dared question facts. We three American scientists quietly melted into the crowd, and the incident was closed.

As a physiologist who has done some work on conditioned reflexes, it seems to me that John was conditioned to Mme. Petrova herself, and in that way only might be considered a neurotic.

Sincerely,
J. M. D. OLMSTED
Professor of Physiology,
University of California

•

THE WALTZER IN THE HOUSE

A sweet, a delicate white mouse,
A little blossom of a beast,
Is waltzing in the house
Among the crackers and the yeast.

O the swaying of his legs!
O the bobbing of his head!
The lady, beautiful and kind,
The blue-eyed mistress, lately wed,
Has almost laughed away her wits
To see the pretty mouse that sits
On his tiny pink behind
And swaying, bobbing, begs.

She feeds him tarts and curds,
Seed packaged for the birds,
And figs, and nuts, and cheese;
Polite as Pompadour to please
The dainty waltzer of her house,
The sweet, the delicate, the innocent
white mouse.

As in a dream, as in a trance,
She loves his rhythmic elegance,
She laughs to see his bobbing dance.

—STANLEY KUNITZ

•

In the Rams' dressing room no one said much and Head Coach Joe Stydahar, mumbling through stiff lips and blurred eyes, said:

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—*The Times.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

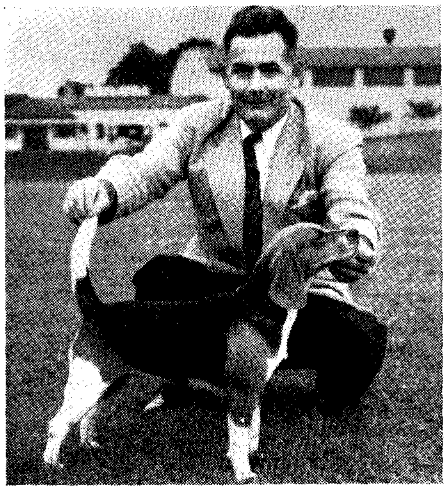
Popular Records

A FORGOTTEN recording of the jazz concert presented by Benny Goodman at Carnegie Hall on the night of January 16, 1938, was discovered not long ago, and it has been issued by Columbia on two long-playing records. It is as immediate and as stimulating as if the concert had been given yesterday and something new and wonderful had just taken place in jazz. It seems too bad, considering the wealth of talent spread out here, that the whole performance hasn't been repeated at Carnegie Hall, for all the musicians heard in this set are, as far as I know, still pursuing their art hereabouts. The chances are, though, that few of them could recapture that bright moment in the past or attain again such joyous heights. We are given by this recording, whose curious history I'll go into later, the opportunity to hear what was unquestionably a major event in popular music, its core the skyrocketing Goodman band of that period and its ornaments such guest soloists as the pianists Count Basie and Teddy Wilson, the vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, the cornettist Bobby Hackett, the saxophonists Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, and Lester Young, and the trumpeter Cootie Williams. In the band proper, there were, besides the incomparable leader and several other fine musicians, dedicated performers like Gene Krupa, the drummer; Jess Stacy, the pianist; and Harry James and Ziggy Elman, trumpets. They were inspired that night, and were all master interpreters of the bursting new musical form known as swing.

The Goodman band opened the concert with Edgar Sampson's irresistible arrangement of "Don't Be That Way." "Sometimes I'm Happy" was the second number. (It has been deleted from the recording because of mechanical imperfections, and is the only piece missing.) "One O'Clock Jump" followed, and after this Hackett, Hodges, Carney, and Williams joined the band for a cursory, but enlivening, lesson in jazz history, illustrated by six representative works and leading up to a breathtaking performance by the Goodman band of an instrumental display called "Life Goes to a Party." Next came a long jam session, with "Honeysuckle Rose" as its basis and with Goodman, Basie, Krupa, Hodges, Carney, James, Young, Vernon Brown (trombone), Walter Page (bass), Freddy Green (guitar), and Buck Clayton (trumpet) taking part. Goodman, Krupa, and Wilson then played "Body and Soul," after which, with the assistance of Hampton's scintillating and often unbelievable vibraphone work, the combination offered "Avalon," "The Man I Love," and "I Got Rhythm."

Fletcher Henderson's zestful arrangement of "Blue Skies," played by the band, opened the second half of the program, and was followed by Claude Thornhill's swing version of "Loch Lomond" and Henderson's sleek reworking of "Blue Room," both also band numbers. In the next two offerings—a relentless Jimmy Mundy arrangement of "Swingtime in the Rockies," and "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön"—Ziggy Elman's trumpet was heard to handsome advantage. The Goodman-Krupa-Wilson trio, in "China Boy" and, again joined by Hampton, in "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Dizzy Spells," came along then, and after that the pièce de résistance of the evening—that unparalleled invention known as "Sing, Sing, Sing," with its astonishingly apt and suspenseful interpolation of Henderson's "Christopher Columbus." Lasting over ten minutes, this is more nearly complete than any of Goodman's other recorded versions of the number; after the long and exciting bandwork in the first part, and the brilliant solos by James and Goodman in the second, Jess Stacy takes over with an extended, subdued, and lyrical piano solo, so beautifully handled that the whole passage seems to hang in the air in anticipation of the finish. For an encore, the band offered "Big John's Special," a rousing endpiece.

"Well, that was all yesterday," as Irving Kolodin remarks in the affectionate notations he wrote for the set. Two recordings were made of the concert, the music being picked up by a single overhead microphone and transmitted to a nearby broadcasting studio. One recording went to the Library of Congress, and the other one Goodman took home with him and forgot about. Several months ago, according to Kolodin, Goodman's small daughter, rum-



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maging around in a closet, came across it and asked her father what it was. Out of curiosity, Goodman played it, and then he had it transferred to tape, edited, and published. High time, too.

DESPITE the rather severe vocal limitations of most of the singing soloists involved, the "Guys and Dolls" album, recorded by the cast and orchestra of the current Broadway success and issued by Decca, is a delightful package. What the stars and featured players lack in pure singing accomplishment, they make up for in expressiveness. Except for one or two fairly standard love songs, the score, by Frank Loesser, consists of ingenious character numbers. They are not especially distinguished musically, but they are all sprightly, and the best thing about them is the appropriateness of the lyrics, which invariably conform to the thinking habits and speaking idioms of the characters for whom they were written. In this album, the most persuasive and captivating performer of all is Vivian Blaine, who, in such triumphant works as "Adelaide's Lament" and "Take Back Your Mink," reveals an unerring instinct for the pinched and mannered speech of a Brooklyn doll, and a grand ability to put over a song. Robert Alda is obviously no singer, but he has a manly voice and employs it with great confidence, with the result that his labors in "My Time of Day" and "Luck Be a Lady," and a couple of things in which he is joined by Isabel Bigley, carry conviction. Miss Bigley, the only one who sounds as if she had had a bit of vocal training, does the enchanting "If I Were a Bell" and a few other numbers in a sweet, wavering soprano. Sam Levene's voice, a hoarse parody of a singer's, is raised in solo only once, in a tailor-made piece entitled "Sue Me." The echoes of melodiousness in the old, fading voice of Pat Rooney, Sr., invest with charm a sentimental piece called "More I Cannot Wish You." Stubby Kaye gives an energetic rendition of "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat," a mock spiritual, and, paired with Johnny Silver, delivers the rhythmic title song with fine verve. Other alert musical observations by Loesser include the opening "Fugue for Tinhorns," the mealymouthed but agreeable "Follow the Fold," a satirical night-club piece called "A Bushel and a Peck," and an amusingly determined duet, "Marry the Man Today." I found immense pleasure in almost everything, but I was most cheered

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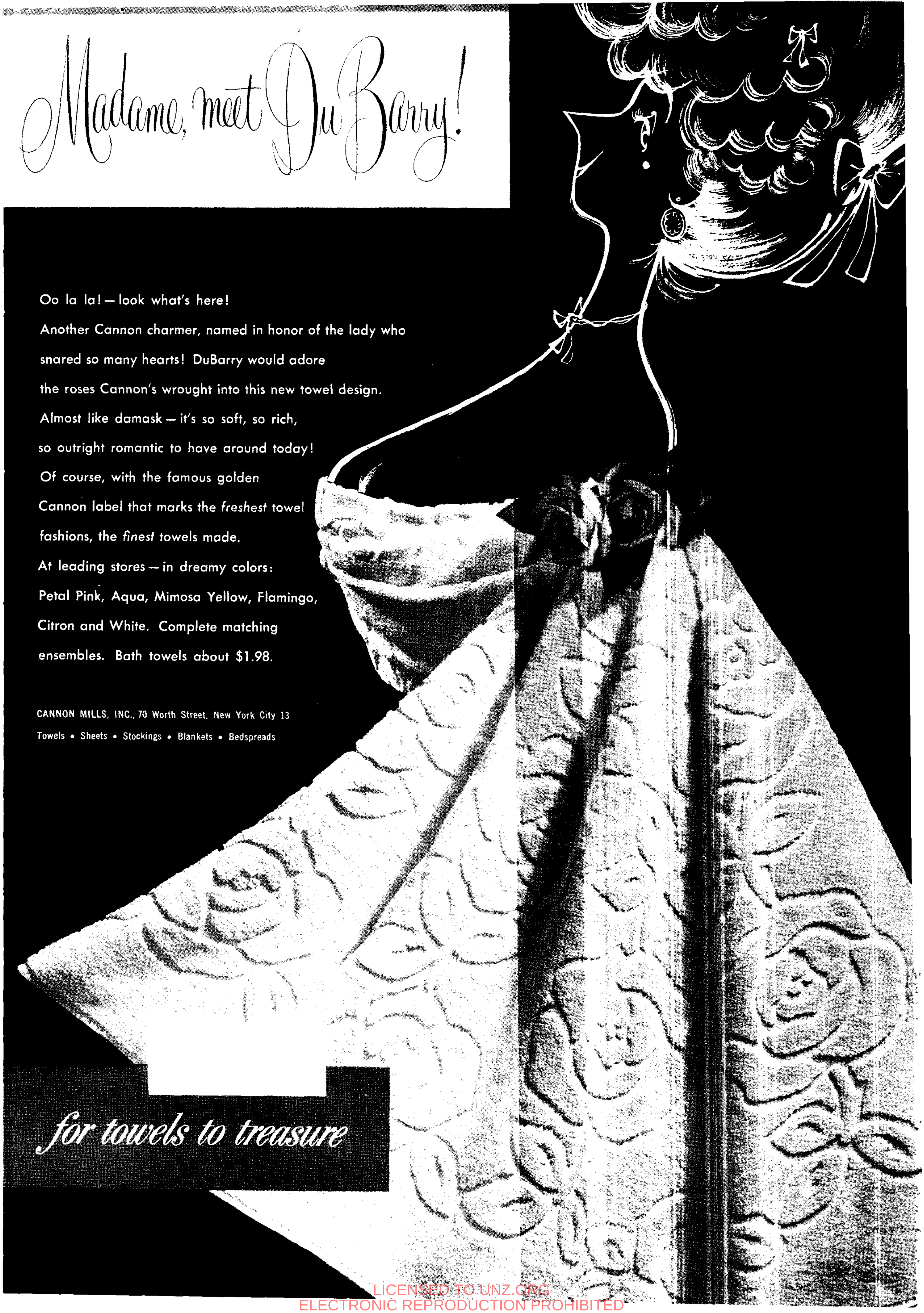

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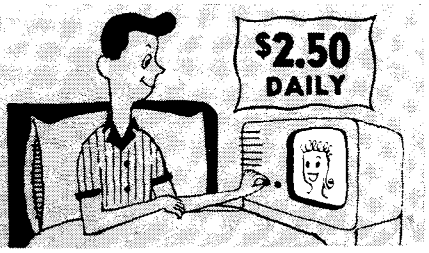

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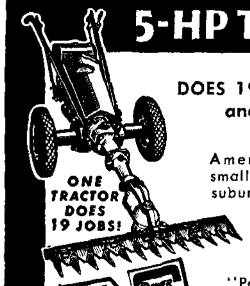

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by a chorus number—the proud musical proclamation called "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York." I guess it created a fresh sense of the enduring values in an inconstant world.

A PAIR of Columbia albums, each on a long-playing single, devoted to the scores of two of the worthier musical-comedy expressions of the thirties—"The Band Wagon" and "Anything Goes"—miss the mark. Mary Martin does all the solo singing in both sets, and, proficient as she is, her style proves a trifle wearing in each assignment. Cole Porter's score for "Anything Goes" is his brightest work, and Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz have never turned out a better collection of songs than those they collaborated on for "The Band Wagon," but the singers and the instrumentalists, directed by Lehman Engel, are too few to give the performances the lively, sturdy atmosphere they require. On the whole, I think the "Band Wagon" album is the more entertaining, since most of the songs in this one yield more easily to Miss Martin's methods than do the Porter numbers.

While on the subject of Porter, I'd like to point out that two rather attractive songs written for his latest musical, "Out of This World," but dropped from the show before it opened here, are now available. Jo Stafford, smartly assisted by Paul Weston's orchestra, sings "You Don't Remind Me" engagingly on one side of a Columbia single, turning her attention to Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust"—a piece I dislike intensely, by the way—on the other. A crude but vigorous presentation of the other excised song, "From This Moment On," is offered on a King record by the band of Gene Williams, with the leader doing the singing. On the opposite side, Williams devotes himself to one of those movie theme songs, this specimen called "Margot" and stickier than most. —D. W.

•

The Carnival held at the Peace and Harmony School on Wednesday night of last week, cleared $155.34. The crowd that packed the building caused the floor to settle several inches away from the walls, and major repairs will be required. The teacher, Miss Martha Kay Medsker, and the patrons thank the business people of Skidmore, and all others who contributed in any way toward the success of the event.—*Skidmore (Mo.) News.*

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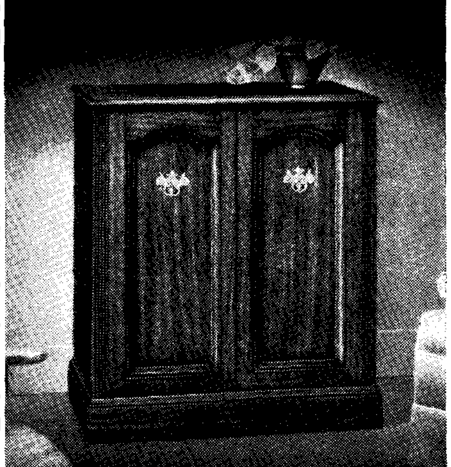

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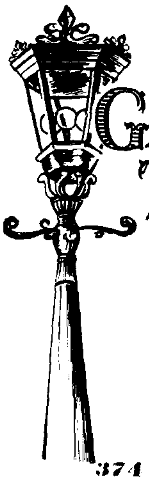

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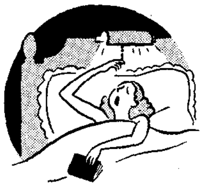
BOOKS

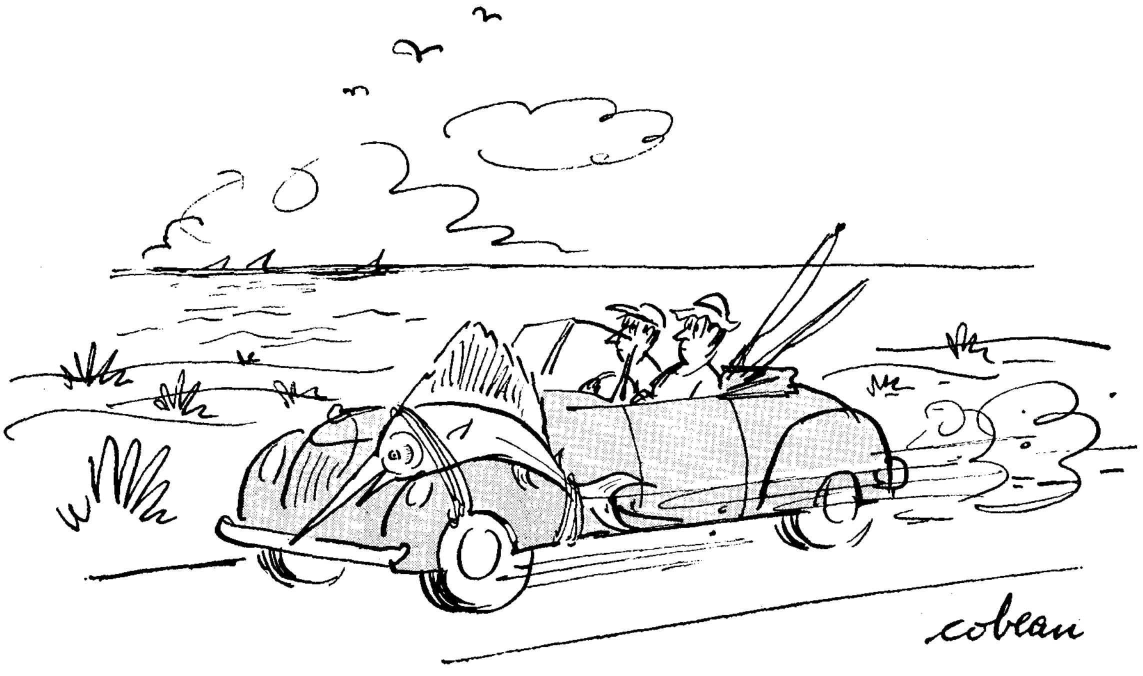
Stephen Crane—Hannah Whitall Smith



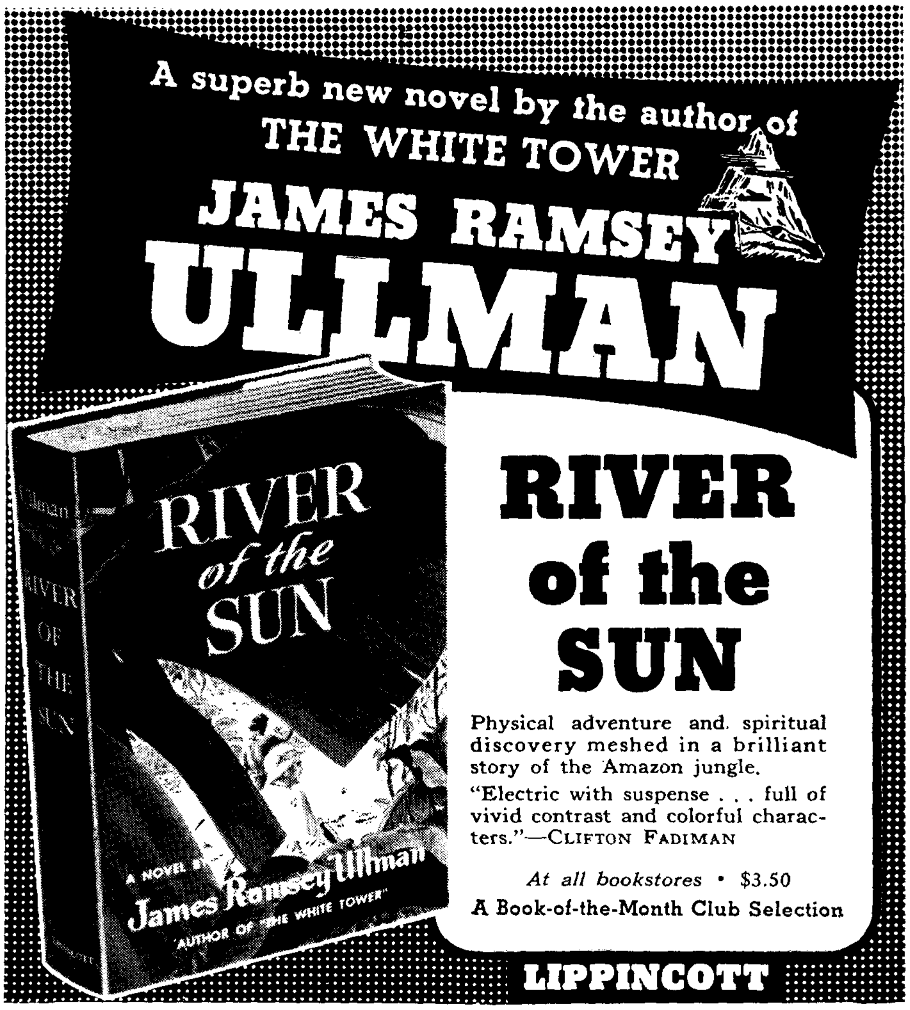
Mr. John Berryman, the poet, undertook several years ago to do a volume on Stephen Crane for the new American Men of Letters series. When he addressed himself to the task, he discovered that biographical materials were mainly limited to the scattered memoirs written by Crane's friends and to the slight and sentimental study published by Thomas Beer in 1923. He found also that this book of Beer's was inaccurate in the extreme, and that the author, in his chivalrous solicitude to clear away the atmosphere of scandal that hung about Crane's reputation, had suppressed some important facts and left some misleading impressions. In the meantime, a number of other people had attempted the subject and given it up. "Book after book on the man," Mr. Berryman says in his preface, "has been announced, labored at, and laid by in despair." But why? Because Crane, it seems, is baffling. He refused to belong to the literary world of comfortable family men that was presided over by Howells, and he found himself as little at home in the American newspaper world of pushing and glib reporters. He had the knack of evading institutions and detaching himself from milieux, of taking up with unconventional companions and embarking on disastrous exploits. In his time—the eighteen-nineties—he aroused moral indignation through his work and his habits both, and from the moment he became successful, with "The Red Badge of Courage," he was hounded by the envy of all the hacks. He also got on the wrong side of the New York police by appearing in court to testify in behalf of a chorus girl whom he had seen mistreated by a policeman, that Charles Becker who was later convicted of murder, and the city was made uninhabitable for him. He was reputed to be a drug addict, a drunkard, and a conscienceless seducer of women—for none of which charges, it seems, can the smallest justification be found. But when one tries to arrive at the truth, one is balked, Mr. Berryman says, by conflicting or incomplete evidence, and tantalized by hearing of documents that the possessors persist in withholding.

Mr. Berryman has not been discouraged; he has brought together and checked the materials already in print, and he has tracked down unpublished papers—though, he says (it is characteristic of the secrecy that still surrounds Crane), he has not been allowed to name three of his most valuable sources—and, in "Stephen Crane" (William Sloane Associates), he has produced a full-length biography, as well as a critical study that is also a pioneering work. For our strangely unadventurous criticism, which has lately been rather overdoing such subjects as Hawthorne and Melville and James, has completely ignored Stephen Crane. Mr. Berryman's book is an important one, and not merely because at the moment it happens to stand alone. Though many of the facts of Crane's life are here for the first time assembled, so much is still but half understood that one hopes it may someday be possible for somebody to write a biography that will for fullness be as far beyond Berryman as Berryman is beyond Beer. (Crane's letters should be collected; the fragments of his correspondence that appear in this book and elsewhere, often couched in sardonic slang, are incisive comment on books and life.) But we are not likely soon to get anything better on the critical and psychological sides. The book has some faults of style. The more elliptic kind of poet is sometimes not quite at home in expository or narrative prose. But Mr. Berryman clears up as he goes along. Though his phrases are not always clean-cut, his writing has a density that compresses much matter, and there is always thought behind it. It may be said of Mr. Berryman's book that it has put Stephen Crane on the map in the sense that he is the first critic who has thoroughly explored and surveyed this peak and established its altitude.

One of the most striking features of Crane's career, which his biographer throws into relief, is the development at a very early age of a mature point of view toward his work. This point of view seems always to have been conscious, and it was often stated by Crane in the most explicit way. Truth in art for the author of "The Open Boat" was an accurate report of impressions, and he aimed at a vividness and sharpness that would render one's physical sensations and the ups and downs of one's morale as well as the sounds and images that reached one from an alien external world. His very first printed sketches—of 1892, when he was not yet twenty-one—achieved this. The first version of "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" was written the previous year. In the version that was published in February, 1893, this ignoble little tale of the slums is as detached, as implicitly contemptuous of ordinary moral atti-



tudes, as firmly engraved on the page, as fastidious in its literary phrasing, and as studied in its use of low language as the work of any of the writers of the more aesthetic division of the French naturalistic movement—say the Huysmans of the somewhat similar "Marthe" and "Les Sœurs Vatard," written in the late seventies—of whom Crane seems to have had no knowledge. And the characteristic irony is also there, as it had been in the earlier sketches. Crane knew exactly his line, which he trusted because it was his own and not learned from someone else, and he was not to be diverted from it. He pursued it with a directness and consistency and an indifference to other interests that make him a unique phenomenon among the Americans of his period. He pursued it through his juvenile camping trips, through his early frequentation of the Bowery, through his bohemian days in Manhattan, through his wanderings in the Southwest, through his shipwreck on the way to Cuba, through the campaigns of the Greek and the Spanish wars, through his awkward adolescent love affairs and his boldly outrageous marriage, through his fame that brought with it calumny and his success that kept him impoverished, through his cluttered and fatiguing final days as the master of Brede Place, in England. Nothing among all these vicissitudes ever seemed to Crane so important as the feat of pinning down on paper his vision of human experience, and for this reason his life itself, so restless, so bizarre, so varied, can never seem so real as his work. The man, in his actual history, his arrangements, his relationships, his "periods," is likely to prove elusive, but we always know where to find him—in his work. He stuck by it through all his adventures, and the story it tells is straight. He avoided the common fate of the serious artist in America—common, that is, since the Civil War—of selling out or cracking up, by dying of tuberculosis before he was twenty-nine (unless this itself represented a form of cracking up). He was never a prolific writer, but he had been forced to turn out in his later years more journalism than he liked, and the "Whilomville Stories," relentless though they are in their insistence on the barbarities of boyhood, do show a certain fading out. Mr. Berryman seems to imply that "The O'Ruddy," a full-length novel that Crane left unfinished at his death, was a compromise with popular rubbish. "I get a little tired," Crane told someone, "of saying, 'Is this true?' " Yet he wrote in the very last months of his life, as Mr. Berryman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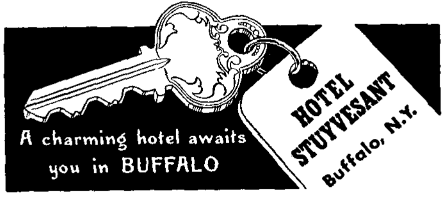

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says, two of his greatest stories, which express one the pride of desperate courage, the other the tragic resistance to death: "The Clan of No Name" and "The Upturned Face."

Mr. Berryman, with brilliant insight, has traced every step of the progress that leads to this culmination, showing how the remorseless antagonist against which Crane's heroes are pitted exchanges the aspect of an obdurate Nature for that of a mob-minded humanity, and indicating the narrow sphere within which a moral victory is possible for men at the mercy of chance. He is equally good in differentiating the varying levels of Crane's work and in scrutinizing his style, line by line and stroke by stroke. Crane's writing has never before been subjected to so searching an examination. His terse little poems, for example, which do not easily fall into place in anthologies or histories of poetry, have usually been treated by his critics as a more or less casual by-product, but Mr. Berryman deals with them separately and gives them expert and extensive attention. If one is not always so certain of the sureness of his Freudian interpretation of Crane's writing as a key to his emotional life, it is only for the reasons that Freud's formulas can rarely quite satisfactorily be applied in any given case and that there must always be an element of the arbitrary in choosing among the images struck off by so rich a writer as Crane. There can be no doubt that Mr. Berryman has succeeded in getting hold of certain of the crucial factors—the influence, especially, of Crane's mother, a strong-minded Methodist moralist, which must have dominated his boyhood and youth. Mr. Berryman believes that this accounts for Crane's habit of forming attachments for women much older than himself, and also for the special fascination, a queer kind of moral prestige rather than a sexual attraction, that prostitutes always had for him. "My mother," he quotes Crane as saying, "was a very religious woman, but . . . my brothers tell me that she got herself into trouble before I was old enough to follow proceedings by taking care of a girl who had an accidental baby." It is true that the subject of "Maggie" is not to be accounted for by mere youthful curiosity or bravado. Crane never got over his passion for prostitutes: he was always trying to defend or protect them, and he seems to have achieved satisfaction of a deep and inveterate appetite when he finally married (if the marriage was real; Mr. Berryman thinks it was not) a woman who—though this, to be sure, was not her only claim to his admiration—was running, when Crane first met her, a brothel in Jacksonville, Florida. Is it quite credible that the story of the unmarried mother—about which at the time it occurred Crane himself knew nothing—is enough to explain all this? And one is even less certain of the accuracy of the effects of the father relationship suggested by Mr. Berryman. The elder Crane died, after all, before Stephen was nine, and it is hard to be sure of his role in the development of his son's personality. It ought to be remembered that both parents were fervent and active Methodists, the father an elder of the church, the mother a popular preacher. The queer combination in Stephen of the outlaw and the devotee seems something like a transposition of the dedicated purpose, the unquestioning faith, and the spiritual purity of his parents into terms of an unworldly rejection of the puritanical side of Methodism and a cult of fidelity through art to sensual and moral experience.

Mr. Berryman has also brought to light some elements, hitherto unperceived, of what is probably a Freudian pattern, in revealing Crane's favorite images, the recurrent obsessional symbols that figure all through his work—the Negro with the knife, the Teutonic hero or victim, the horses that trample on things. One cannot be sure, again, that Mr. Berryman has fitted them together correctly. Yet one cannot be offhand in judging any aspect or detail of a study so original and so probing as this. One would have to have been over the ground as thoroughly as Mr. Berryman, and it is certain that no such excursion can ever be attempted in the future without Mr. Berryman's book in hand.

THE essayist and author of "Trivia," the late Logan Pearsall Smith, also had parents who were both preachers—not Methodists but Quakers—and in his case as well as in Crane's, the mother outlived the father and seems to have been the stronger of the two. The able evangelical woman was an American type of that time, and Hannah Whitall Smith was one of the more attractive examples of it. Her husband lost standing when he became involved in a scandal with a female disciple, and afterward lost his faith and died disillusioned and bitter. But Hannah, having visited England in connection with her husband's ministry and made friends with some titled ladies who came under the spell of his eloquence, eventually settled there and enjoyed a sort of social success as well as a reputation as the author of Quaker tracts. Her son Logan, when he was writing his memoirs, went over his mother's papers and decided that she was "a most remarkable and brilliant letterwriter." He prepared a selection from her correspondence and wrote a brief introduction for it, but he did not live to bring it out. This has now been done by Robert Gathorne-Hardy, who has contributed a biographical preface (rather deficient in exact information), in a book called "Philadelphia Quaker: The Letters of Hannah Whitall Smith" (Harcourt, Brace).

One's feeling on beginning this volume is that Smith overrated his mother's letters. They at first seem the kind of thing that may be worth while to print for the family but that are hardly of general interest. The mind of Hannah Smith was limited; she was neither particularly intelligent nor remarkably cultivated. She was unable to appreciate painting and does not seem to have cared much for literature. Of the distinguished people whom she met she has little that is vivid to report. Some of her comments on England and America are amusing and throw light on the state of mind of Americans like the Smiths, who took great pride in their native heritage but found it pleasanter to live in Europe. (Camping trips in the Rockies and the Adirondacks discommoded and bored her.) Yet she is not very sharply observing.

But as one follows the course of these letters into the cheerful old age of the English years, one finds a personality emerging of unexpected charm and humanity. The prudery of Hannah's upbringing—"When I was young," she writes, "it was considered indecent to have a baby, and I myself was made to feel as if I was a prostitute"—becomes tempered by an amiable worldliness that produces little anticlimaxes not unlike those of her son in the deliberate ironies of "Trivia." The dear friend of Frances Willard and crusader for the W.C.T.U. deplores the debauched habits of the English aristocracy, but makes a point of going to Ascot. "There certainly *is* a charm," she writes, "about the English upper classes that is indescribable, and I confess I *do* enjoy them exceedingly. For one thing they are far more like Americans than the classes below them." In one letter, she will write to her daughter, Mrs. Bernard Berenson, "I am afraid Willie's continued smoking has so undermined his moral nature that he really does not know right from wrong, poor fellow,"

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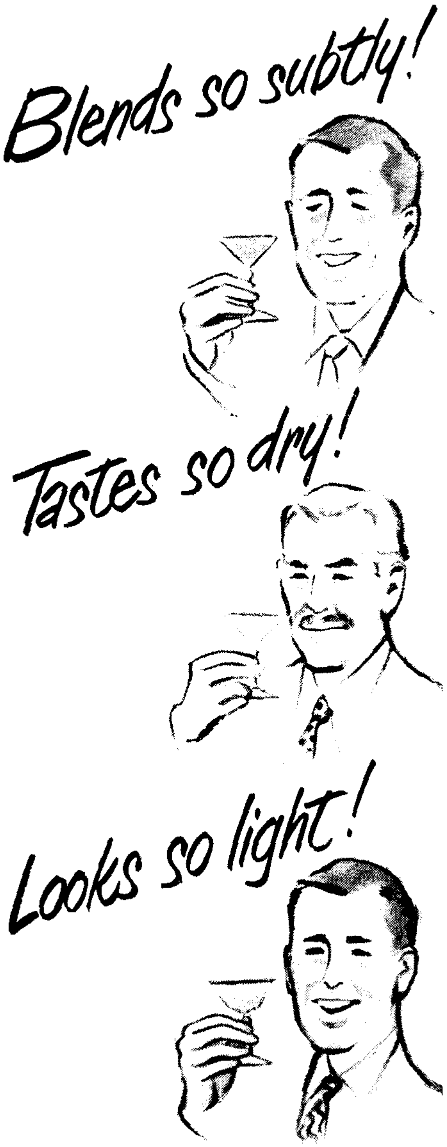
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and in the next will announce that she is sending her "a belated birthday present—a telescope cigarette holder. Thee need not advertise that it is a present from the author of the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life'! But I think it may save thee from a little of the poison of thy cigarettes, of which I have a few fears."

Her principles of Quaker non-resistance do not prevent her from rejoicing when the Grand Duke Sergius is assassinated, just as her Protestantism does not prevent her from accepting the education of her grandchildren as Catholics or of confessing that for some kinds of people, who cannot rely on themselves, it is better to go to the priest. Since her instincts have been always humane, her tolerance grows greater and greater. It is all very sweet and droll. Married at nineteen, never in love with her husband, and a champion of women's rights, she does not think much of marriage, but, congratulating her daughter Mary—though evidently with a slight incredulity—on the happiness of her life with Berenson, she advises her to humor and pet him, though not beyond a certain point. She looks forward to death with an eagerness that cannot be insincere. "I had a prophecy from a 'Palmist' the other day, that I am to die at sixty-seven. Of course I place no faith in it, but I cannot tell thee what a real inward spring of joy it gives me every now and then to think—'Suppose it should be true!' " And she later expresses herself as follows: "My sprees are really over at last. My next spree will be Heaven, and that *will* be a spree worth having!" In her old age, she takes sometimes a humorous turn when she speaks of her relations with God. "I really began to feel," she writes in connection with an importunate admirer, "a sympathy with God for the worship He has to put up with so often." God had meant to her her own sense of life, which had escaped from constraints and conventions and even from the pieties of her cult, to which she did not attach much importance. The most touching passage of these letters is in one of her appeals to her daughter, and the cadences with which it closes again recall the prose of her son: "Thy letter about Carlyle and Emerson interests me very much. It shows that after all your 'top eyes' are not entirely closed, and your spirits are not altogether earthbound. I often and often wonder how it is that people so fundamentally good as you are can be so content without any real link with God, and even, I fear, without any certainty that there is a God to be linked to. My soul was always so full of aspirations, that a God was a necessity to me. I was like a bird with an instinct of migration upon me, and a country to migrate to was as essential as it is to the bird. But you have seemed content to sit on a branch and merely flap the wings that were meant for flying, and to let your horizon be bounded by the fences of one little field, with no longings for the great spaces of the eternities."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIVERS PARTING, by Shirley Barker (Crown). A sonorous and romantic account of the early English settlers in New Hampshire, and their immediate descendants. John Scarlock, of Nottingham, whose story starts the book, immigrates in 1628 and has a happy married life and many children. His son Will's affairs are more complicated, since he finds himself married to one woman and in love with another, but all ends well. A visit Will makes to London allows for an account of the fire of London and the great plague, to fill out that part of the book not taken up with descriptions of Early American customs and costumes. The Literary Guild selection for January.

EARLY STORIES, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). Miss Bowen's early stories—small-scaled, feminine, sensuous, and exceedingly civilized—flow from character into well-defined situations, eddy a little, and end. Some make a statement, others leave the reader up in the air. Although the twenty-five stories in this collection were written in her early twenties, very few deal with the young; Miss Bowen concerned herself mostly with middle-aged respectable people of a certain sensitivity or polish. Her writing—rich, perfectly assured, and almost immoderately fastidious—seems baffled quite often by the slightness of the material on which it spends itself. If the stories, which never rend the heart, are a trifle neat, it is the natural and appealing neatness of a very young, kind person who is so pleased at having been granted a glimpse of the world and at having the ability to record what she has seen that she is a bit ruthless in her haste to declare the encounter at an end.

SUCH DARLING DODOS, by Angus Wilson (Morrow). Mr. Wilson is a very smart, malicious writer with a gift, or an inclination, for dealing with conniving human beings. His dialogue—bright, accurate, and flippant—is by far the most successful part of his work, and the stories that depend on a prolonged interchange of insult, innuendo, and snide suggestion come off very well. Among these, "Learning's Little Tribute," a gruesome study of office charity, and the title story, in which a tragic middle-aged couple endure unmerciful disillusionment, are the best. The stories of solitude—"Necessity's Child" and "A Little Companion," for example—in which we get tricks instead of writing, are clumsy and ineffectual, although they have the merit of showing Mr. Wilson in direct contact with human pain, even if he finds himself out of his depth in trying to contend with it or convey it.

No High Adobe, by Dorothy L. Pillsbury (University of New Mexico Press). A collection of short, warm-hearted sketches, written in a pleasant, temperate style, about the daily lives of some poor but apparently quite contented New Mexican families.

GENERAL

Blunder in Asia, by Harrison Forman (Didier). It is the author's contention that although China has been conquered by the Communists, it remains to be seen whether she has been conquered by Communism. He believes that the United States, by abandoning Chiang Kai-shek as a lost cause, could insure that Communism would not engulf China. We must, he says, give the Chinese something better, and he offers quite a bit of evidence that China's people and her present leaders, who, he maintains, do not feel in the least indebted to the Soviet Union, would listen to us if they were convinced of our good faith. This book, which underwent its final revision last July, is not a polemic; it is mostly personal observations by a veteran Far East reporter who was present in Shanghai last year when thousands of Red Army men (many of them bearing American arms) paraded victoriously through the streets, and who bases his opinions and conclusions on what he saw and what people on the scene said. As such, it is good, but some of the conclusions are pretty dubious.

Measure of the Year, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown (Morrow). A literary calendar, tracing, month by

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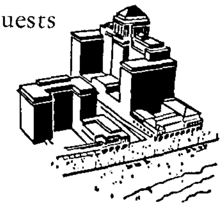

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month, one year in the lives of the Haig-Browns of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The author, as he has shown in his previous books, is a nature writer, but, like all the best nature writers, he is a good deal more than that. There is much in this book to interest those who are curious about the private lives of fish and fowl (Mr. Haig-Brown is a leading authority on fishing), and there are also brief and random essays on such things as Eskimos, the writer's life, the national peculiarities of the Canadian, and the vagaries of human behavior as they appear to a country magistrate, which the author happens to be. Above all, it is the writing that counts, and that is something Mr. Haig-Brown does very well indeed.

F. D. R.: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY, by Stefan Lorant (Simon & Schuster). A well-thought-out and well-laid-out album of photographs tracing the late President's progress through life. Starting with his days in swaddling clothes, Roosevelt seems never to have been very far away from a camera, so there is scarcely a year of his life that is not pictorially accounted for in this book. He is seen in a school play at Groton, with the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, sailing his boat, clowning for some girls at a lawn party, campaigning for state senator, posing as a most patrician-looking Assistant Secretary of the Navy, taking office as Governor, and, frequently, as President. Both his great moments and his small ones are recorded, through the depression and the last war to his burial at Hyde Park. Mr. Lorant, who did a similar book on Lincoln, has supplied a text and detailed captions, so the reader always knows exactly what he is looking at.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A DAISY CHAIN FOR SATAN, by Joan Fleming (Doubleday). Beautiful and unscrupulous Sigtuna does her best to make life disagreeable for everyone around her, and especially her husband's uncle, who has the misfortune to live with her. After her rich old father's death (his wheelchair somehow rolls into the river), she sets out to convince her household that Uncle Tom isn't quite right in the head and is not to be depended upon as a witness, and she has pretty well succeeded in discrediting him when she is knocked out and drowned, leaving no mourners but a plethora of suspects. Pleasantly told and very, very English.

NEVER FIGHT A LADY, by Seldon Truss (Doubleday). At first, there doesn't seem to be any connection between the beatings administered to a series of female tramps in London's West End and the machinations of the Communist Party, but soon, with the murder of a mysterious blonde and the disappearance of a millionaire's son, a pattern begins to appear. It is a complex one, involving ore deposits in the Near East, homicidal mania in fashionable circles, and quite a bit of cryptic violence all around, and the chances are the police would have got nowhere with it if it hadn't been for the assistance of two determined ladies in the cast. A little disorganized, but livelier than most.

THE SILENT PARTNER, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday). The big villain in a tradition-soaked Florida town is the owner of the Silver Sands Development Company, which specializes in juke joints and motels, but unfortunately he operates under cover and no one knows who he is. A *nouveau-riche* Georgia cracker is a likely candidate, as is a French restaurateur who seems vaguely familiar to the older inhabitants. A secret agent of this mystery man is brutally murdered, and later another man meets an even more shocking death. Eventually, the police manage to corner the crazy killer. Plenty of atmosphere, but still not one of Miss Knight's best.

•

We are now Smoking & Curing Hams and Bacon, also cutting up at my home 25 Leavenworth St., Cattaraugus, N. Y. Across from the Milk Plant.—*Adv. in the Cattaraugus (N.Y.) Times.*

Settle down! The holidays are over.

•

Q. I am suffering from pernicious anemia, high blood pressure, and my blood sugar gets too low sometimes. My head hurts and I have dizzy spells and blurring of vision. Should I go to see a doctor at once? MRS. E. D. A.—*The World-Telegram.*

Not if your doctor can still walk.

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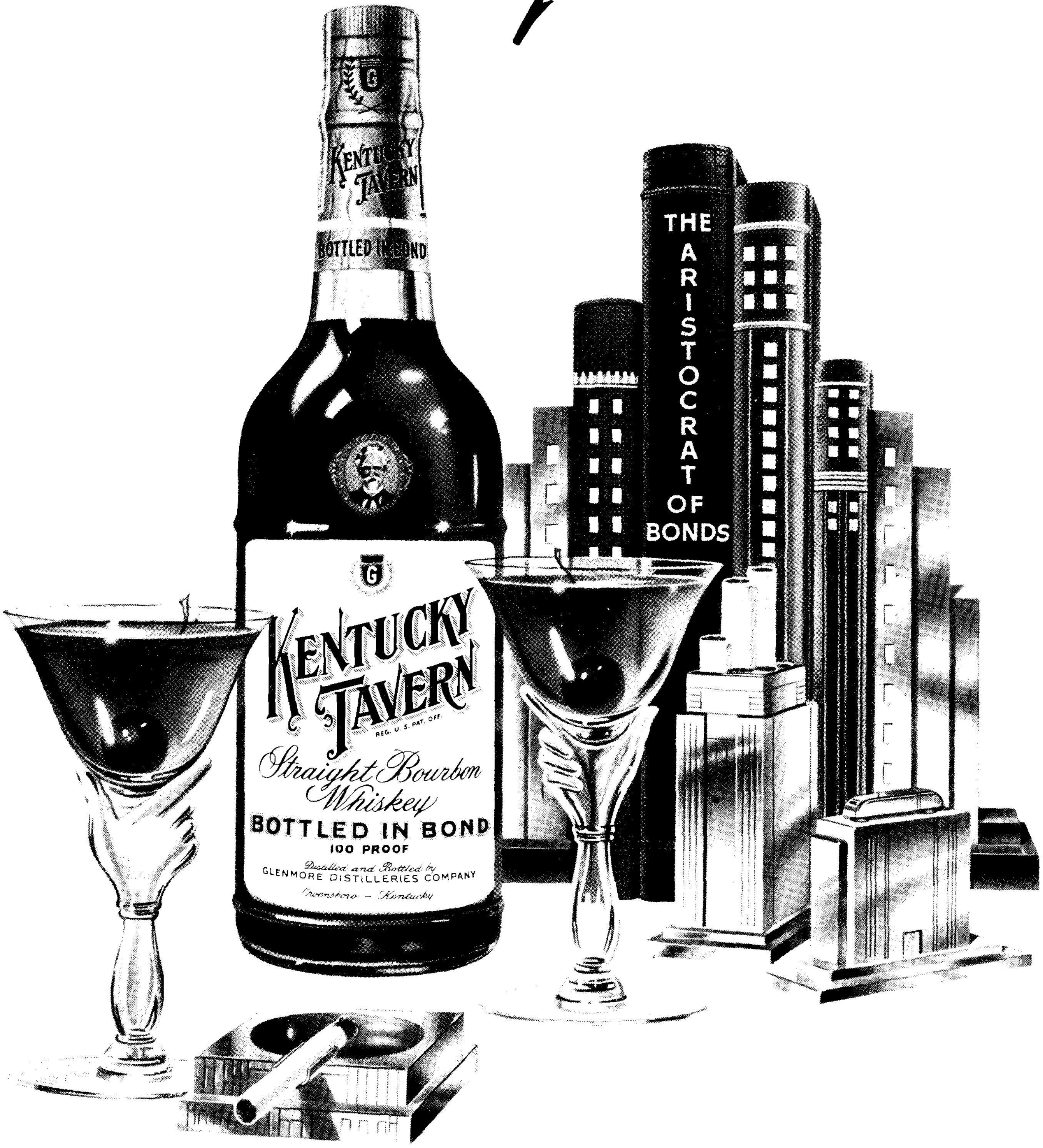
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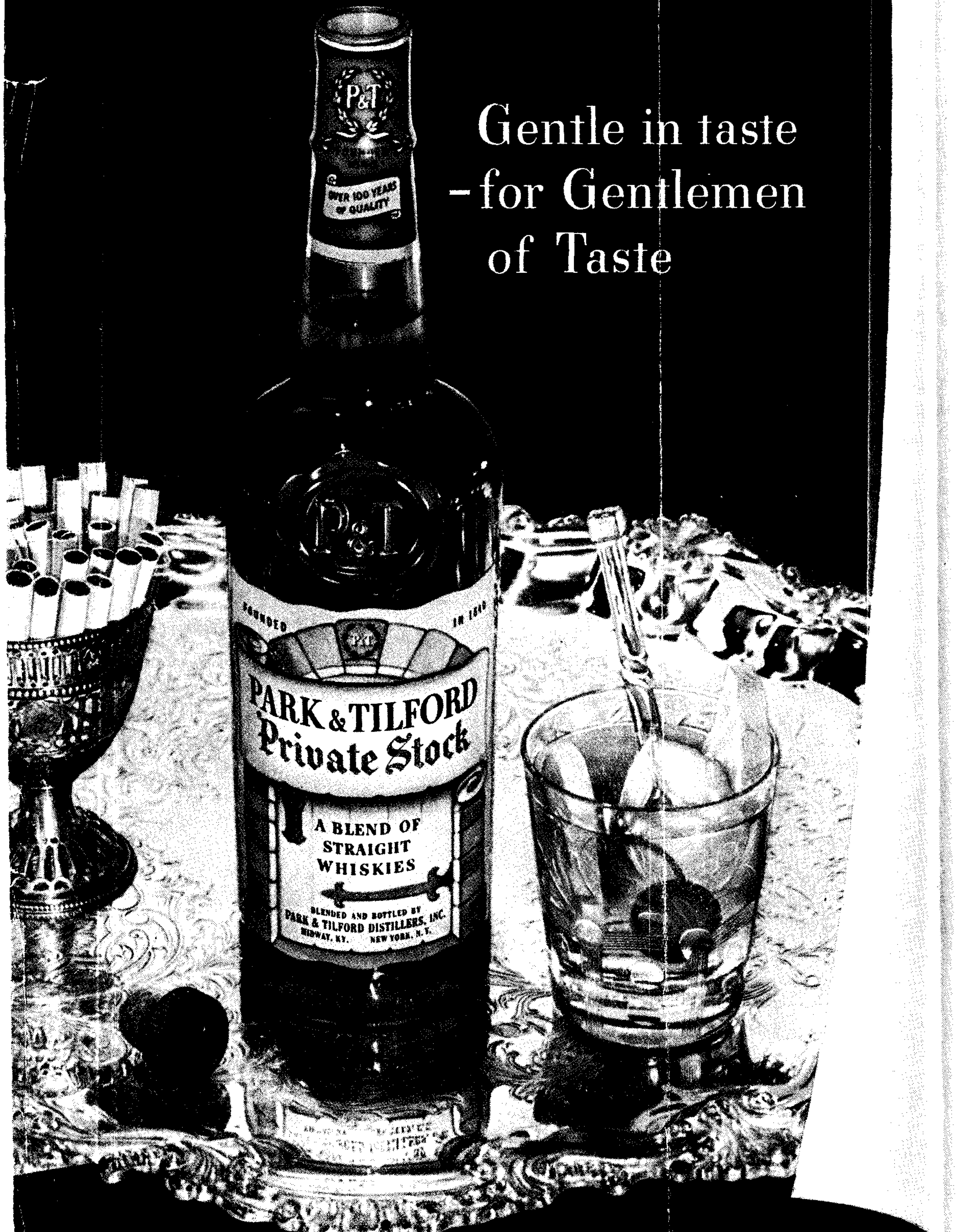
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